

FEATURE

COMICS

SEPTEMBER

Starring
**THE
DOLL
MAN**



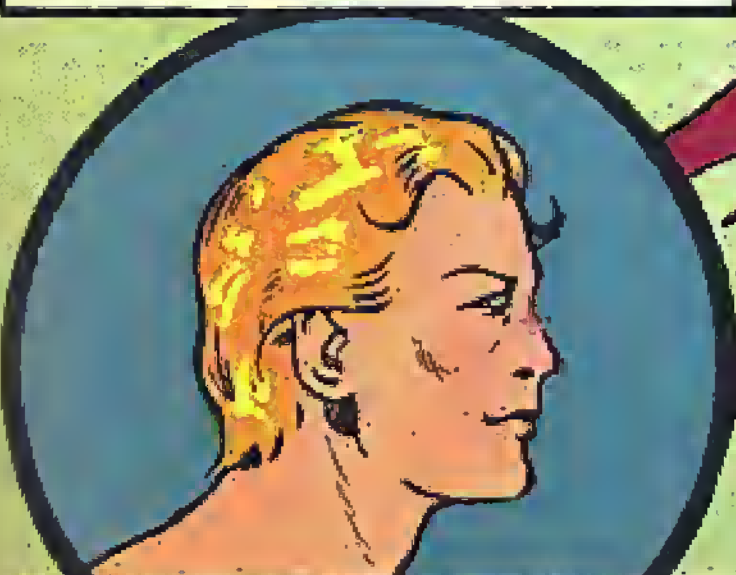
SPIN SHAW



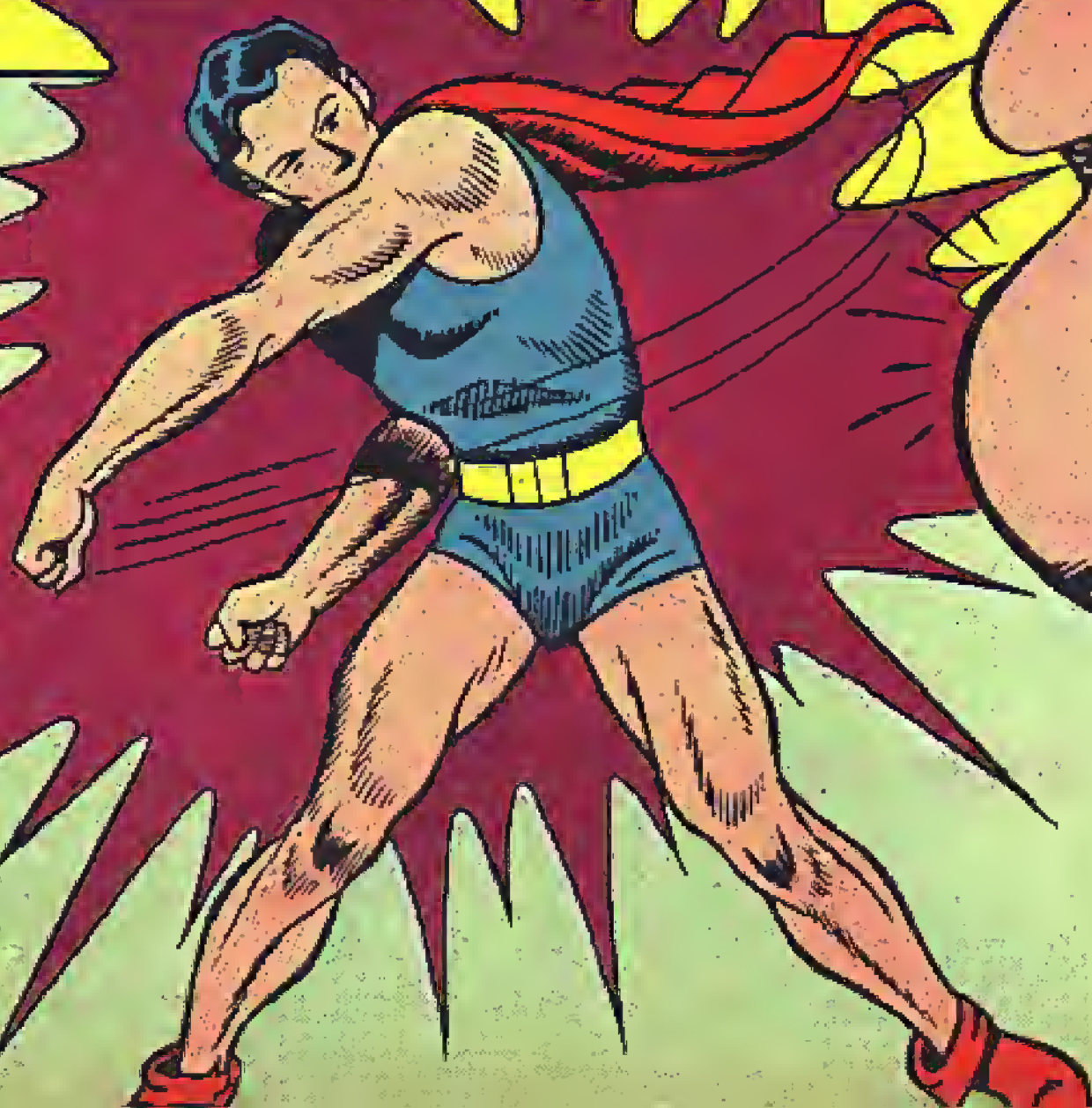
LALA PALOOZA



MICKEY FINN



SAMAR



No. 48
10¢

A collage of various comic book covers from the mid-20th century, including titles like 'Supermouse', 'Startling Comics', 'Jetta', 'Mystery Comics', 'Fantastic Tales', 'Cosmo Cat', 'Strange Worlds', 'Exciting Comics', 'Daring Adventures', 'Casper Cat', 'Eerie', 'Exciting Comics', 'Barnyard Comics', 'Famous Funnies', 'Hill Country', 'Teen-Age Sweetheart', 'Jetta', 'Science', 'Quick Lunch', 'Snake Eyes', 'Miss Masque', 'Eerie', 'Exciting Comics', 'Casper Cat', and 'Daring Adventures'. A large, stylized speech bubble in the center contains the text 'WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM'.



BOYS

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PECK BROTHERS, 2985 Whitney Ave., Mt. Carmel, Conn.

the DOLL MAN

BY
WILLIAM
ERWIN
MAXWELL

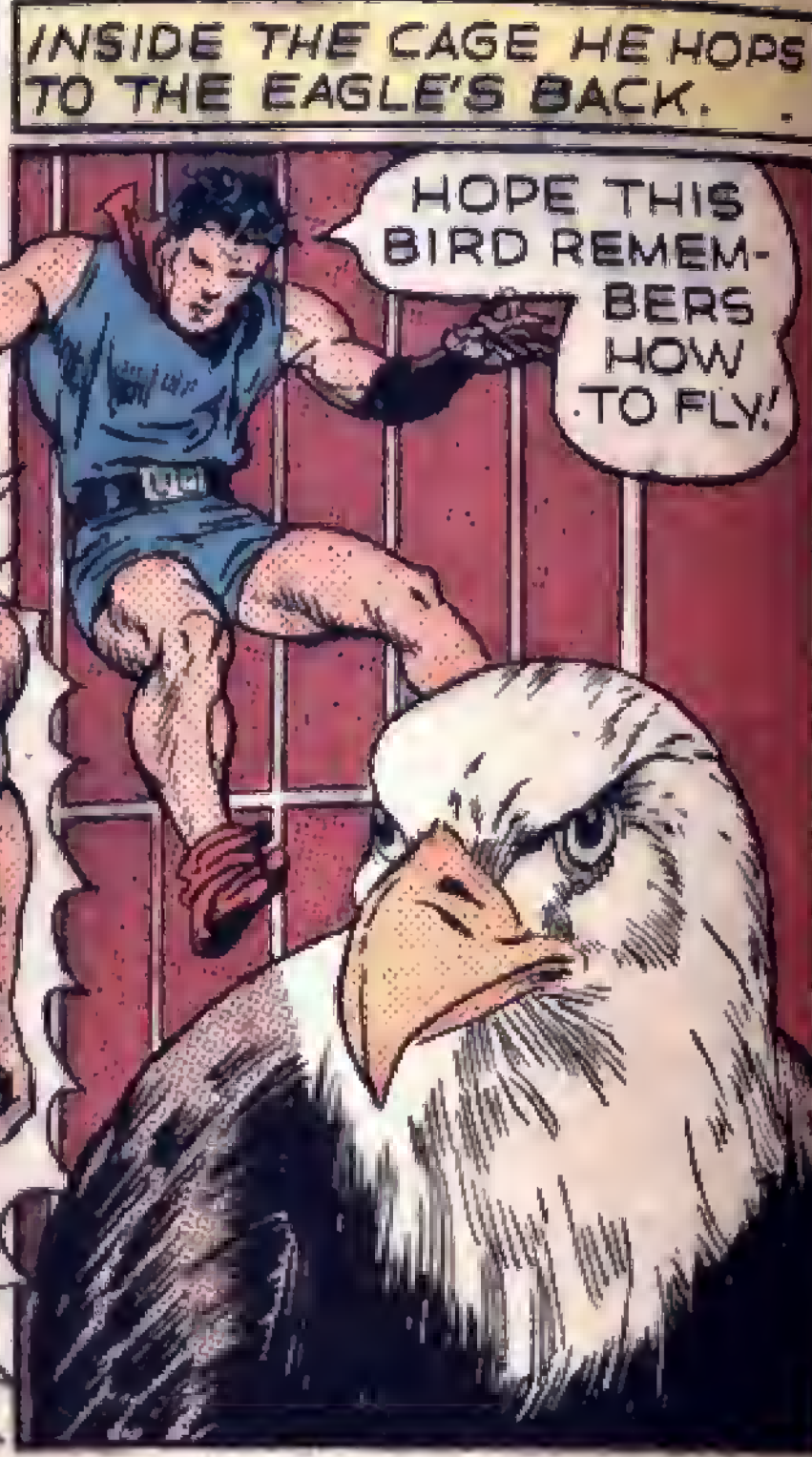
DARREL DANE,
YOUNG SCIENTIST
FRIEND OF DOCTOR
ROBERTS, CAN AT
WILL TRANSFORM
HIMSELF INTO THE
DOLL MAN, A MINI-
ATURE WHIRLWIND
OF ACTION, FEARED
BY CRIMINALS AND
FOES OF OUR
DEMOCRACY.

DOCTOR ROBERTS AND
HIS DAUGHTER MARTHA
BOARD A PLANE FOR
SOUTH AMERICA.

JUST AS THE SHIP LEAVES THE
GROUND, DARREL DANE RUSHES
UP.

STOP!
HEY,
STOP!





MEANWHILE ON DEVIL'S ISLAND OFF FRENCH GUIANA, THE PLANE HAS LANDED AND THE PASSENGERS ARE TAKEN PRISONERS BY A BLUSTERING ALIEN OFFICIAL.



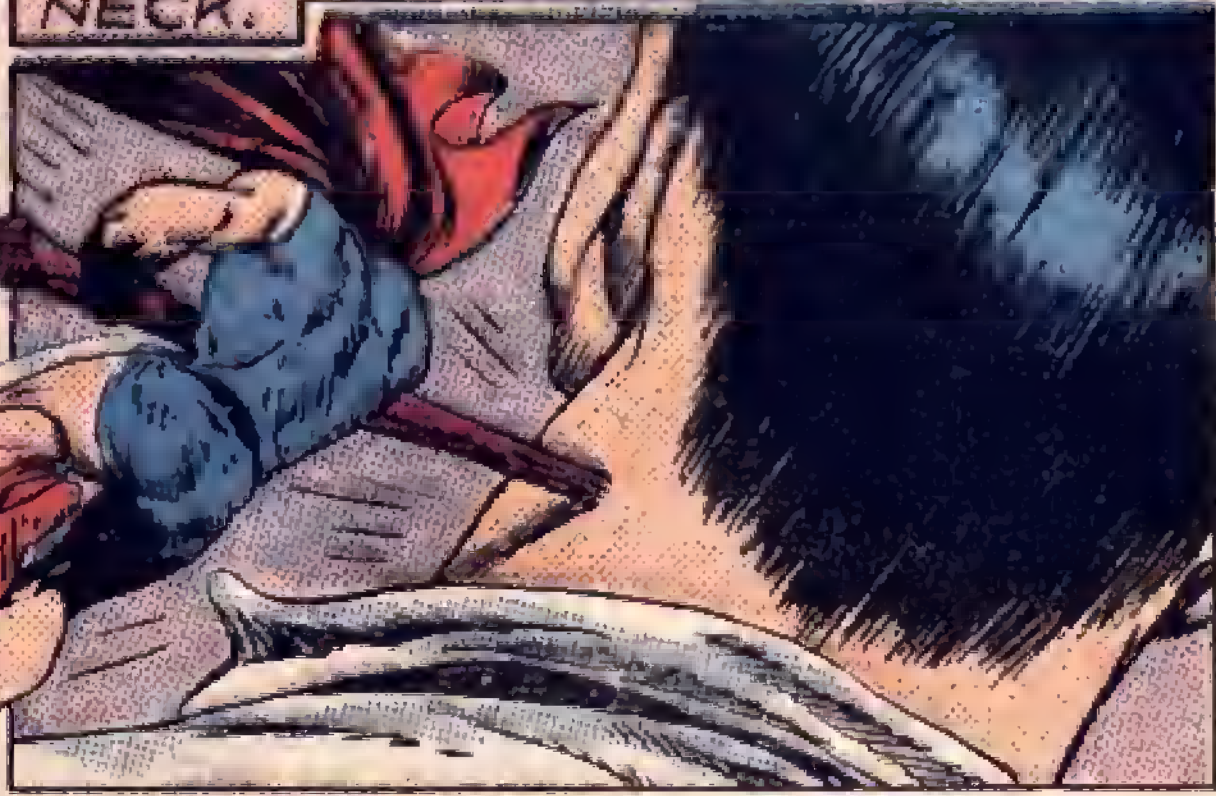
HERMANN LEADS THE CAPTIVES TO A HIGH CLIFF FACING A BOTTOMLESS PIT.



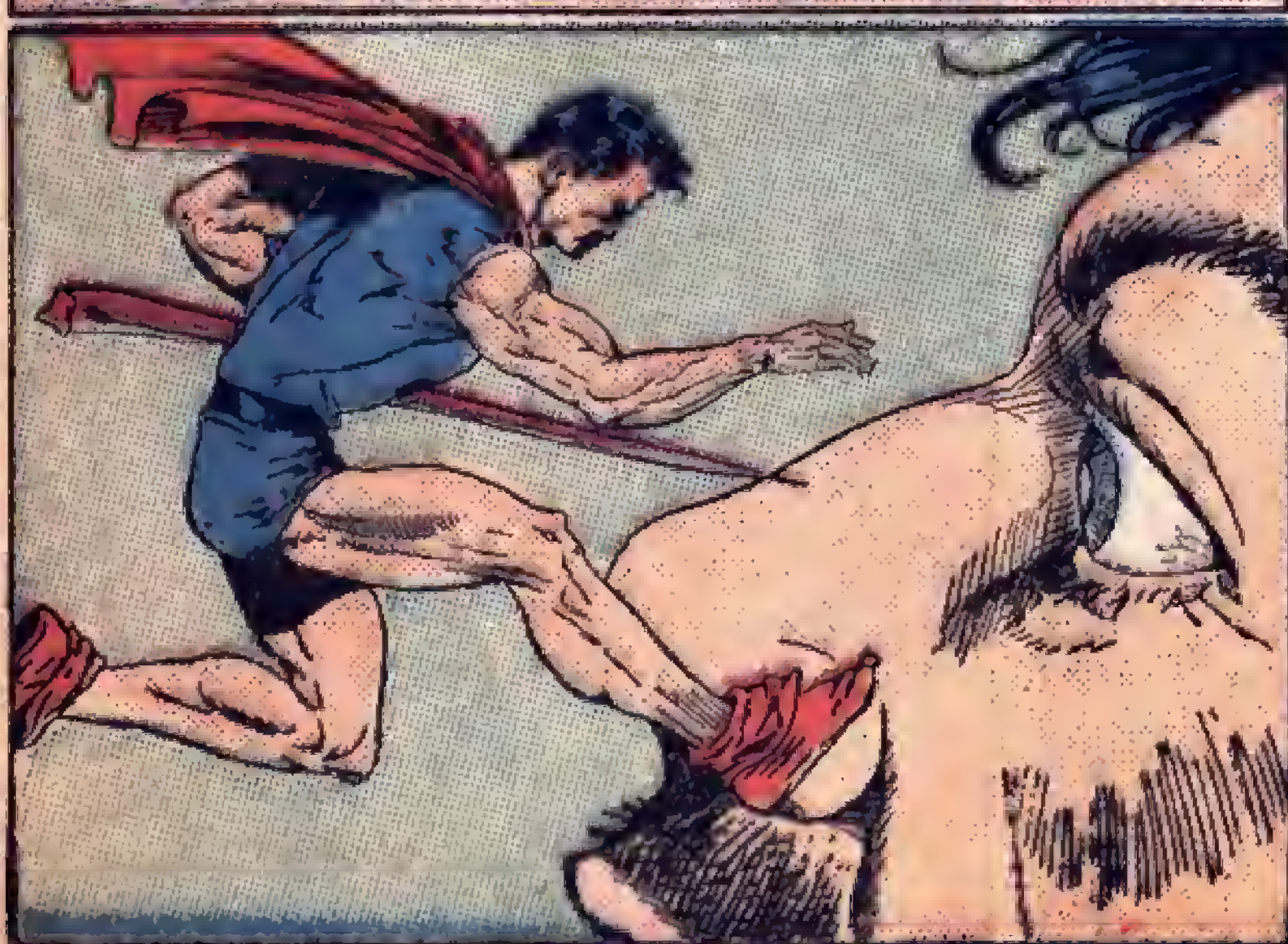
SUDDENLY A TINY FIGURE APPEARS, CARRYING A LONG CACTUS THORN.



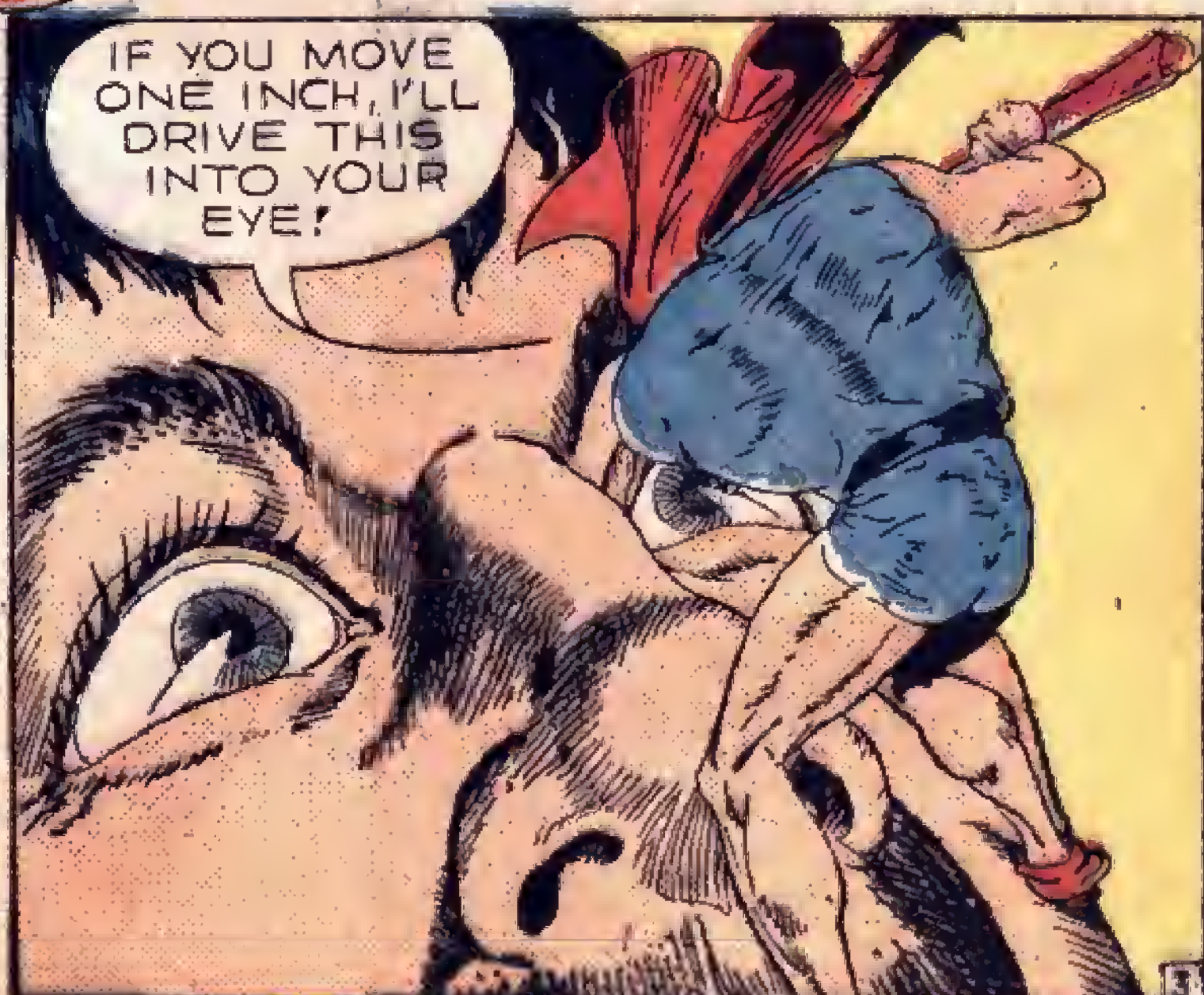
IT IS THE DOLL MAN... HE PLUNGES THE THORN INTO ONE GUARD'S NECK.



AND LEAPS TO THE NOSE OF THE OTHER.



IF YOU MOVE ONE INCH, I'LL DRIVE THIS INTO YOUR EYE!



THE OFFICIAL, ERNST HULLER OF ARYANIA, SUDDENLY CALLS HIS AIDE.

INSTANTLY HULLER'S AIDE RACES TO OBEY.

QUICK! RUN TO THE CLIFF AND STOP THE EXECUTION!

I'VE JUST HEARD BY RADIO THAT DOCTOR ROBERTS IS AMONG THEM... HE CAN GIVE US INFORMATION ABOUT AMERICAN DEFENSE!

STOP! HERR HULLER WANTS TO SEE THE AMERICANS!

THE DOLL MAN HOPS TO MARTHA'S SHOULDER.

LET THEM TAKE YOU AND YOUR DAD... WE CAN FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THIS PLOT... I'LL HIDE IN YOUR HAIR.

RUDELY, THE GUARDS DRAG THEIR PRISONERS TO HULLER'S CITADEL.

BUT HERMANN, I SAW THAT LITTLE MAN!

ACH! YOU ARE CRAZY!

INSIDE THEY FACE HULLER.

IF YOU WISH TO LIVE YOU WILL... ER... COOPERATE... MARK THE LOCATIONS OF YOUR DEFENSE PLANTS ON THIS MAP?

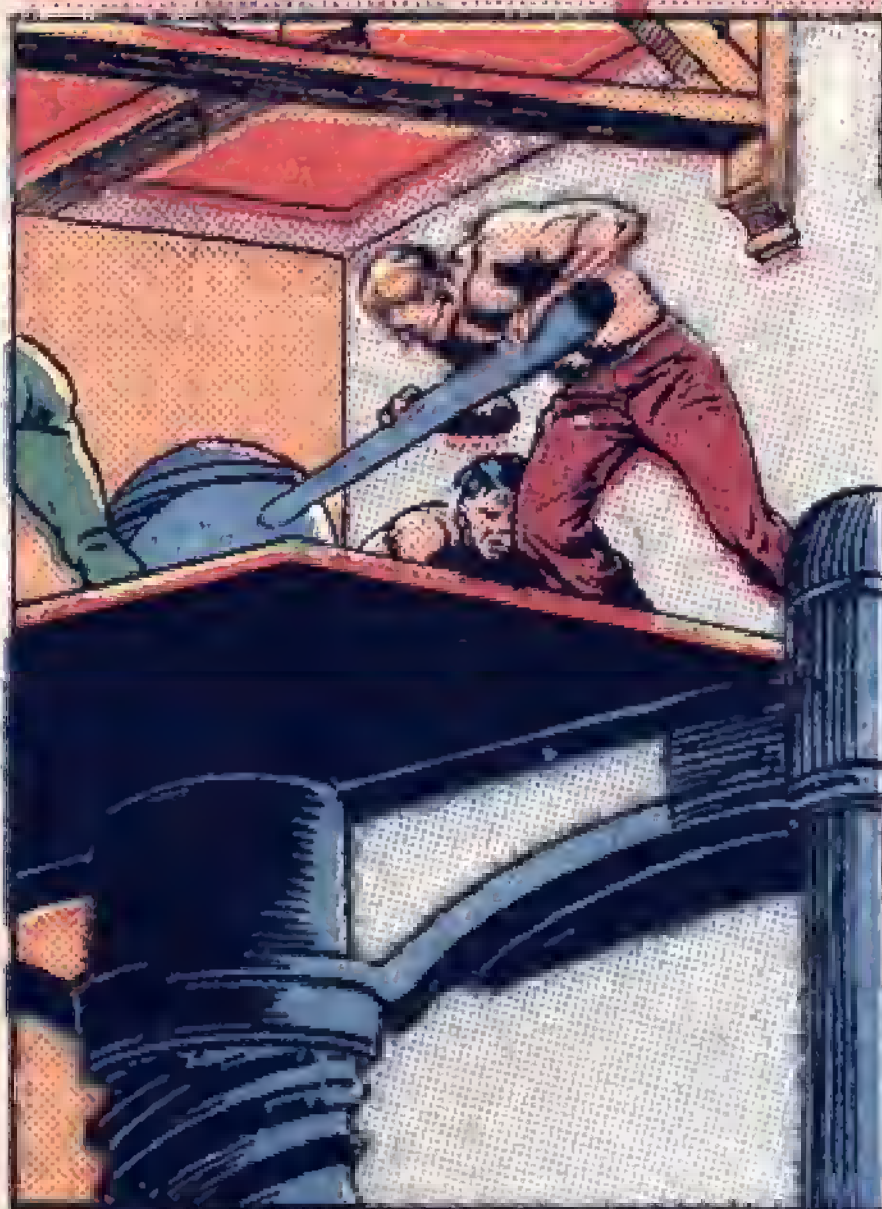
NO!

I SEE THAT YOU NEED PERSUASION... MEN! PUT THE GIRL UNDER THE PRESS!

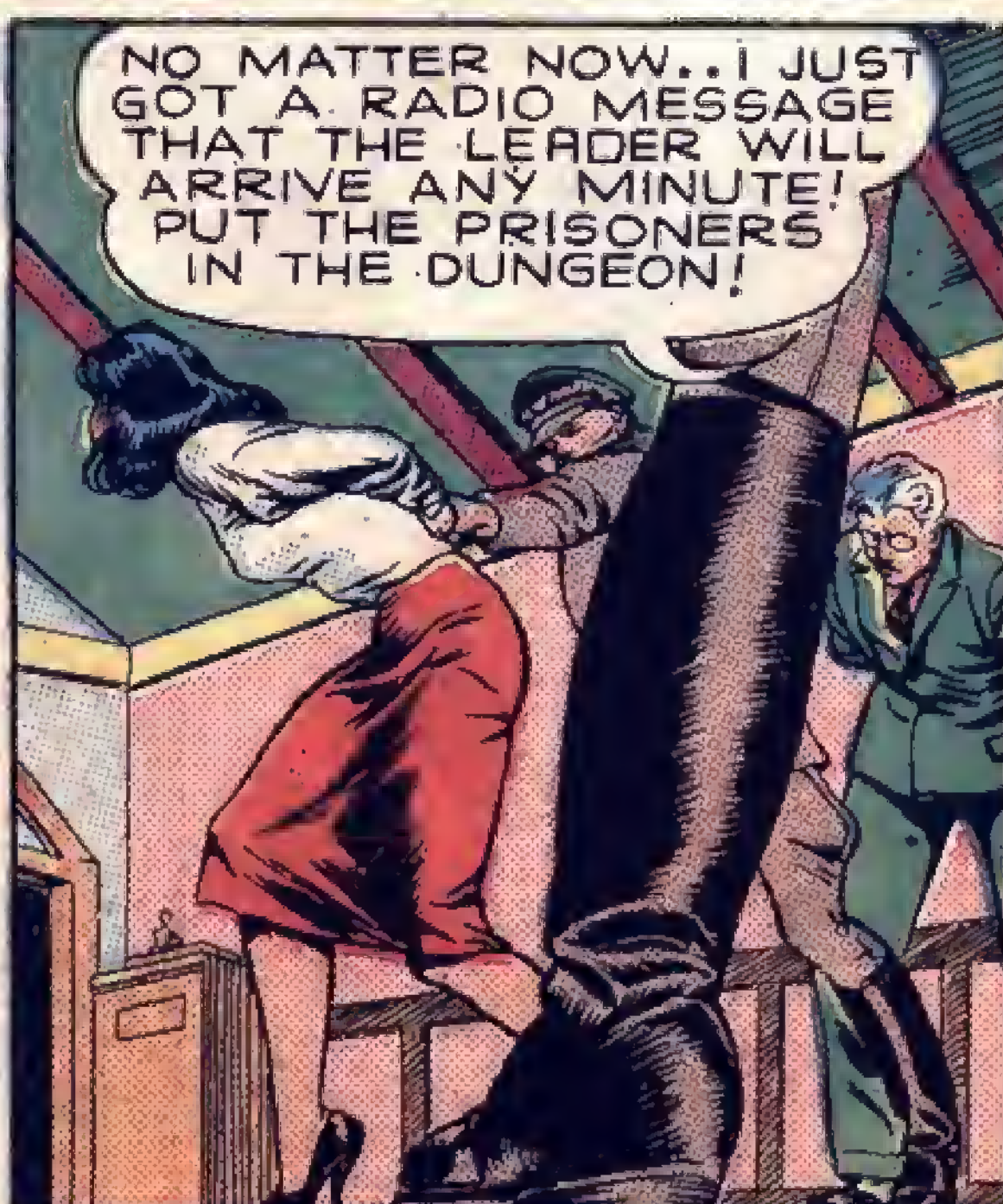
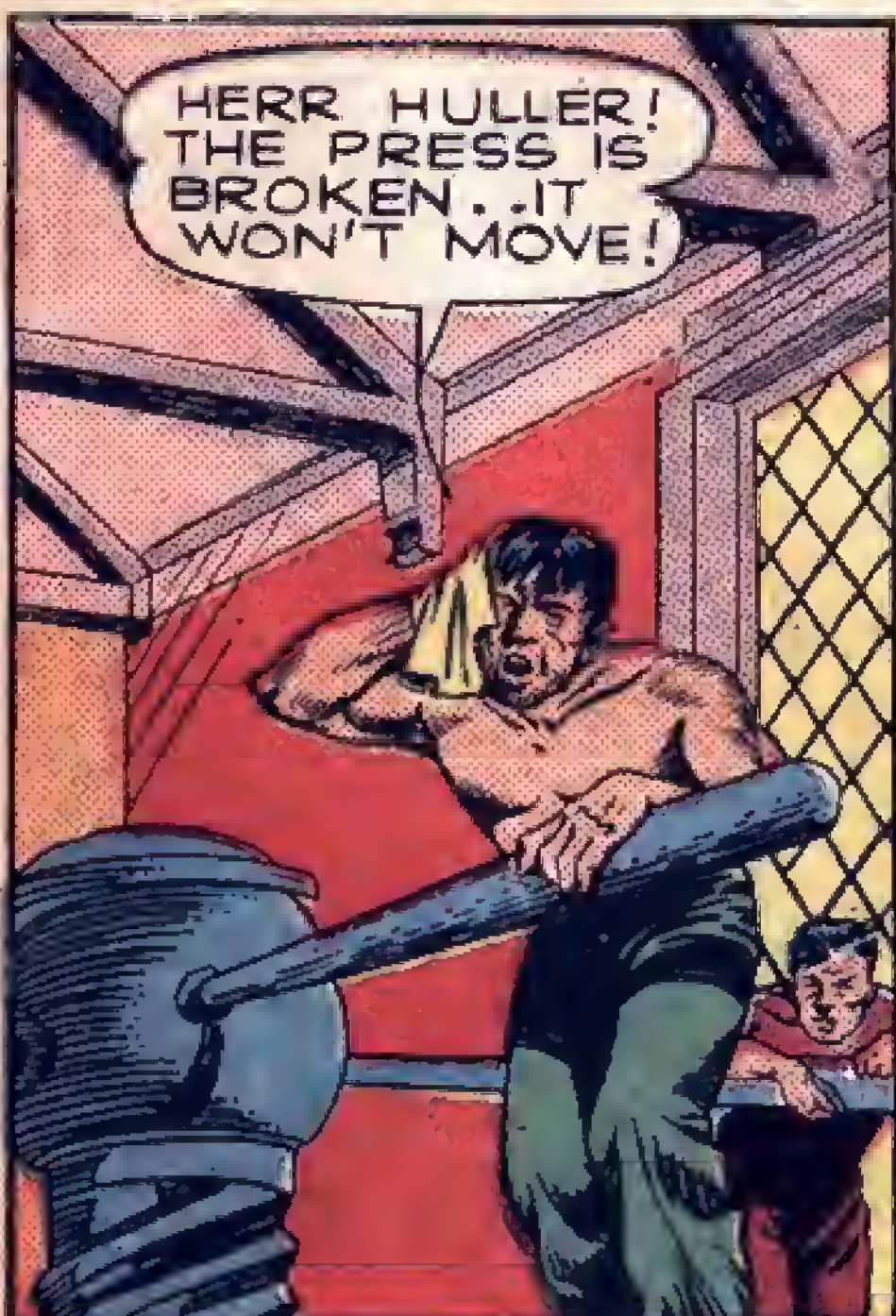
STRONG HANDS GRAB MARTHA AND FORCE HER UNDER A CRUEL TORTURE INSTRUMENT.



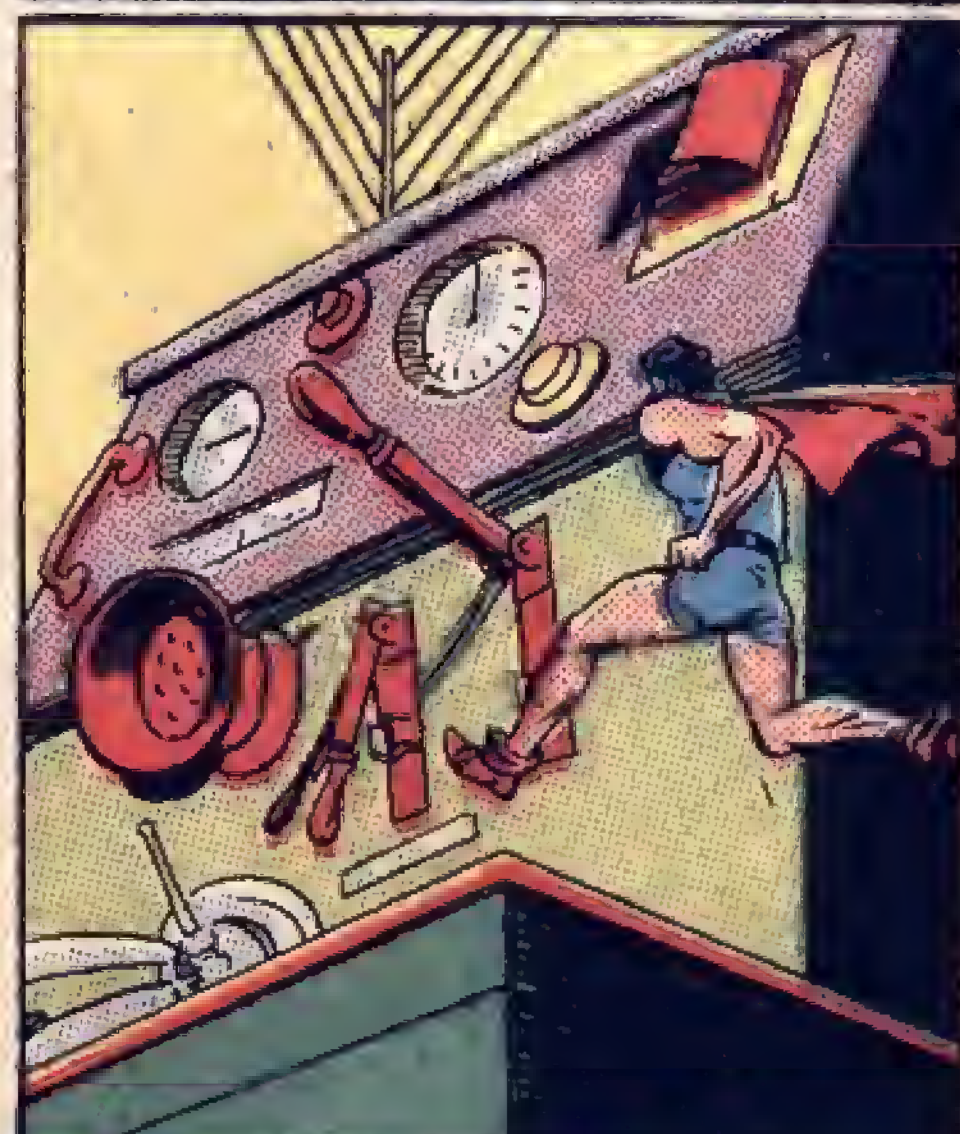
SLOWLY THE GREAT SCREW BEGINS TO GRIND... THREE TONS OF DEATH DESCEND UPON MARTHA.



BUT THE DOLL MAN SLIPS OUT OF HER HAIR...



AS THE MEN LEAVE FOR THE AIRFIELD, THE DOLL MAN LEAPS TO THE RADIOPHONE...



HE FLIPS A LEVER THAT IS MARKED "INVASION FLEET COMMUNICATIONS."



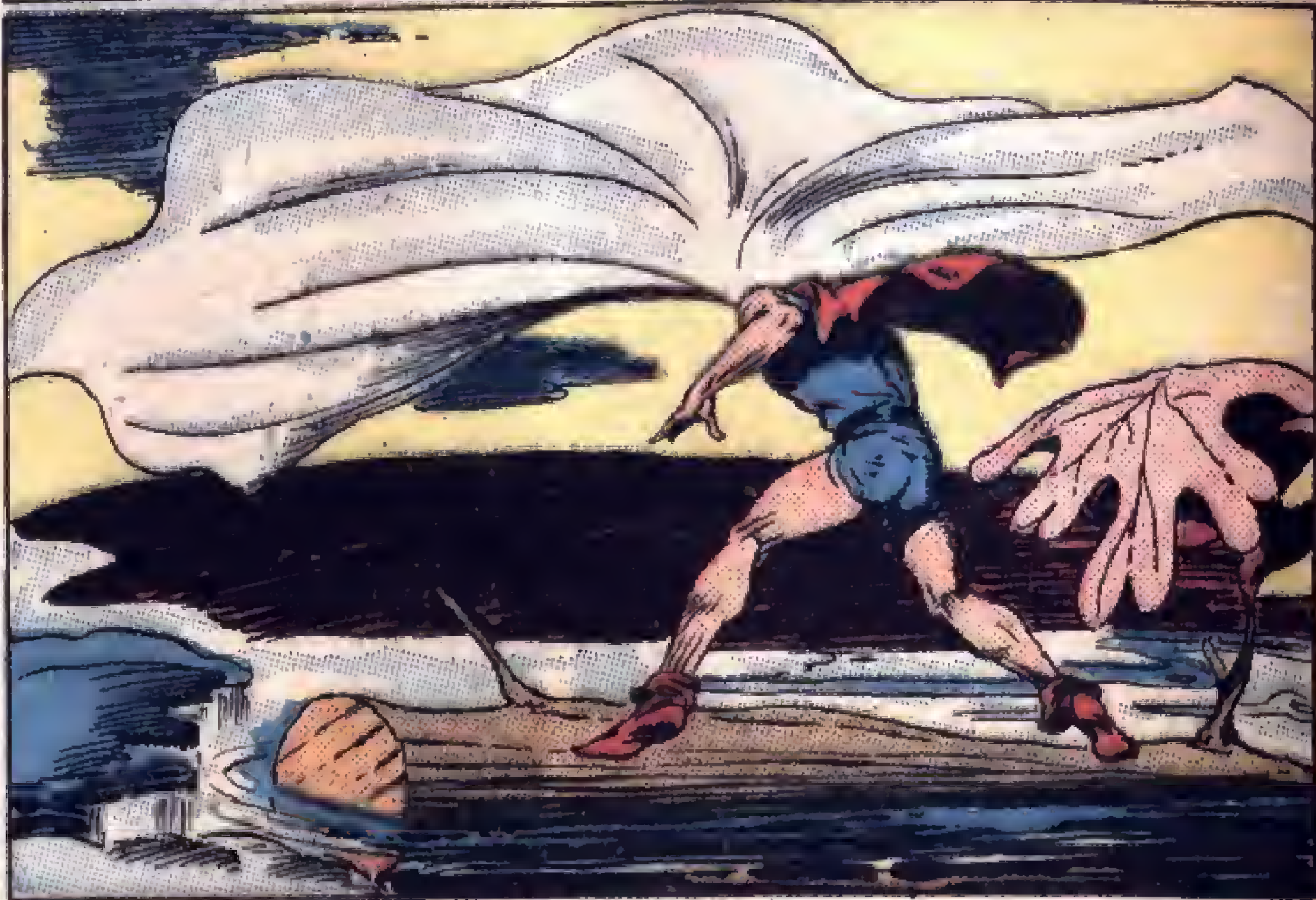
THE FLIGHT COMMANDER IS PUZZLED...



SNATCHING UP A HUGE WHITE HANDKERCHIEF, THE DOLL MAN LEAPS OUT A WINDOW . . .



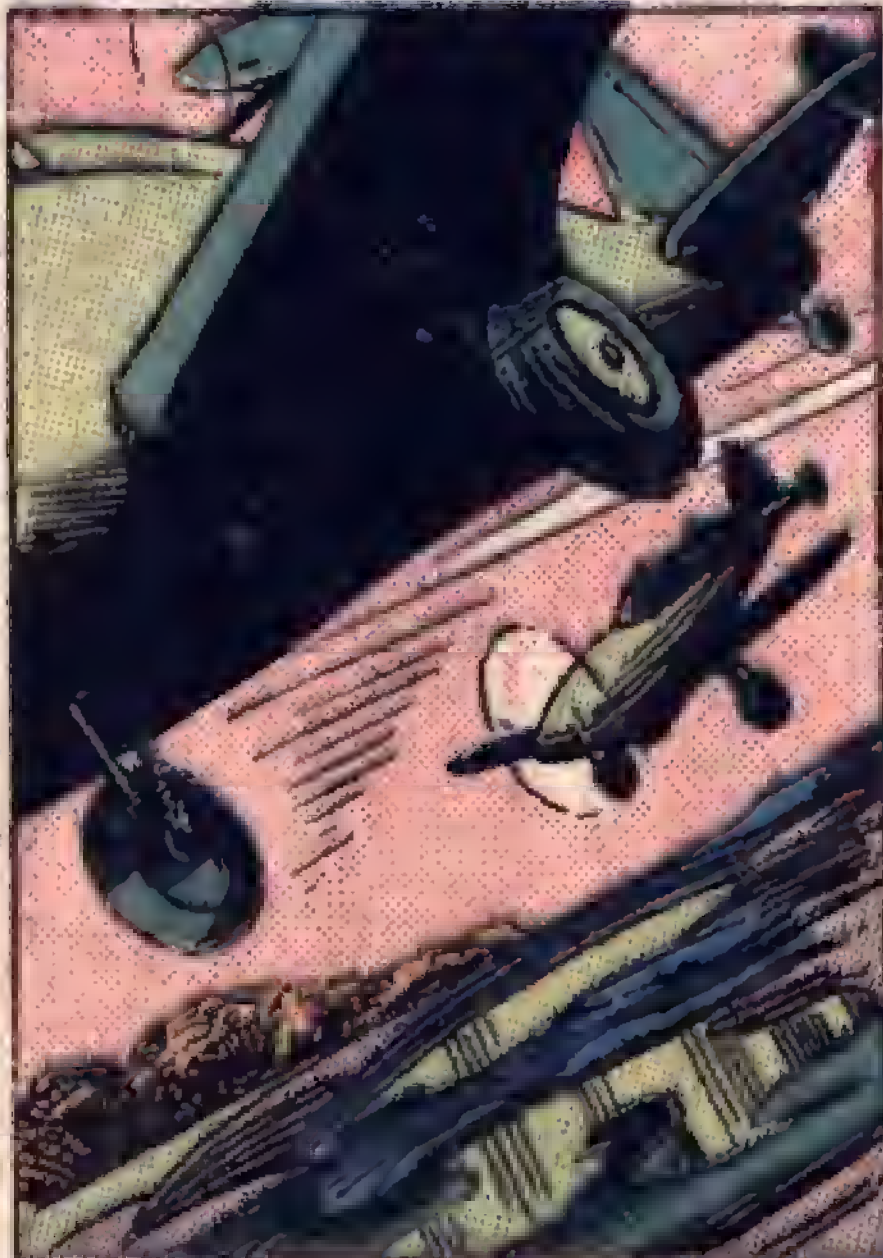
HE RACES TO THE FETID BOG AND WAVES THE HANDKERCHIEF WILDLY TO THE PLANES CIRCLING ABOVE.



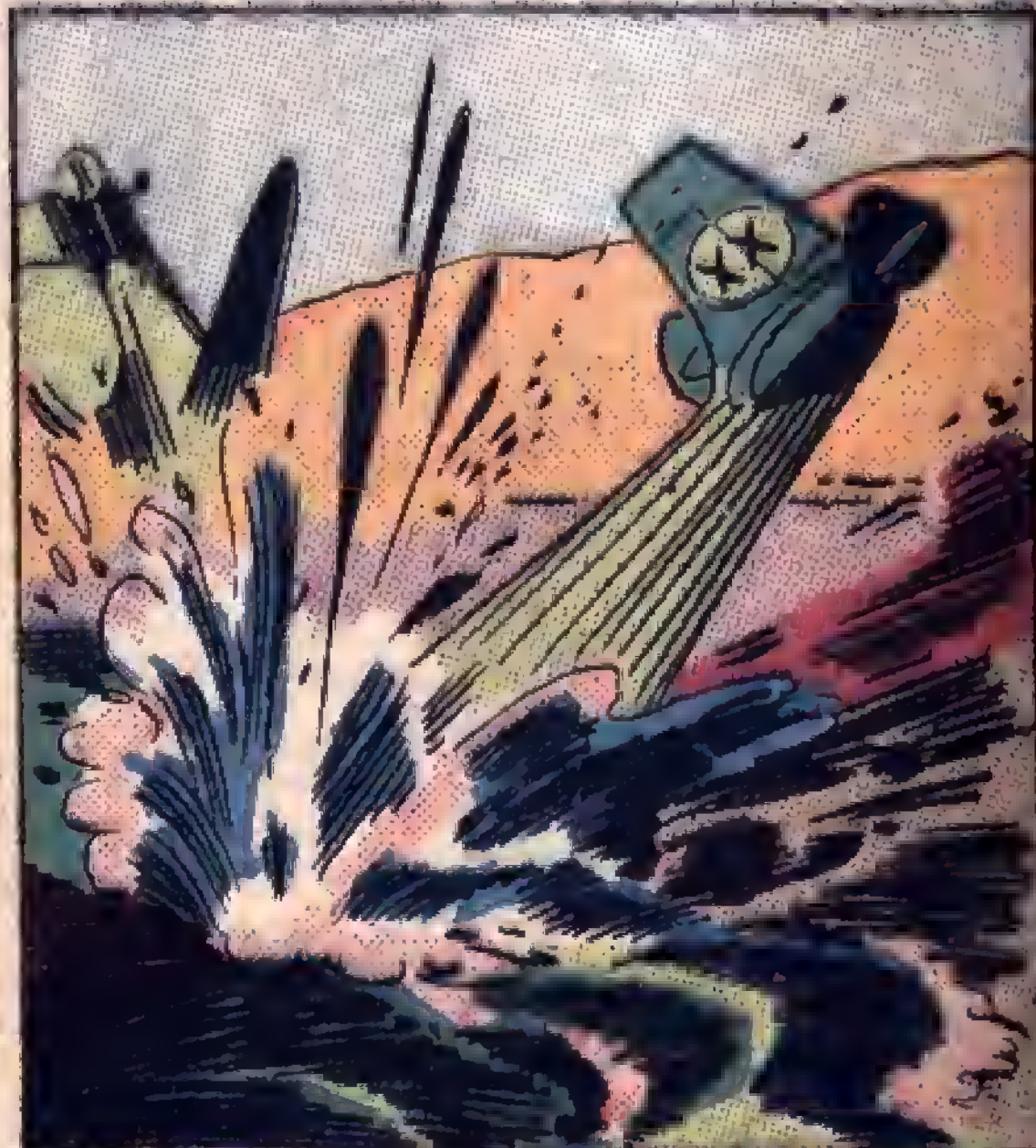
THE FLIGHT COMMANDER SEES IT. . .



THE SQUADRON ROARS DOWN FOR A LANDING.



AND CRASHES NOSE-ON IN THE MUCK. . .



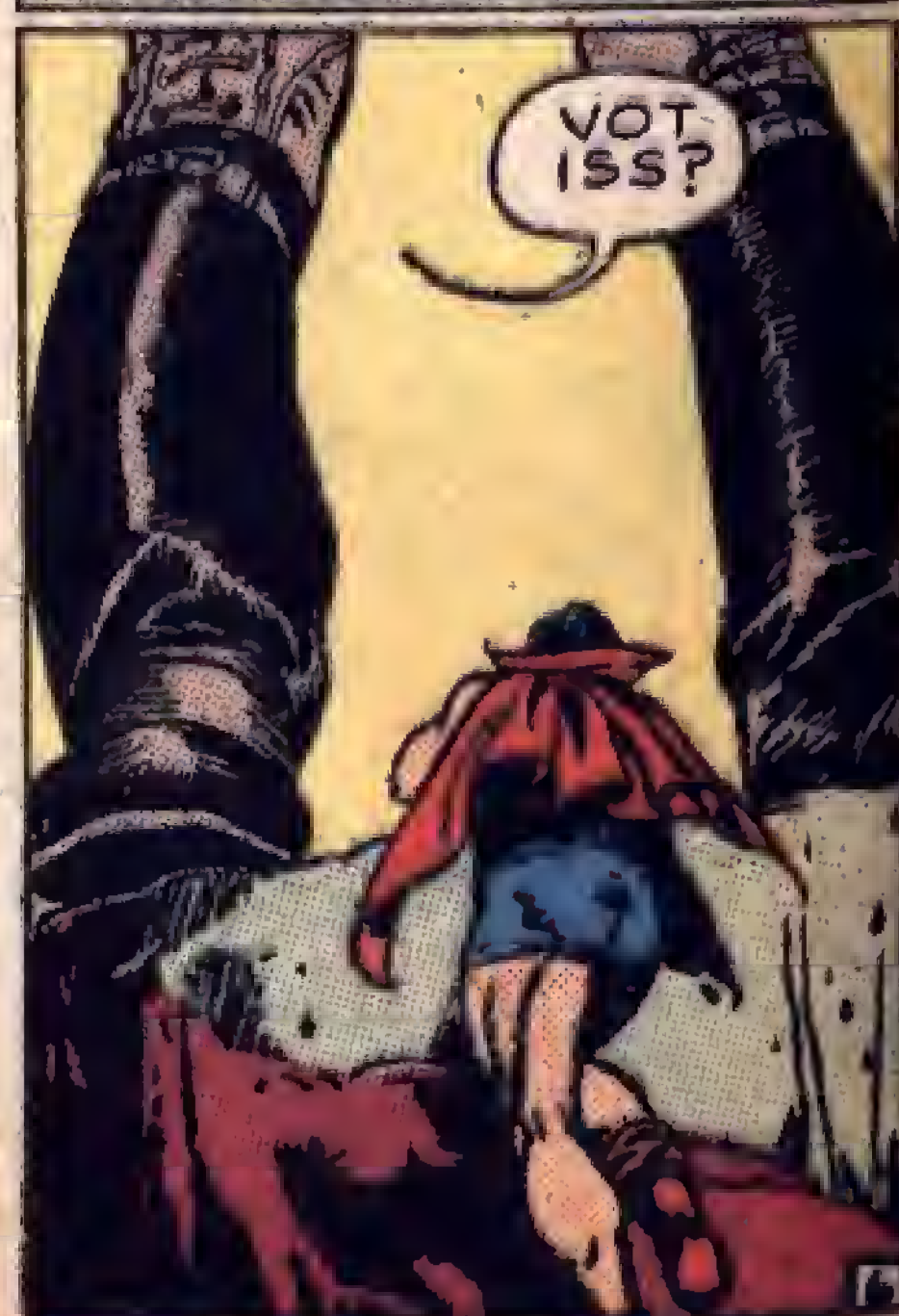
HULLER AND HIS PARTY SEE THE DISASTER FROM THE LANDING FIELD. . .



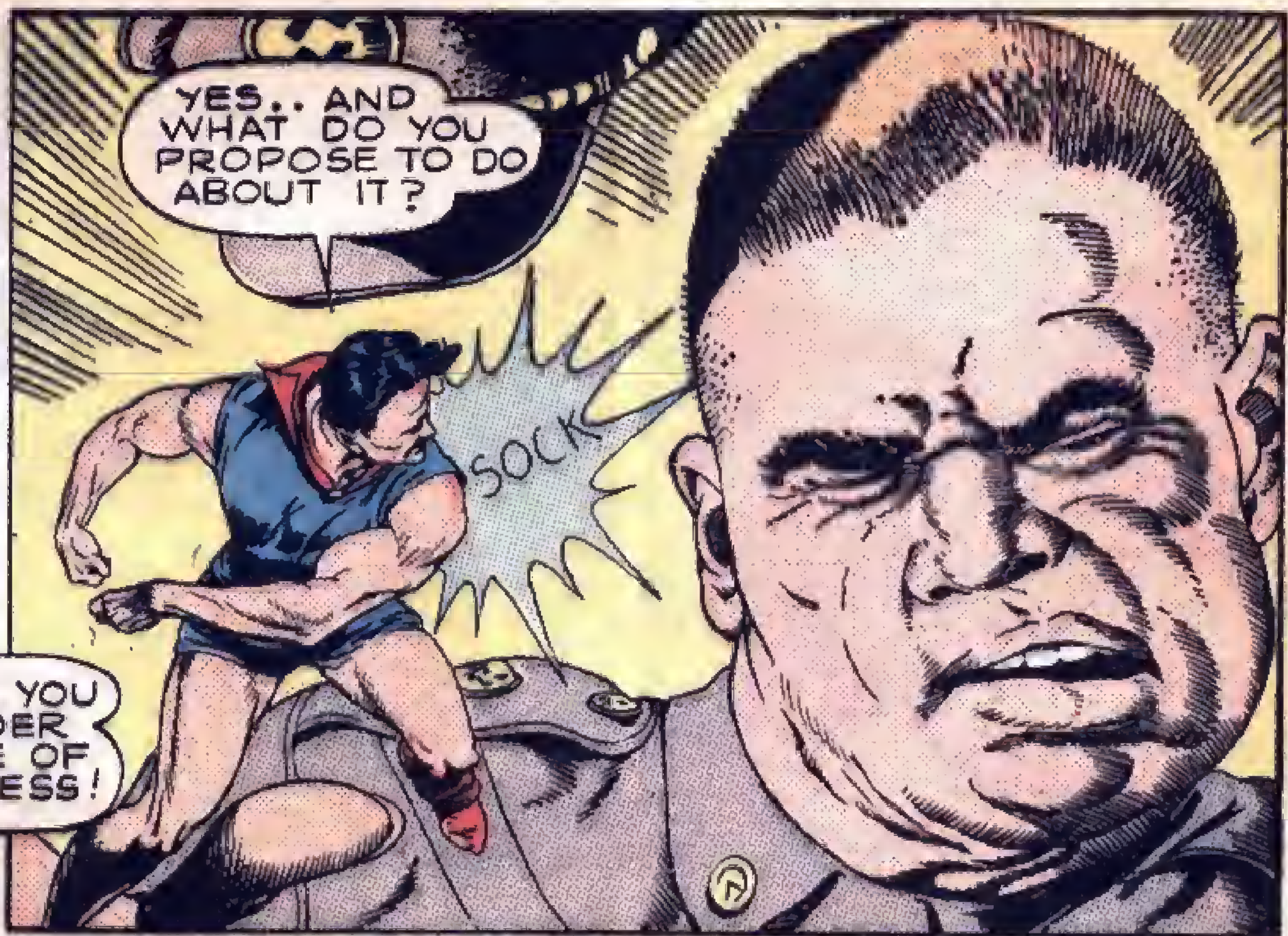
THEY RUN TO THE EDGE OF THE MARSH. . .



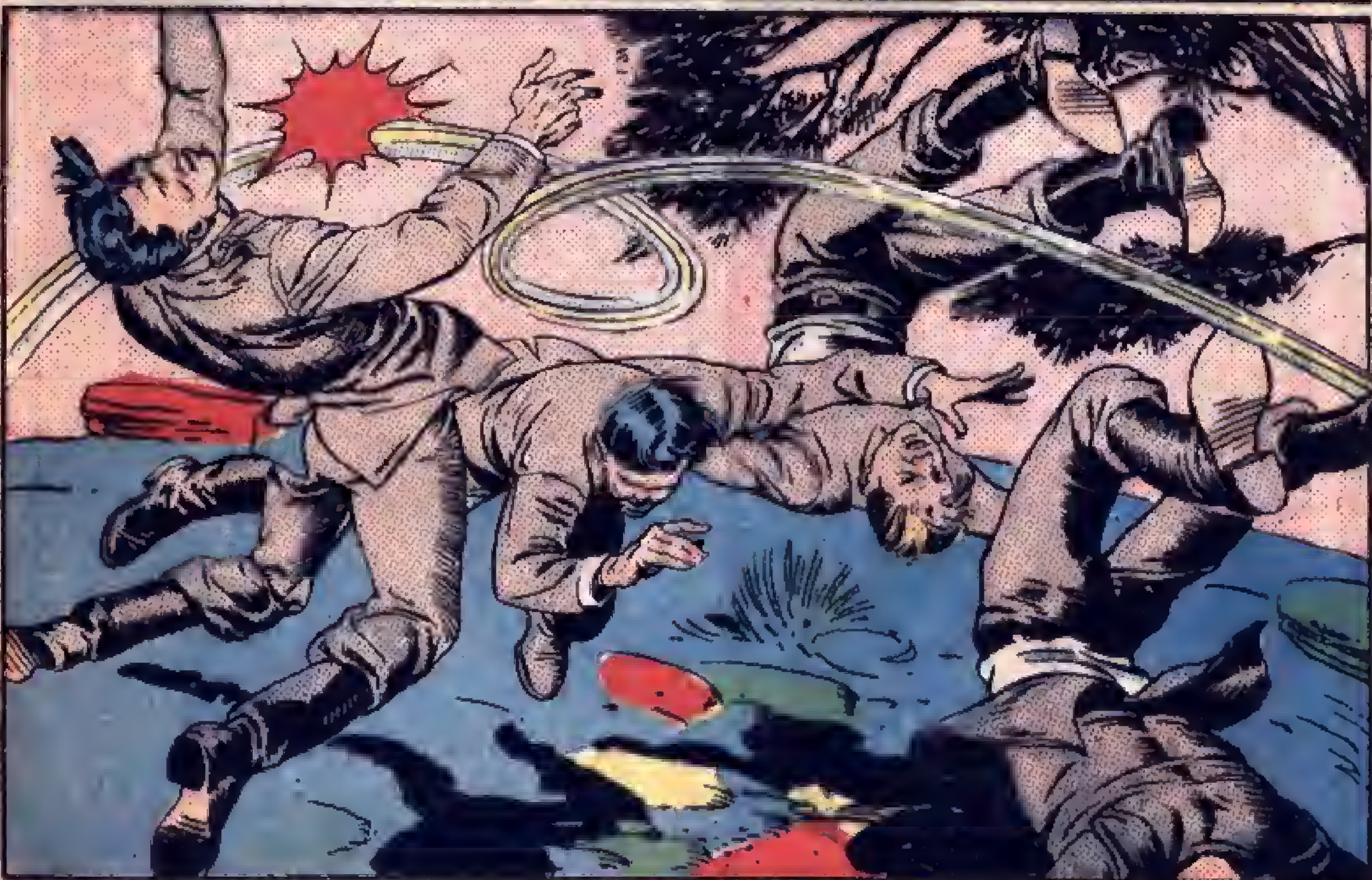
JUST THEN THE DOLL MAN CLAMBERS UP.



HULLER STOOPS AND PICKS UP THE TINY MAN.



BUT SWEEPING THROUGH THEM LIKE A TORNADO, THE DOLLMAN SCATTERS HIS ATTACKERS.



LEAVING THE SCENE, THE DOLL MAN HEADS FOR HULLER'S STRONGHOLD.



HAVE TO NOTIFY 'EM ALL BACK HOME!

HE COMMANDEERS THE WIRELESS.



CALLING U.S. AIRDROME OFF TRINIDAD.. SEND SQUADRON TO DEVIL'S ISLAND.. TROUBLE.

MEANWHILE HERR HULLER HAS RETURNED TO CONSCIOUSNESS.



I FIX THAT LIDDLE SNOOPER.. BURN DOWN DER WHOLE PLACE?

HE CIRCLES THE CITADEL, LEAVING BLAZING BRUSH FIRES IN HIS WAKE... SOON THE PLACE IS RINGED WITH FLAME.



THE DOLL MAN SEES SMOKE CURLING UNDER THE DOOR.



THAT MADMAN HULLER HAS FIRED THE CASTLE! I'VE GOT TO SAVE MARTHA AND THE DOC?

HE EXPLORES THE CITADEL QUICKLY AND DISCOVERS THE DUNGEON WHERE HIS FRIENDS ARE IMPRISONED.



I'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A JIFFY, FOLKS?

THE DOLL MAN RIPS APART THE IRON BARS LIKE MATCHSTICKS.



RIGHT THIS WAY AN' FAST?

THE TRIO DASHES MADLY FOR AN EXIT.



WE'RE TRAPPED! JUST WALLED IN BY FIRE.

JUST THEN THE ARMY PLANES ROAR OVERHEAD.



THIS PLACE NEEDS CLEANING OUT.. WE'LL DROP A FEW BOMBS?

ONE OF THE BOMBS
EXPLODES NEAR THE
HOUSE.



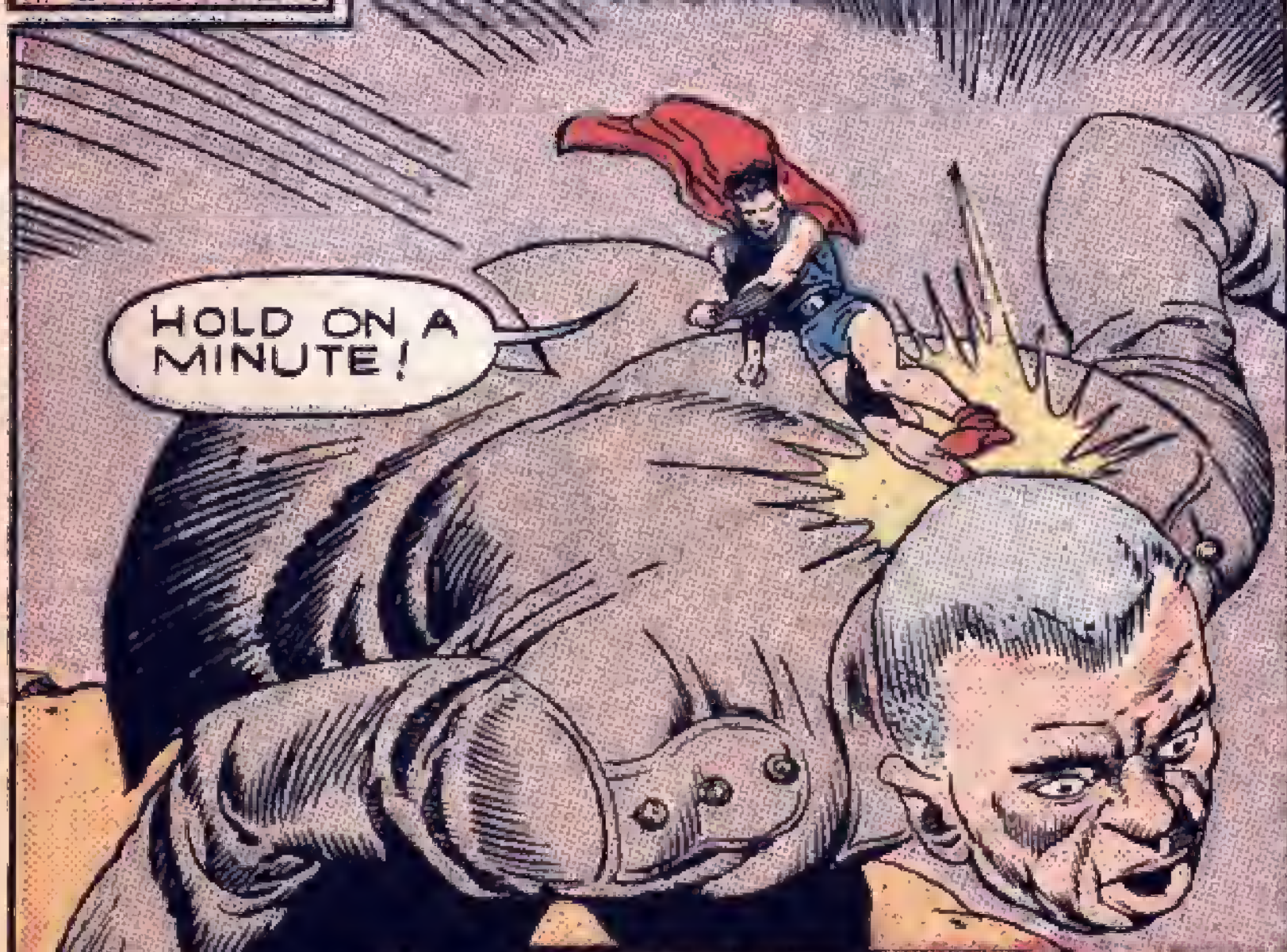
CLEARING A WAY FOR THE
CAPTIVES.



THEY RUSH OUT JUST IN
TIME TO SEE HULLER
ESCAPING OVER THE HILL.



WITH A MIGHTY LEAP, THE
DOLL MAN REACHES THE
FUGITIVE.



THE MARINES LAND AND PICK
UP MARTHA AND DOCTOR
ROBERTS.



WHEN OFFERED A RIDE BY THE
FLIGHT COMMANDER, DOLL MAN
REFUSES AND INSTEAD...



More amazing adventures of The Doll Man in the October issue of **FEATURE COMICS**.

BIG TOP

HEY, SILLY-
YER WANTED
ON THE
PHONE!

WHAT?!--UNCLE PETE
PASSED ON? OH GRAN-
I MEAN THAT'S
AWFUL!

WOW!-THAT MEANS I INHERIT
TEN THOUSAND BUCKS!-
I CAN
RETIRE!

AN' TELL
OFF A FEW
PEOPLE

WILLIE, THOSE WHACKS
YOU HAND ME IN OUR
ACT HAVE BEEN
EXTRA HARD!

WANT
T'MAKE
SOMETHIN'
OF IT?

YEAH!-A LITTLE!

WHAT
GOES
ON?

WHY-HELLO, BOSS!
ISN'T YOUR TIE
LOOSE?--LET ME
FIX
IT!

ACK
ACK!

YOUR HAT NEEDS PULLING
DOWN AND YOUR PANTS
NEED PULLING UP,
IF YOU
ASK
ME!

...FOR A HUNDRED BUCK
RAISE-ILL TIDY YOU
UP EVERY DAY,
BOSS!

WHY
YOU--

I JUST
INHERITED
TEN GRAND-
WANNA
MARRY
ME?

WHY-I'VE
ALWAYS
LOVED YOU-
WHAT WAS
THE
NAME
AGAIN?

I'LL PHONE
THAT LAWYER
AND ASK HIM
FOR A THOUSAND
ADVANCE!

WHAT?-IT WASN'T
UNCLE PETE THAT
DIED-BUT ONLY
UNCLE ZEKE WHO
WAS ON THE
W.P.A.
?

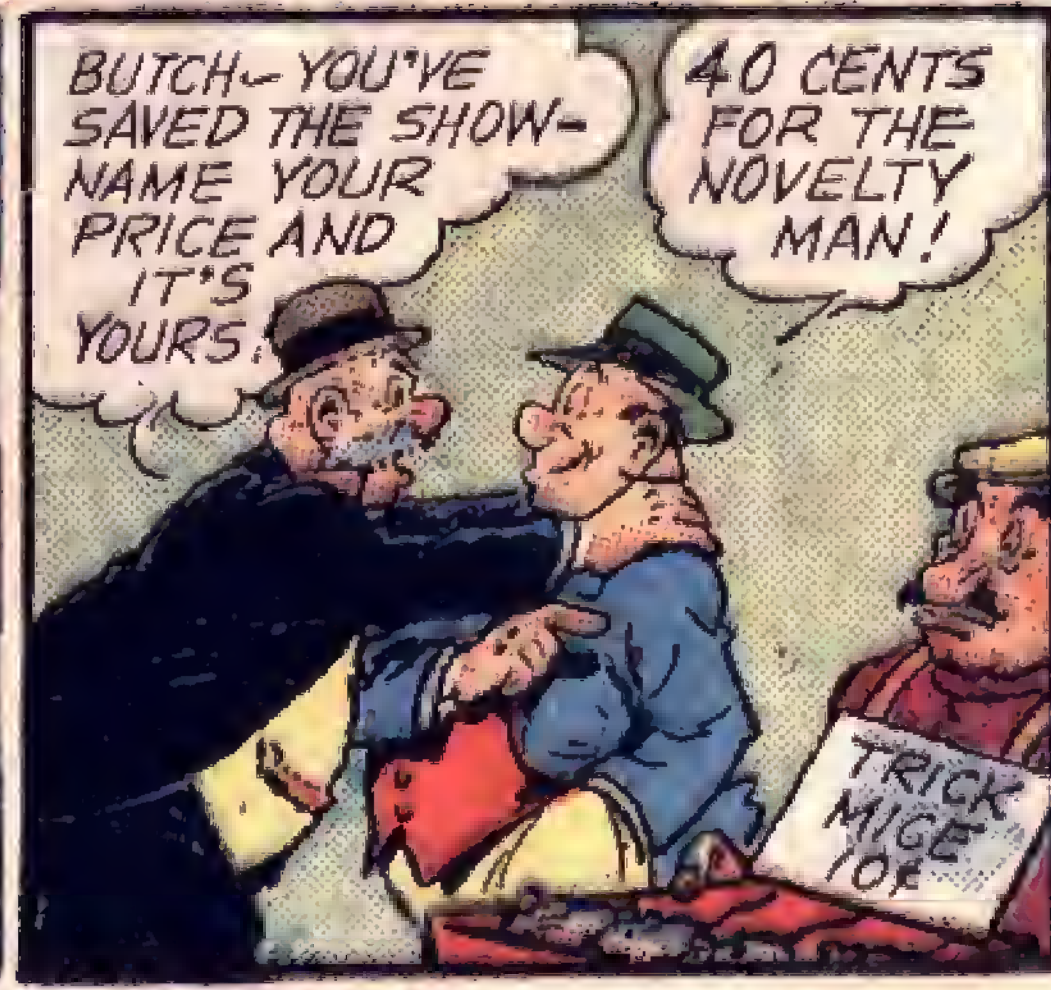
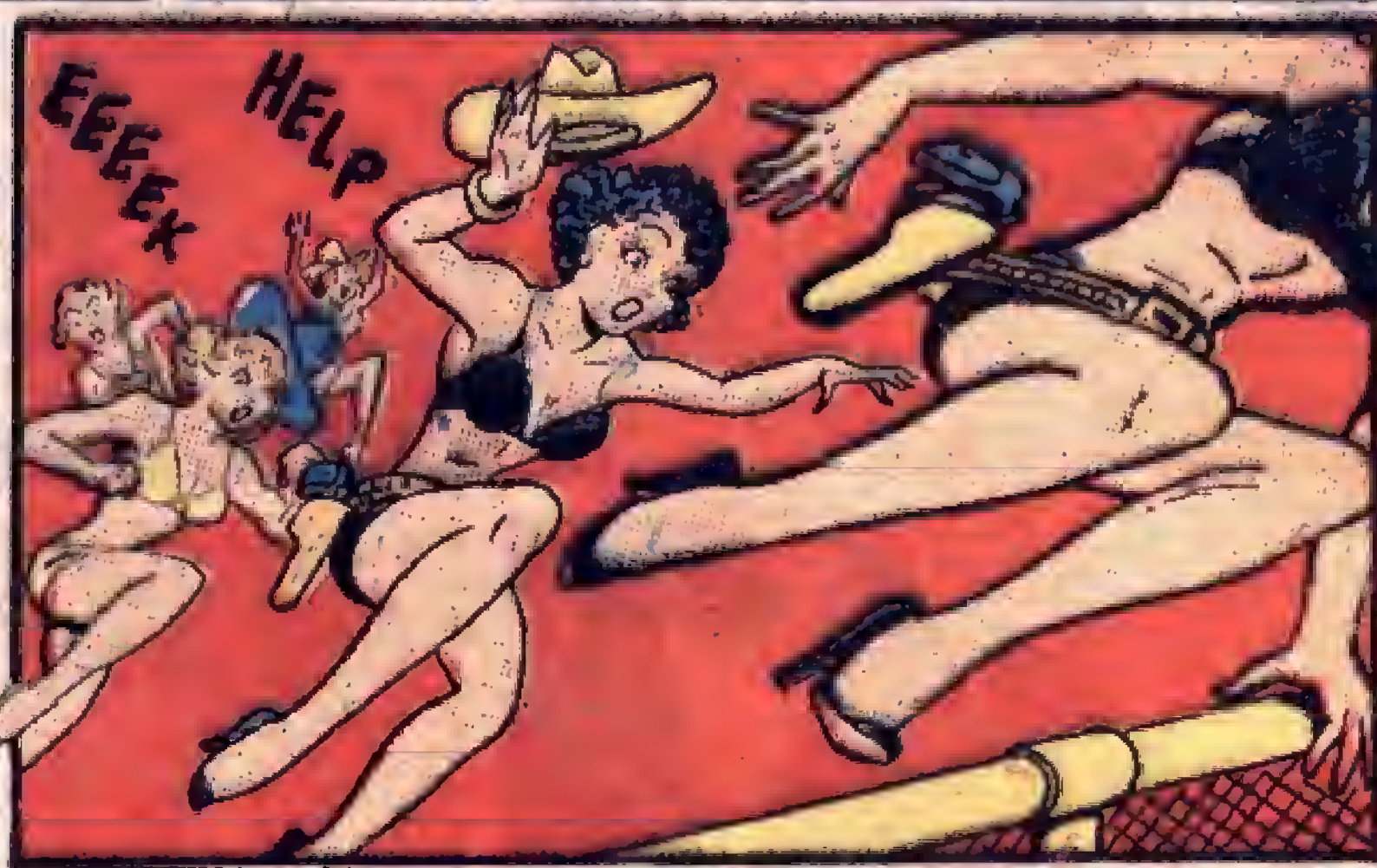
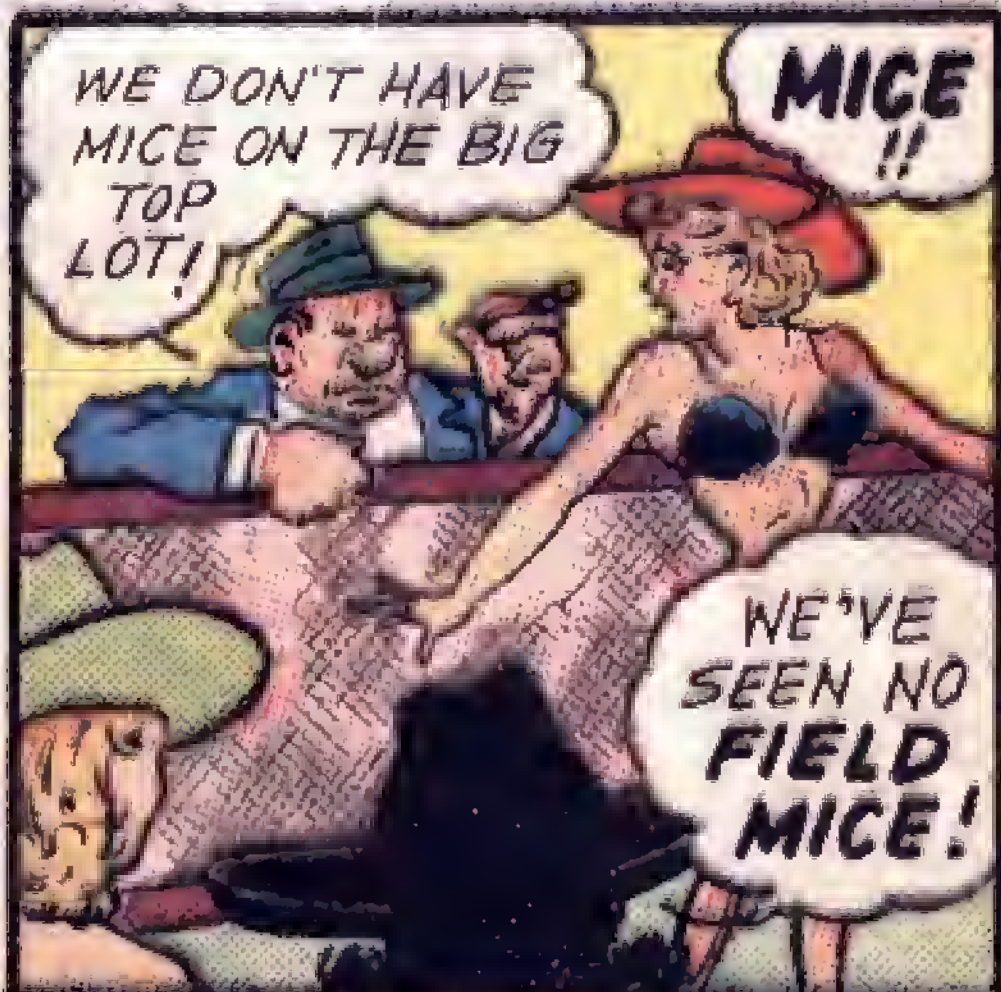
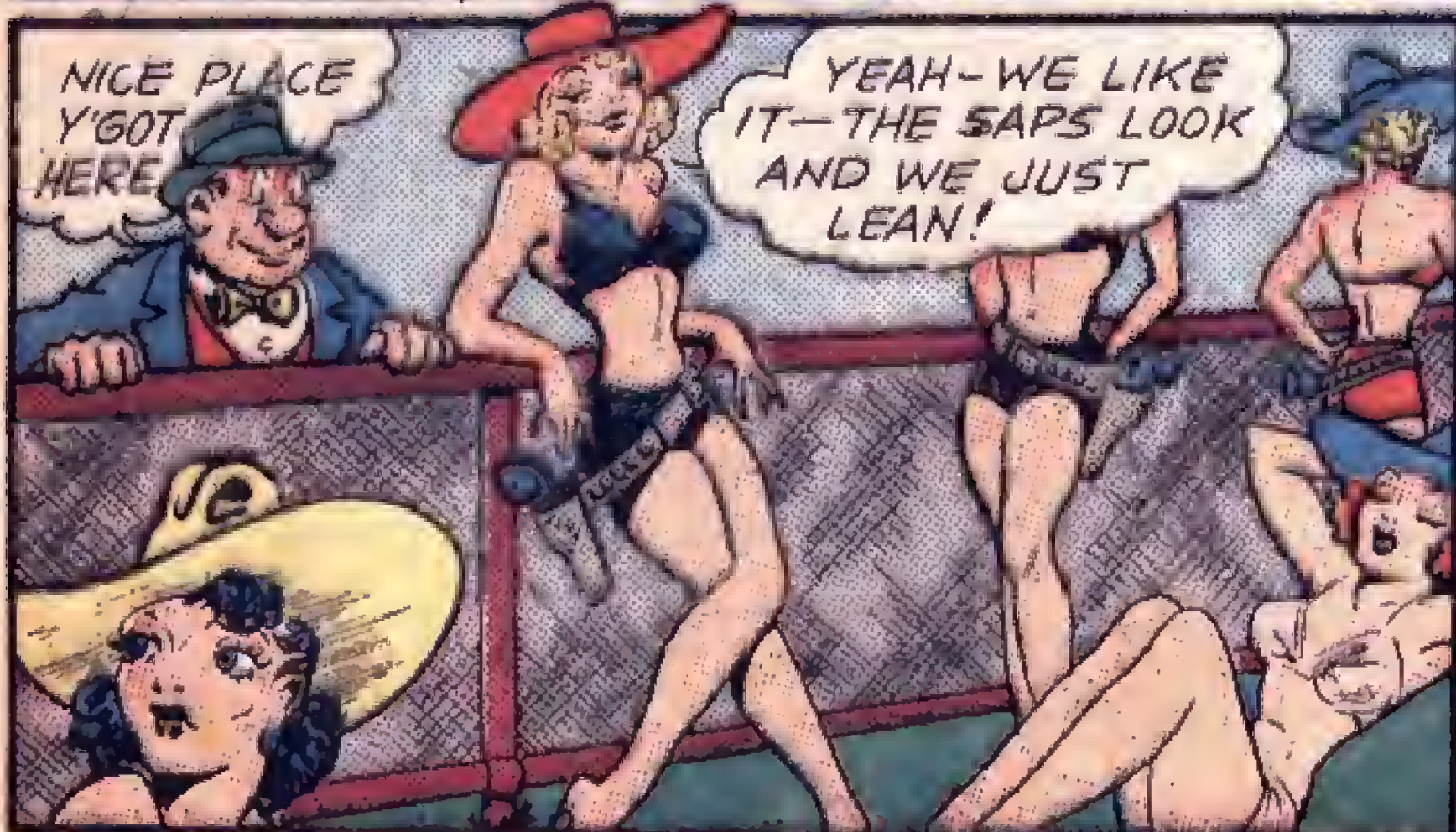
YEP!

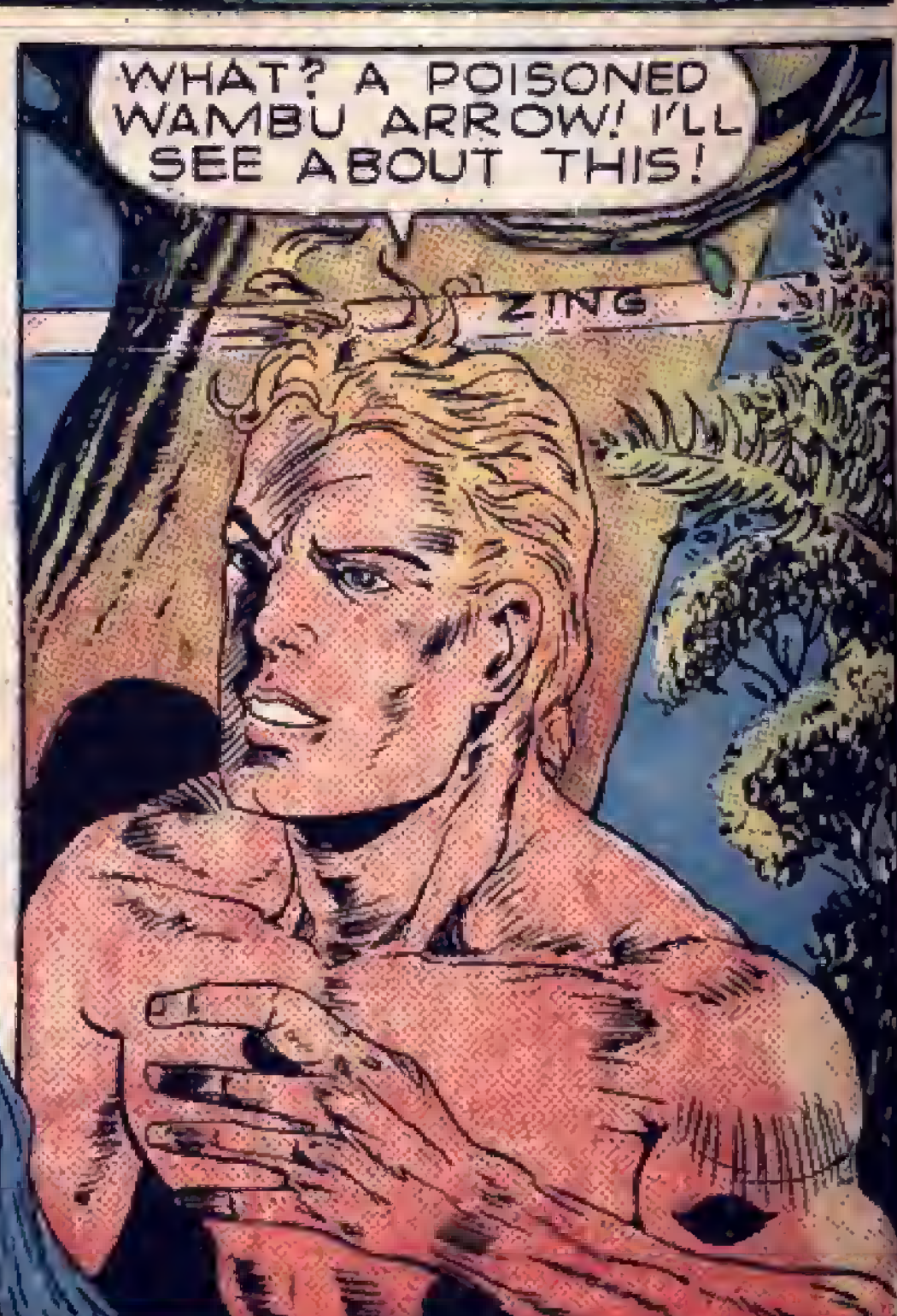
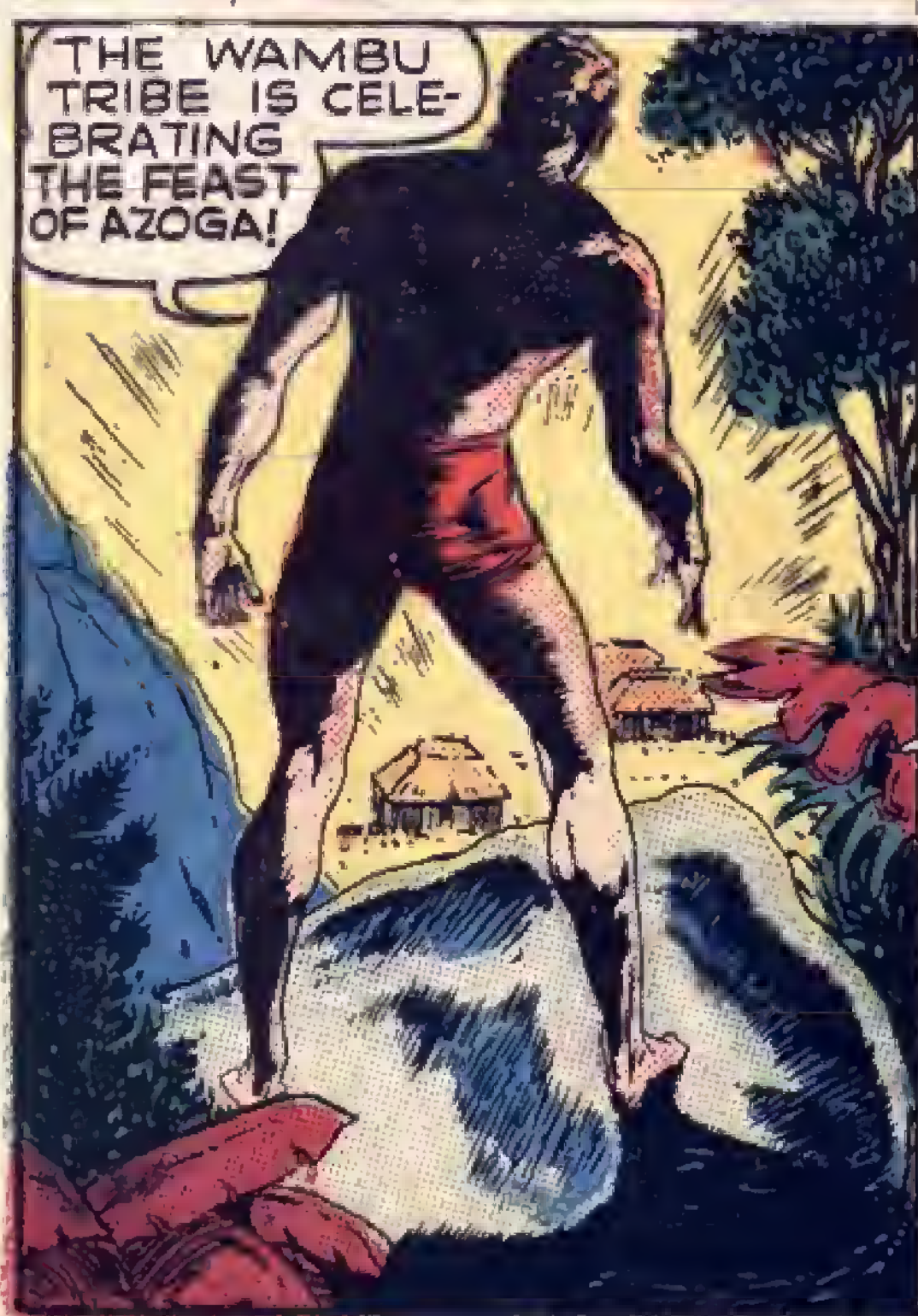
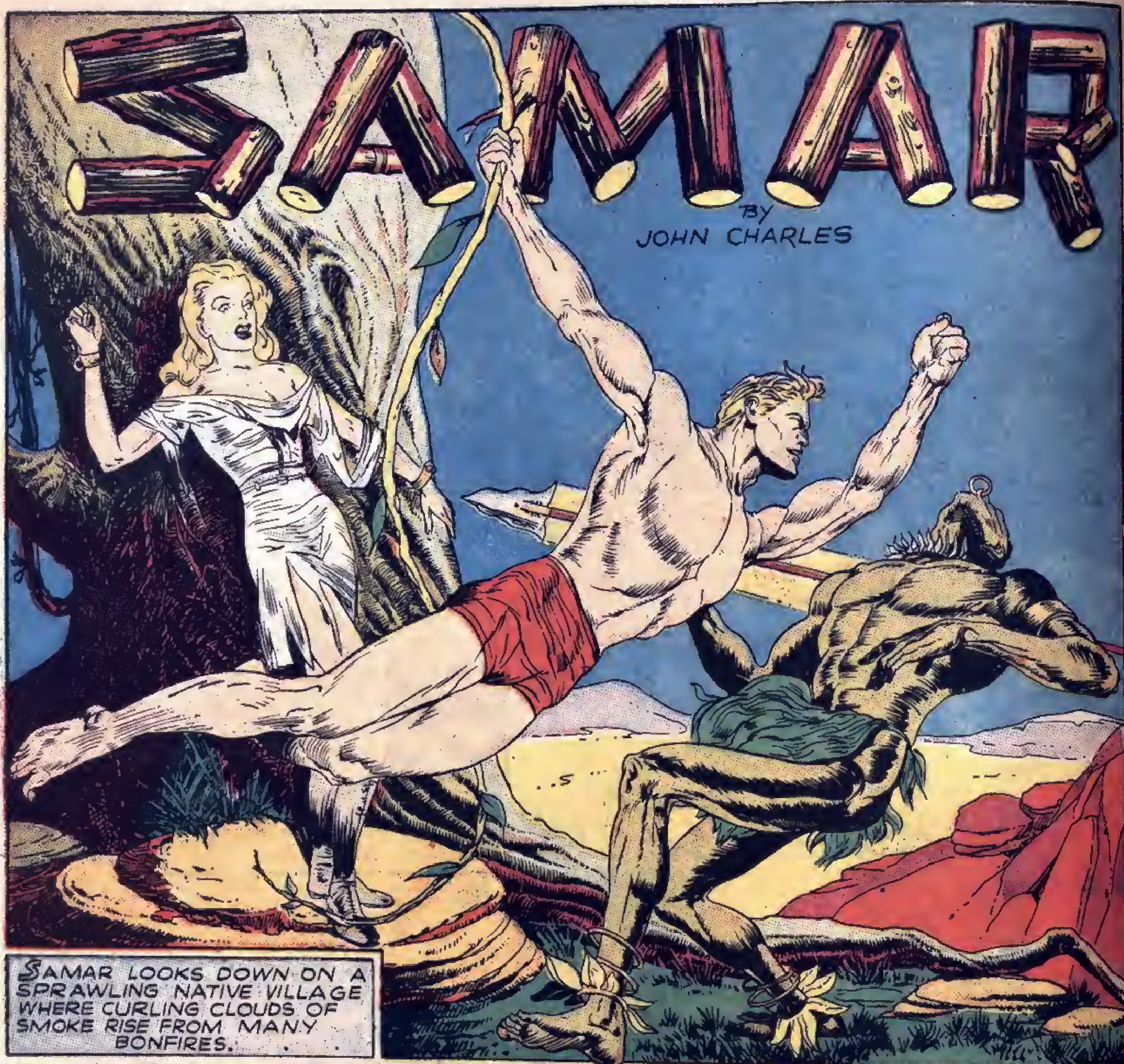
PITY, BOSS!
PLEASE
GIVE ME
MY
JOB
BACK?

OKAY- BUT I'M
CUTTING YOU
SIX BUCKS AND
PUTTING A NEW
PARTNER IN YOUR
ACT!

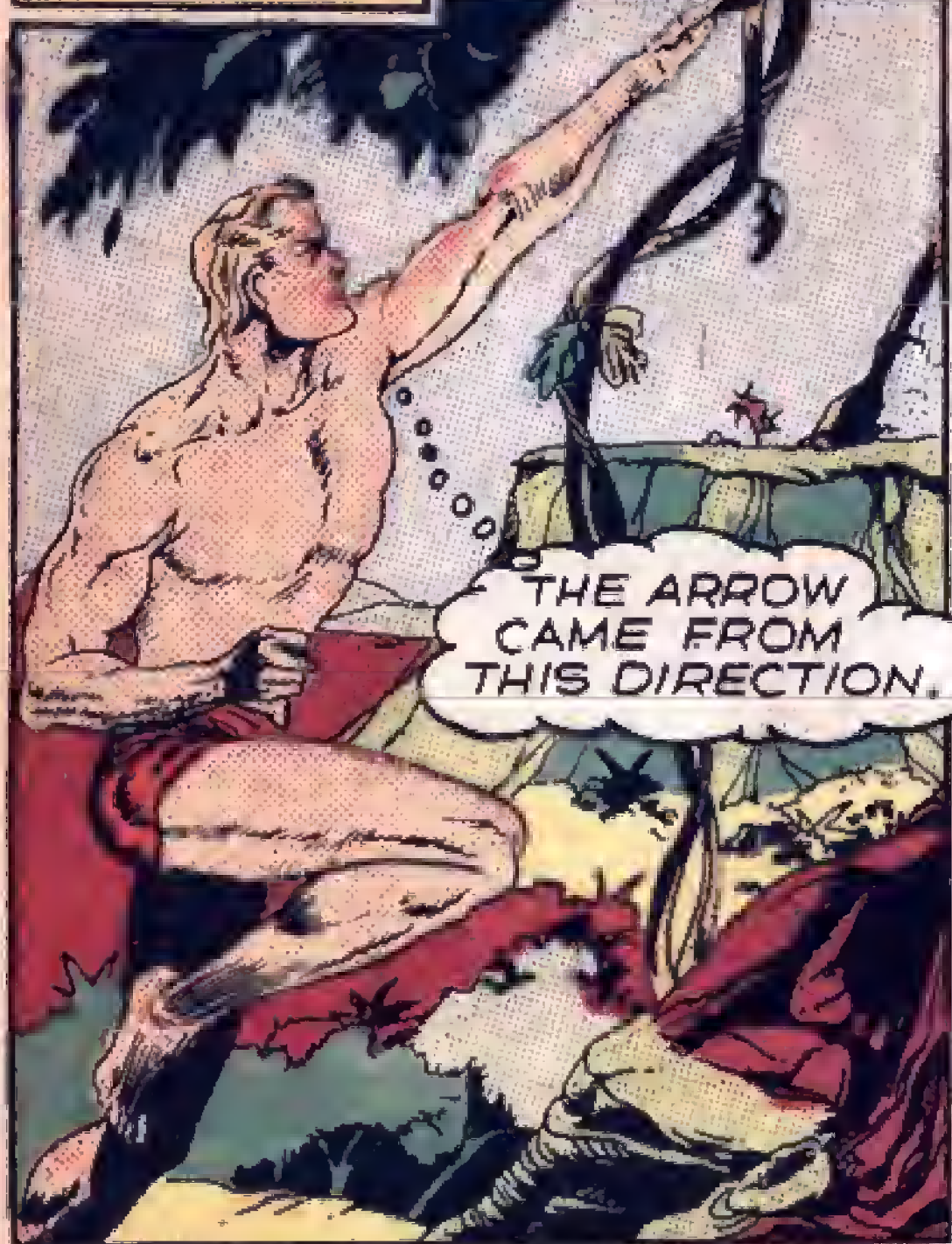
IT'S TIME TH' GORILLA
DID SOMETHING
BESIDES SIT
ON HIS
BREECHES!

BIG TOP





BEFORE THE NATIVE CAN DRAW HIS BOW AGAIN, SAMAR SWINGS HIMSELF UP.



THE ARROW CAME FROM THIS DIRECTION.

HE SAILS THROUGH THE AIR, LANDING SQUARELY ON THE SNIPER.



OOF!

WHY DID YOU SHOOT AT ME?

ME TELL NO HIT ME AGAIN!



SAMAR PICKS UP THE BLACK'S BOW AND PROCEEDS TOWARD THE VILLAGE.

FROM A CLIFF AT THE EDGE OF THE VILLAGE, HE SEES CAPTIVES AT THE STAKE.

WHITE TRADER GIVE PRESENTS TO CHIEF SO WAMBU TRIBE CELEBRATE CANNIBAL FEAST OF AZOGA.



I MUST STOP THAT AZOGA FESTIVAL! CANNIBALISM IS OUTLAWED HERE!



THIS ARROW WILL INTERRUPT THE MURDER.



THE WITCH DOCTOR BENDS TO LIGHT THE SACRIFICIAL FIRE. SUDDENLY SAMAR'S ARROW SENDS THE TORCH FLYING FROM HIS HAND.



THE JUNGLEMAN LEAPS FROM HIS PERCH.

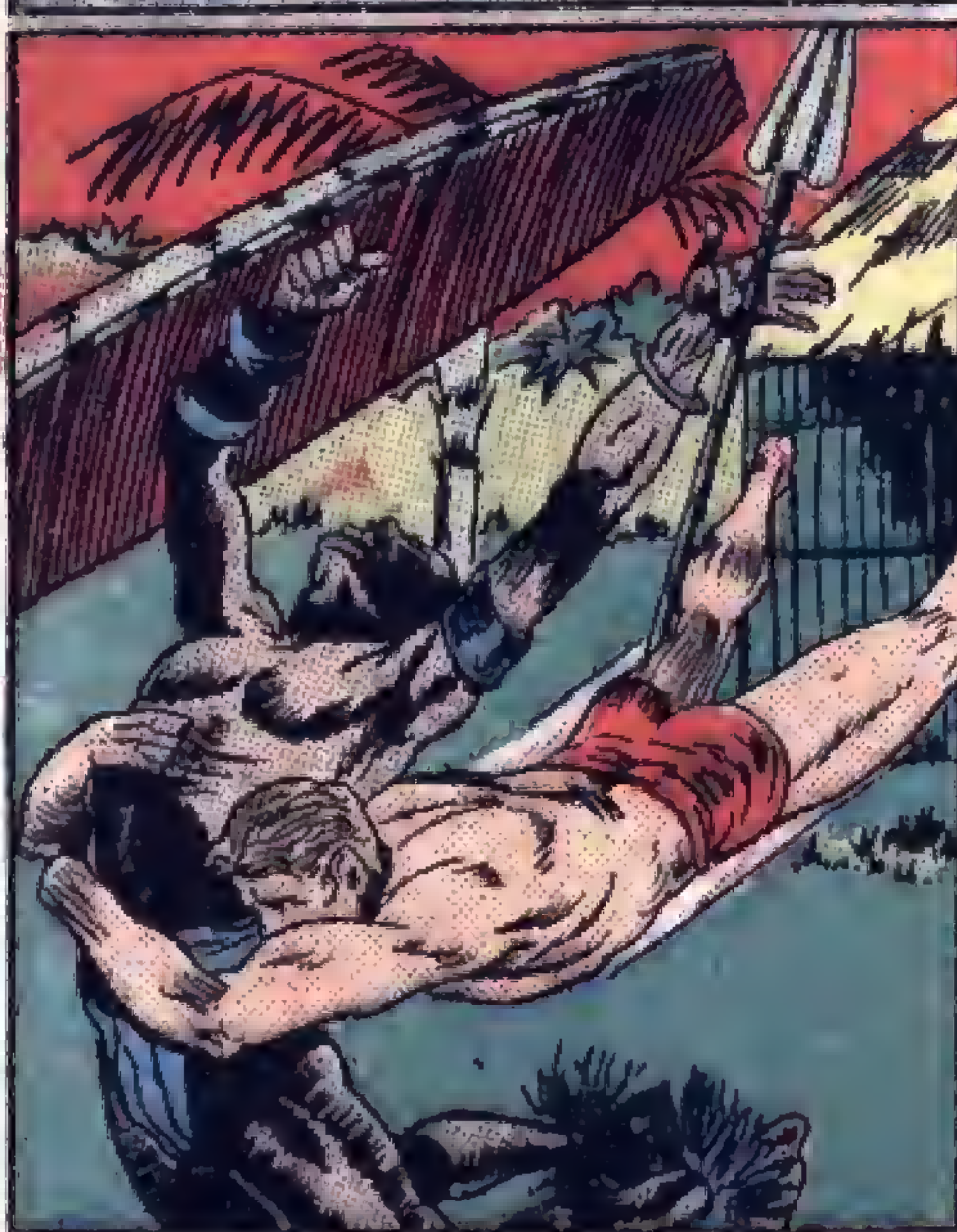
THIS IS MY CHANCE!



QUICKLY SAMAR CIRCLES
AROUND THE CHIEF'S HUT.



LIKE A GREAT EAGLE, SAMAR
DIVES ON HIS PREY, SENDING
THE NATIVE SPINNING TO THE
GROUND.



THE GUARD OUT COLD, SAMAR
STRIDES INTO THE HUT.



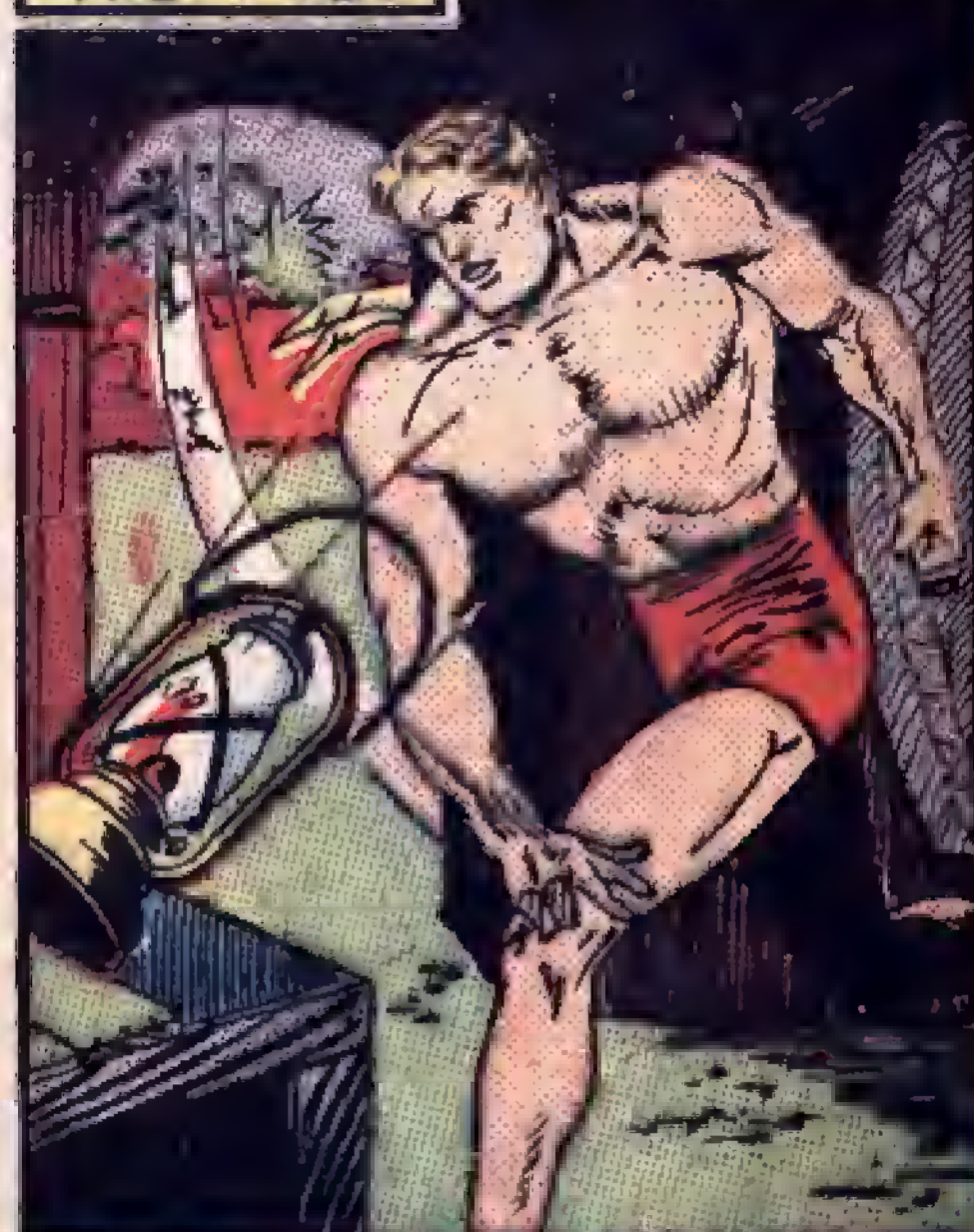
HE EXAMINES SOME BEADS.
SUDDENLY . . .



SAMAR WHIRLS ABOUT SWIFTLY.



BUT HE SNATCHES UP A
LANTERN AND HURLS IT AT
HIS FOE.



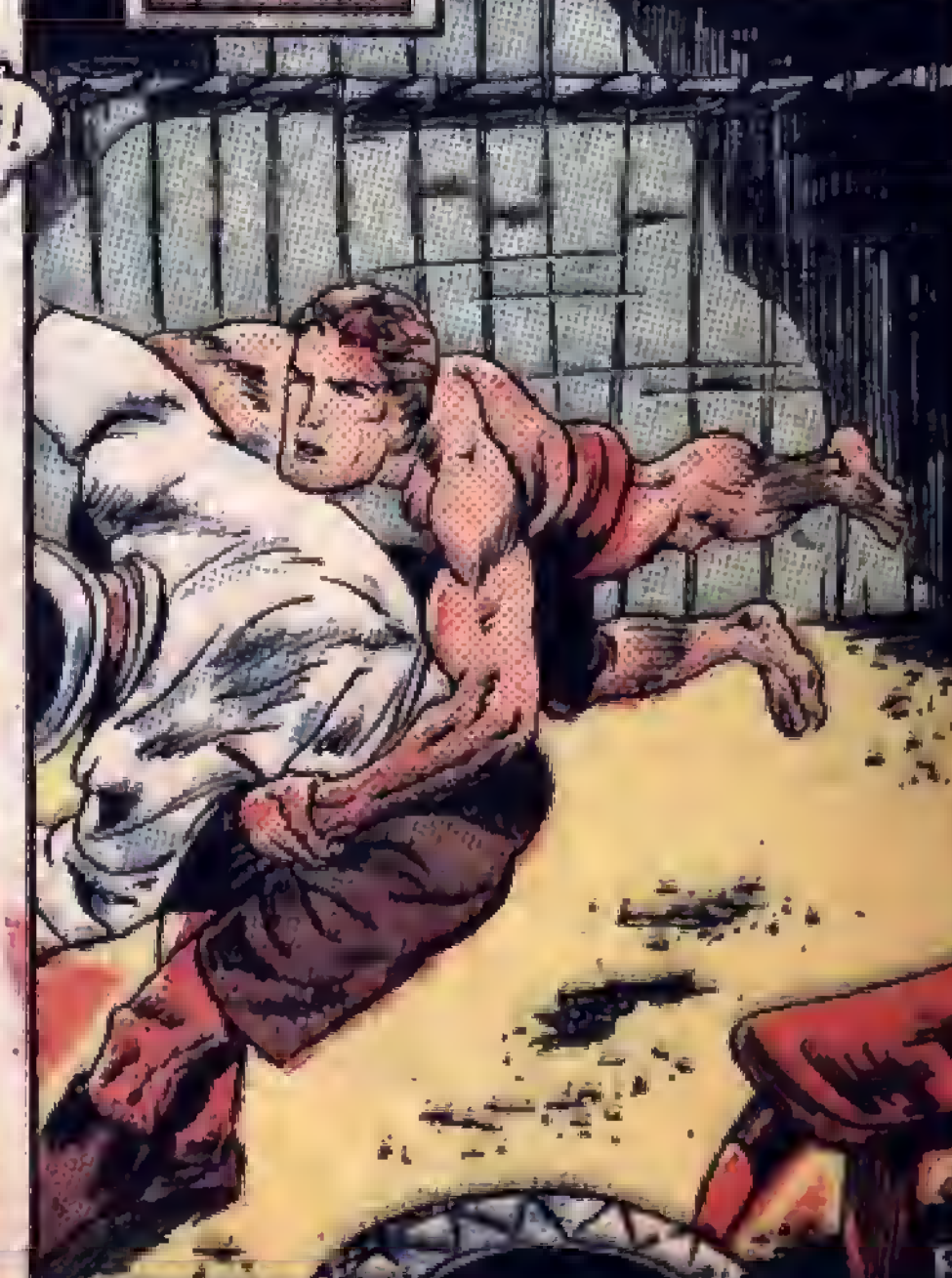
THE SHOT FLIES WILD
AS THE LANTERN
STRIKES THE GUN-
MAN'S HAND . .



HE IS BEHIND THIS
AZOGA SACRIFICE!
I MUST HOLD HIM
UNTIL THE
OTHERS
ARE SAFE!



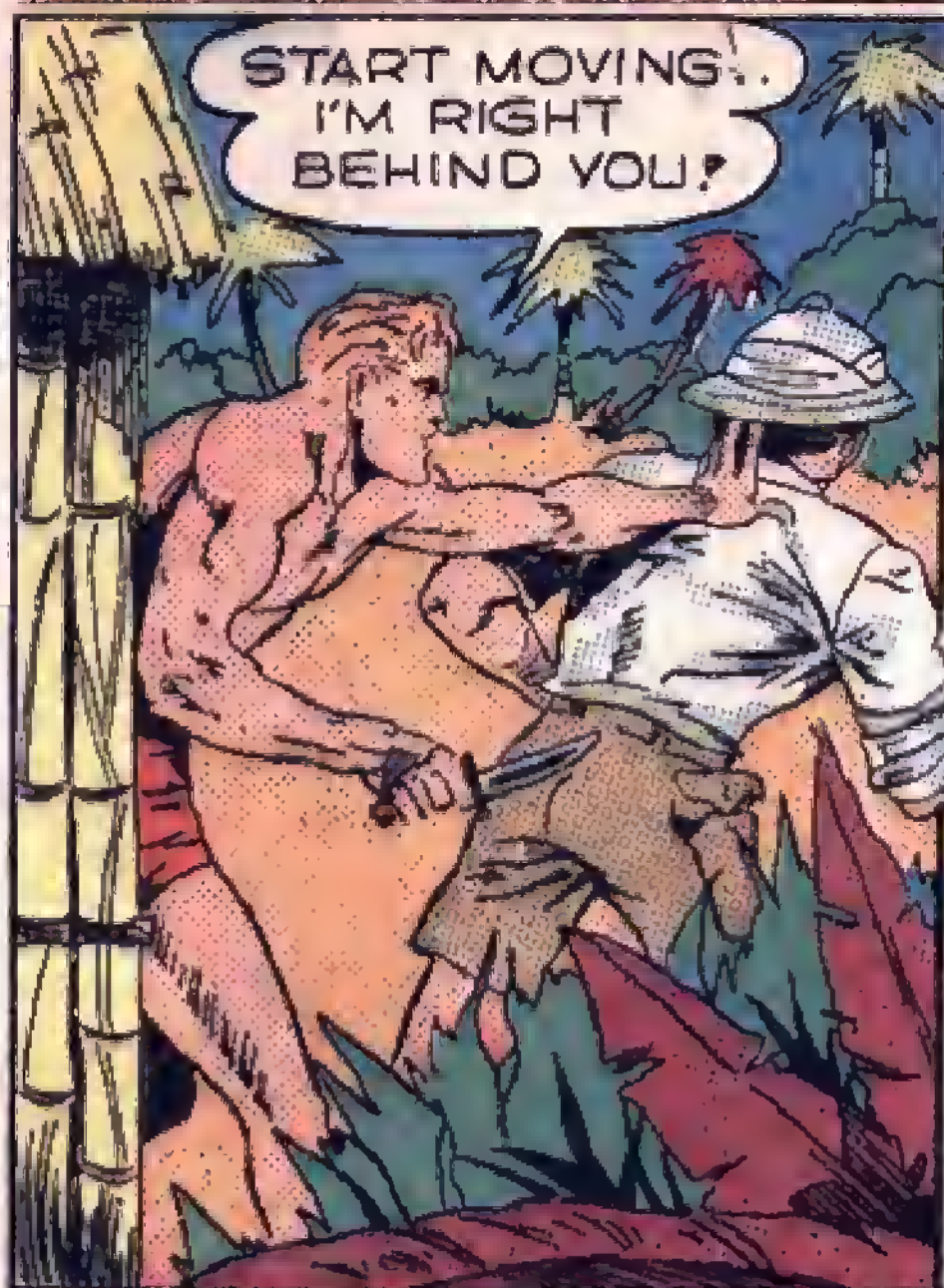
WITH A FLYING LEAP
SAMAR TACKLES THE
MAN.



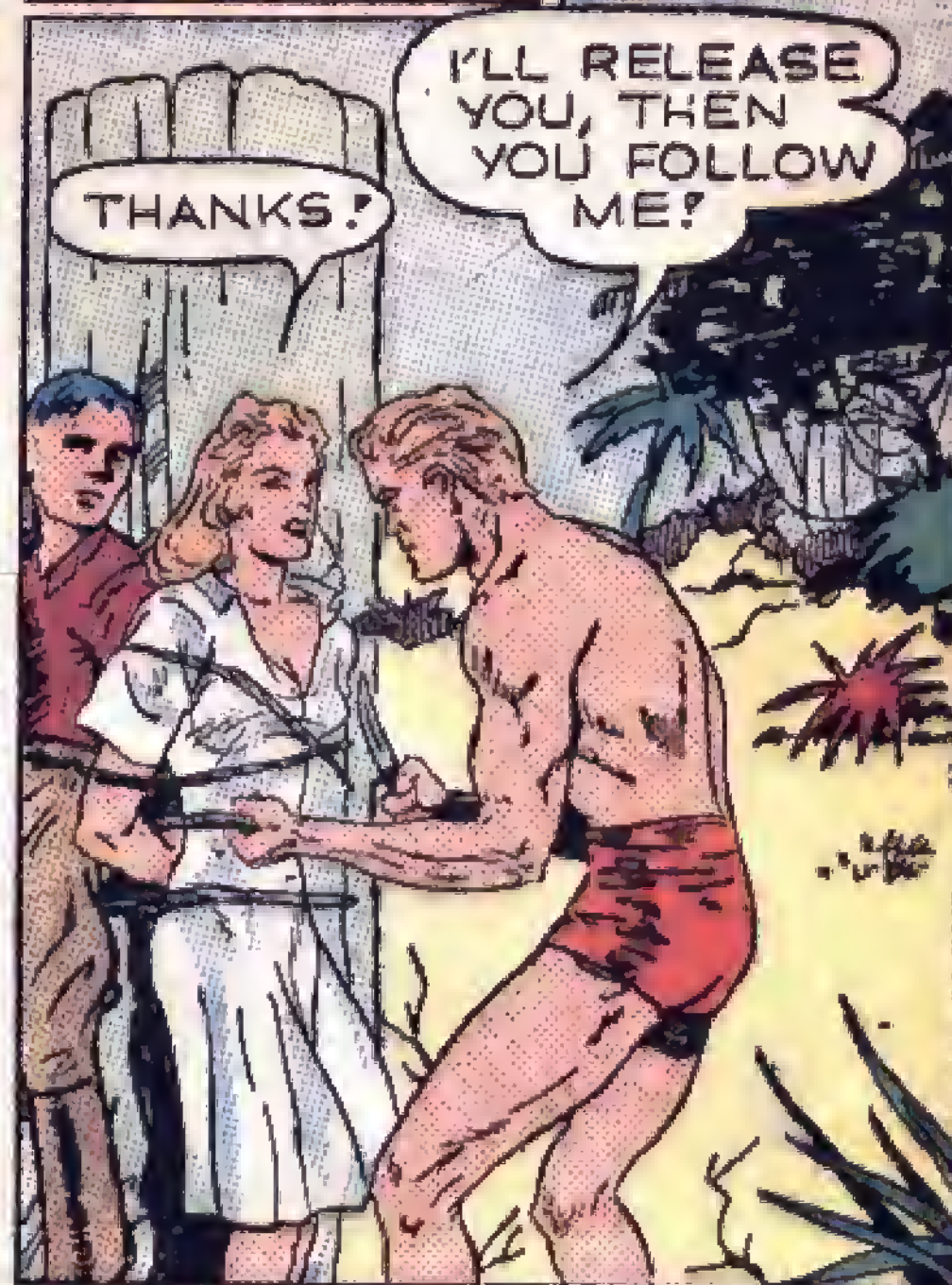
THE NATIVES ARE ABOUT TO ATTACK SAMAR, BUT FEAR HITTING THE WHITE TRADER.



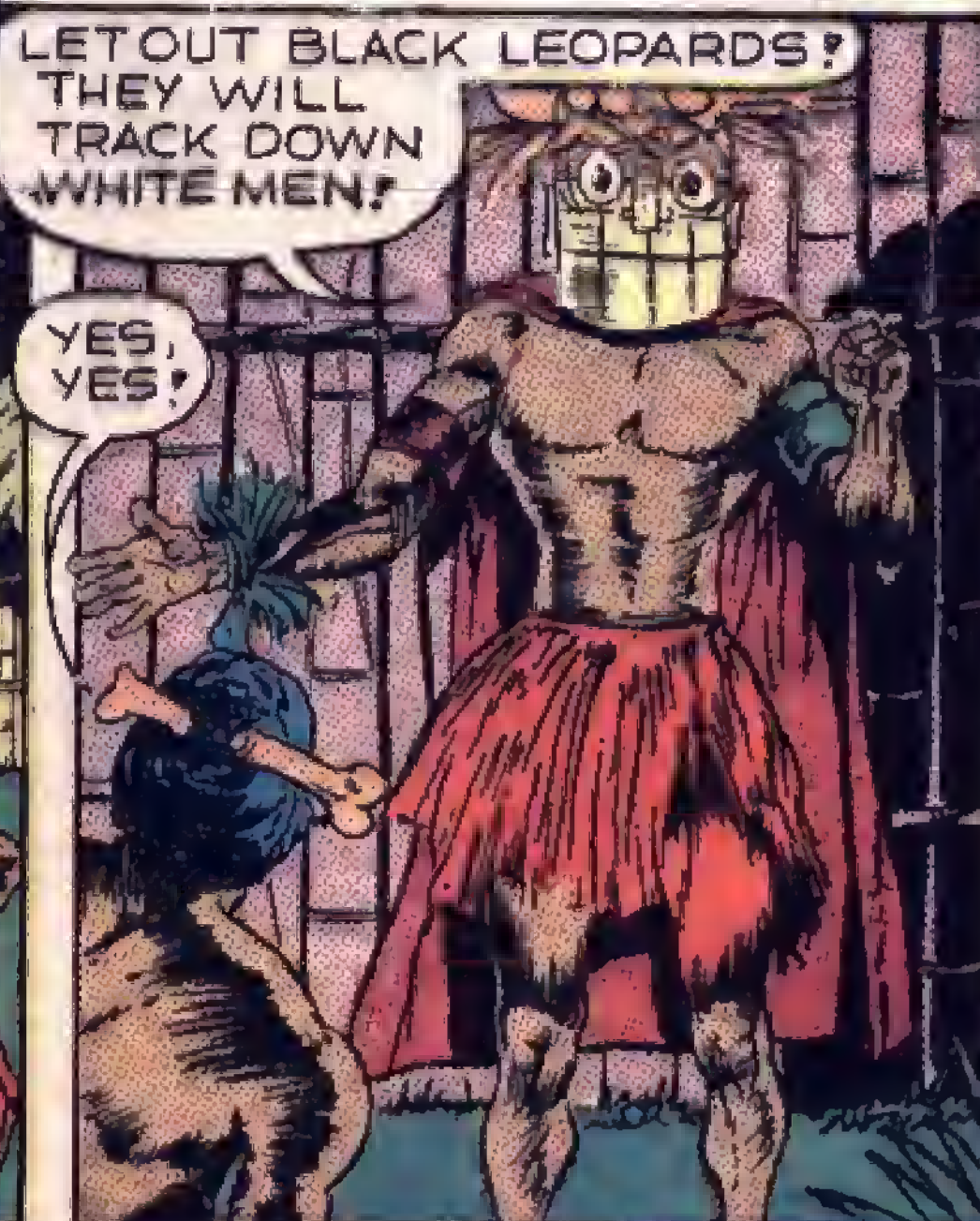
SAMAR LEADS THE MAN TOWARD THE JUNGLE...



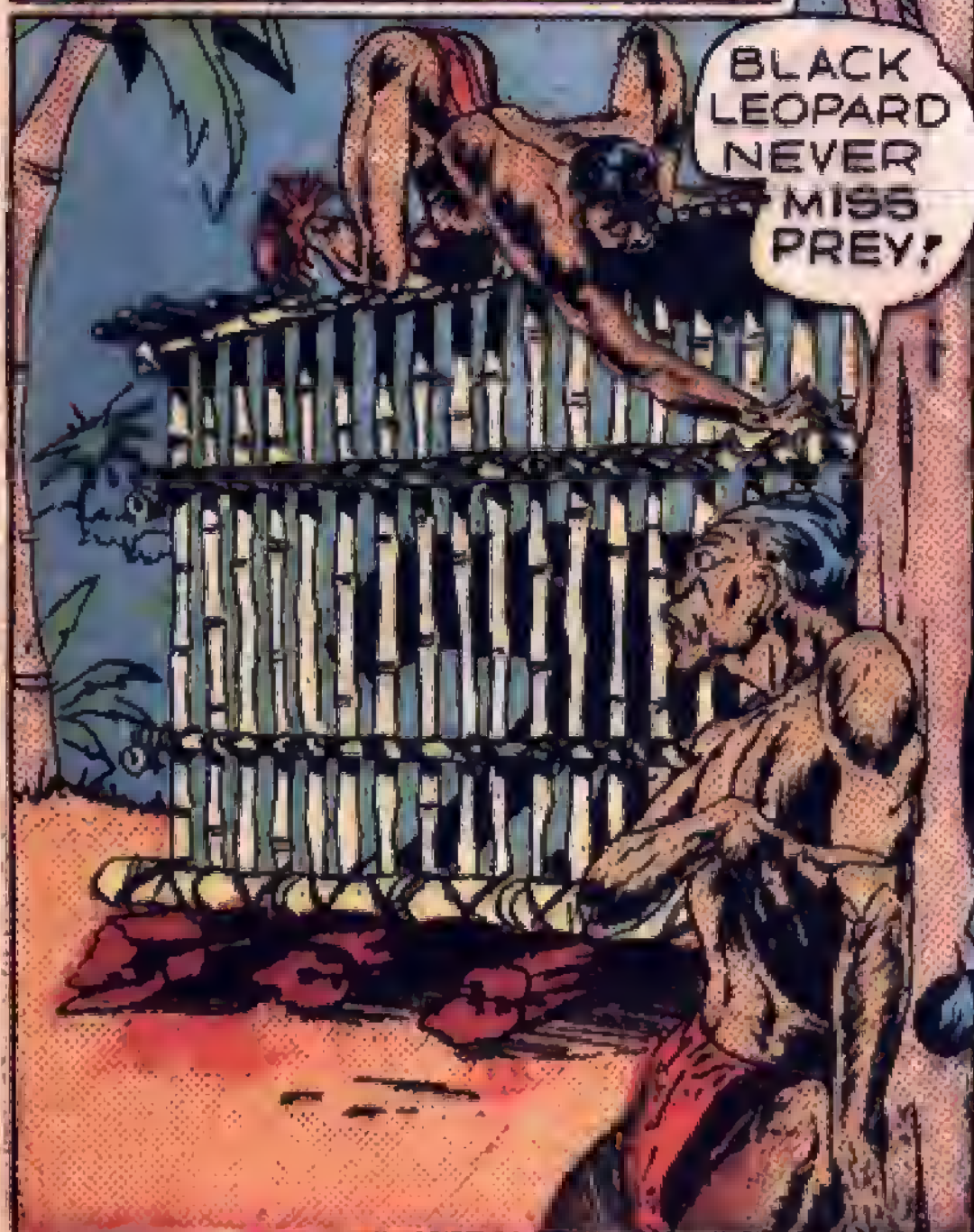
HE TURNS TO THE CAPTIVES AT THE STAKE.



THE NATIVES DISCOVER SAMAR'S DOINGS.



THEY FREE THE ANIMALS AT THE WITCH DOCTOR'S ORDER.



ONE OF THE BIG FELINES OVERTAKES THE GROUP. SAMAR AND THE MEDICAL STUDENTS TAKE TO THE TREES... BUT THE TRADER IS TOO SLOW.



THE TRADER STROKES THE LEOPARD IN A SENSITIVE SPOT.



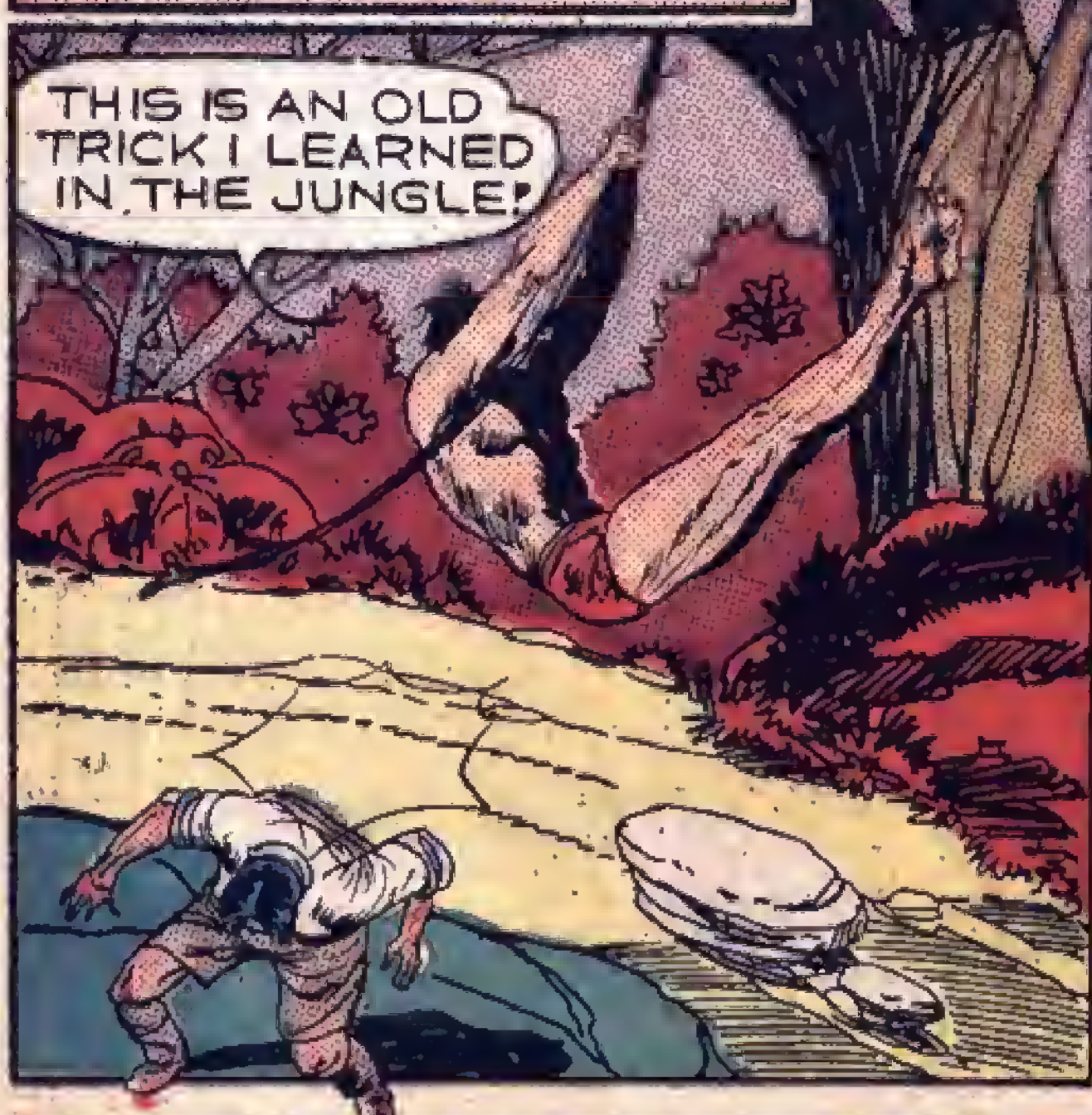
JUST THEN THE TRIBAL CHIEF ARRIVES WITH HIS MEN.



IN THE SHADOW OF THE TREE-TOPS, SAMAR CRIES OUT TO THE STUDENTS.



THE TRADER IS JUST ABOUT TO SET FIRE TO THE TREE WHEN.



SAMAR CAPTURES THE TRADER AND THE NATIVE CHIEFTAIN. HE LEADS THEM ACROSS A VINE BRIDGE.



AFTER THEY'VE CROSSED THE BRIDGE...



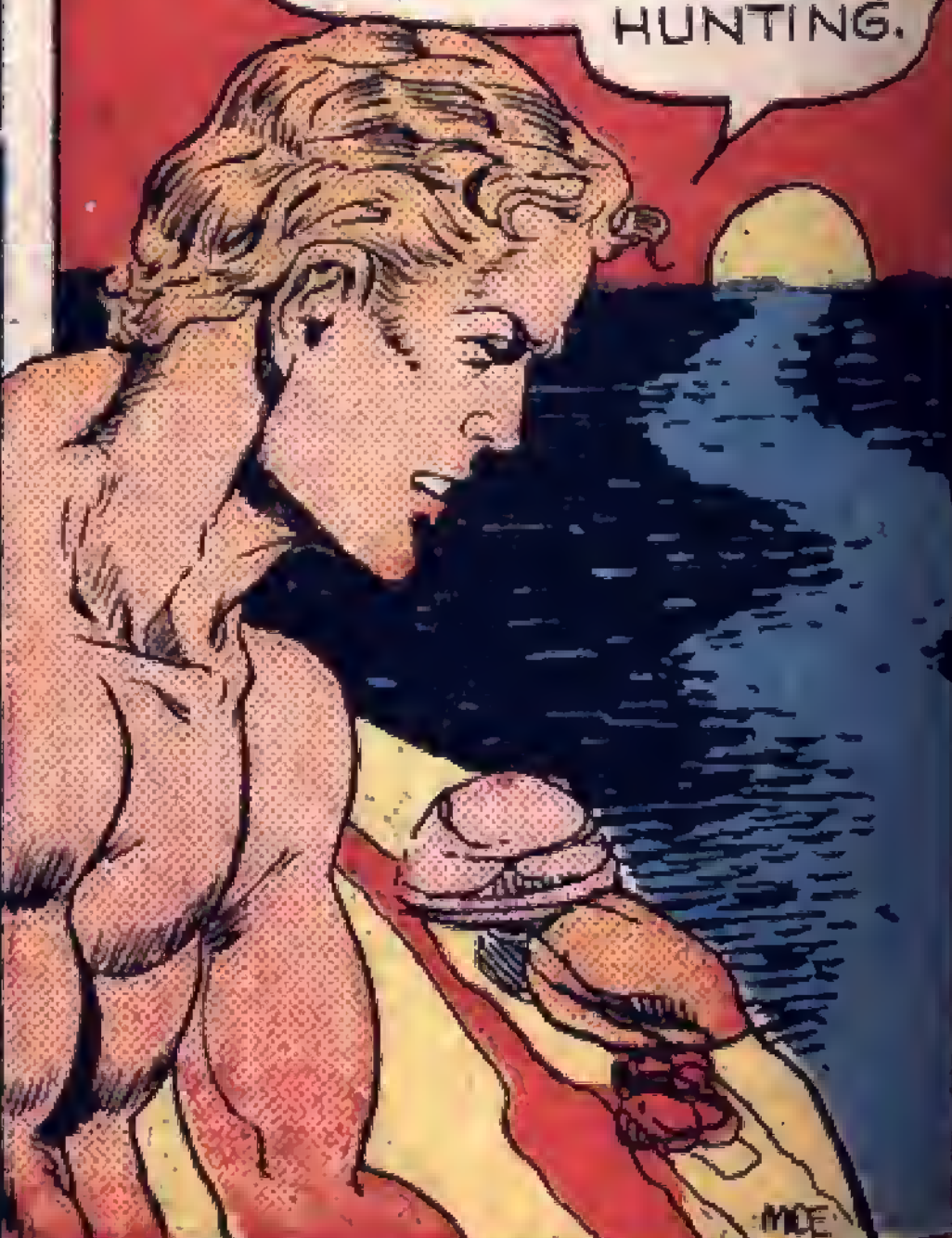
THEN SAMAR TURNS TO THE STUDENTS.

THE TRADER BRIBED THE TRIBE WITH TRINKETS TO KILL YOU. HE FEARED YOU WOULD REVEAL HIS ILLEGAL HUNTING.

THE CHIEF REALIZING THE TRADER TRICKED HIM, TURNS UPON HIM.



HE HURLS HIMSELF OVER THE CLIFF WITH THE HUNTER.. DOWN.. DOWN TO THE JAGGED ROCKS BELOW.



Another smashing installment of Samar in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS.

ZERO



GHOST DETECTIVE

BY NOEL FOWLER

SUDDENLY HE HEARS A GHOSTLY VOICE...

YOU WILL DIE TONIGHT, BROTHER, UNLESS...

UNLESS WHAT?

ZERO, A MORTAL WHO IS ABLE TO COMMUNE WITH THE SUPERNATURAL, HAS ALLIED HIMSELF WITH DEATH. BY MEANS OF HIS POWERS, HE IS ABLE TO BATTLE THE EVILS OF ANOTHER WORLD. . . . IN AN OLD MANSION A YOUNG MAN LIES ASLEEP.

DID I HEAR A GHOST OR WAS I DREAMING??

IT SOUNDED LIKE MY BROTHER'S VOICE WAS WARNING ME!

JIM DOLAN DRESSES QUICKLY AND DEPARTS WITH A FEW WORDS TO HIS HOUSEKEEPER.

MY BROTHER'S GHOST HAS WARNED ME OF DEATH. I'M LEAVIN' BY PLANE FOR THE WEST!

YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME ALONE HERE!



THE FRIGHTENED WOMAN
RUSHES TO ZERO'S
HOME.

MR. ZERO?
LET ME
IN!

THE GHOST DETECTIVE
OPENS THE DOOR.

MR. ZERO, YOU MUST
HELP ME! I'VE BEEN
LEFT ALONE IN A
HAUNTED HOUSE
AND I'VE NO OTHER
PLACE TO GO!

ZERO RETURNS WITH HER TO THE
MANSION.

I'LL TAKE A LOOK
AROUND. YOUR
STORY SOUNDS
INTERESTING.

I'M SO
GLAD
YOU'RE
COMING
BACK WITH
ME!

THAT NIGHT, IN A GLOOMY BEDROOM
ZERO SETS UP TWO LONG MIRRORS.

THIS OUGHT
TO DO THE
TRICK!

I'LL PUT OUT THE
LIGHT AND TRAP
THE GHOST
BETWEEN THOSE
MIRRORS!

ZERO WAITS BEHIND A
CURTAIN . . . SOON..

THE GHOST IS
MATERIALIZING!

I AM THE SPIRIT OF
JIM DOLAN'S BROTHER.
I WAS KILLED BY..

OH! HE WAS
INTERRUPTED
BY ANOTHER
GHOST..THEY'RE
STRUGGLING!

A VICIOUS SPECTRE
ATTACKS THE
FIRST GHOST.

YOU'VE
SAID
ENOUGH!



I MUST BREAK THAT MIRROR BEHIND THIS EVIL GHOST.



WITH THIS OUT OF THE WAY HE'LL DISAPPEAR!



JUST AS SOON AS THE GLASS IS SMASHED, THE VILLAINOUS INTRUDER FLEES.

THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM!

THE GHOST OF JIM DOLAN'S BROTHER RELATES THAT HIS COUSIN'S SPIRIT IS INTENT ON CARRYING ON A FAMILY FEUD.



HIS SPECTRE WILL KILL MY BROTHER UNLESS HE WEARS THE FAMILY RING LOST IN THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL!

ZERO REMOVES THE MIRROR AND THE GHOST VANISHES.



I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THAT WELL!



THIS IS THE WELL YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, MR. ZERO?



IT CERTAINLY IS DEEP.

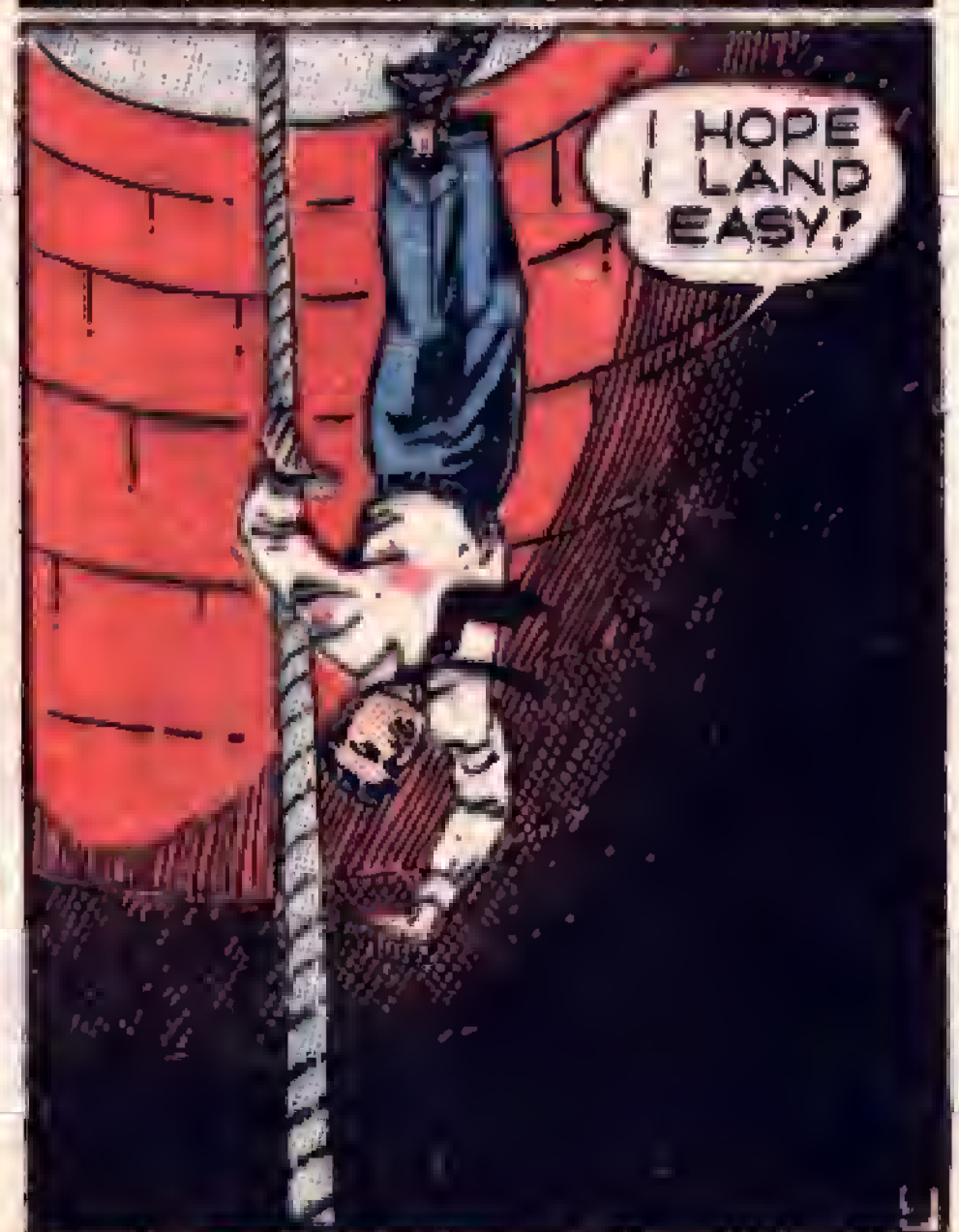


I'LL CLIMB DOWN THE BUCKET ROPE AND SEE WHAT I CAN FIND!

THE WELL IS INFESTED WITH GHOSTS WHO TRY TO PREVENT ZERO'S DESCENT.



HE STRUGGLES BUT IS SOON PULLED FROM THE ROPE AND THROWN TO THE BOTTOM.



I HOPE I LAND EASY!

ZERO LANDS AT THE BOTTOM.



GLAD THERE WAS SAND FOR ME HERE!

SUDDENLY HE FEELS A VIGOROUS FOE ATTACK HIM.



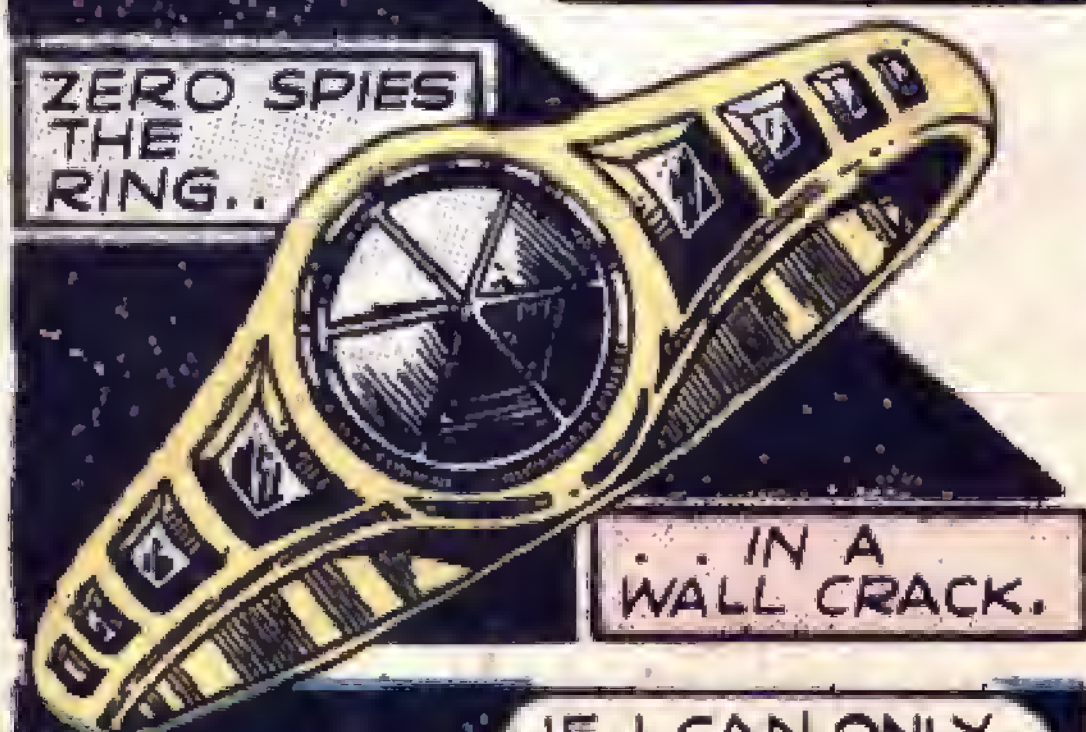
HOLY SMOKES! WHAT IS THIS?

THE HANDS OF THE SPECTRE GRAB HIM AROUND THE NECK.



UGH!

ZERO SPIES THE RING.



IN A WALL CRACK.



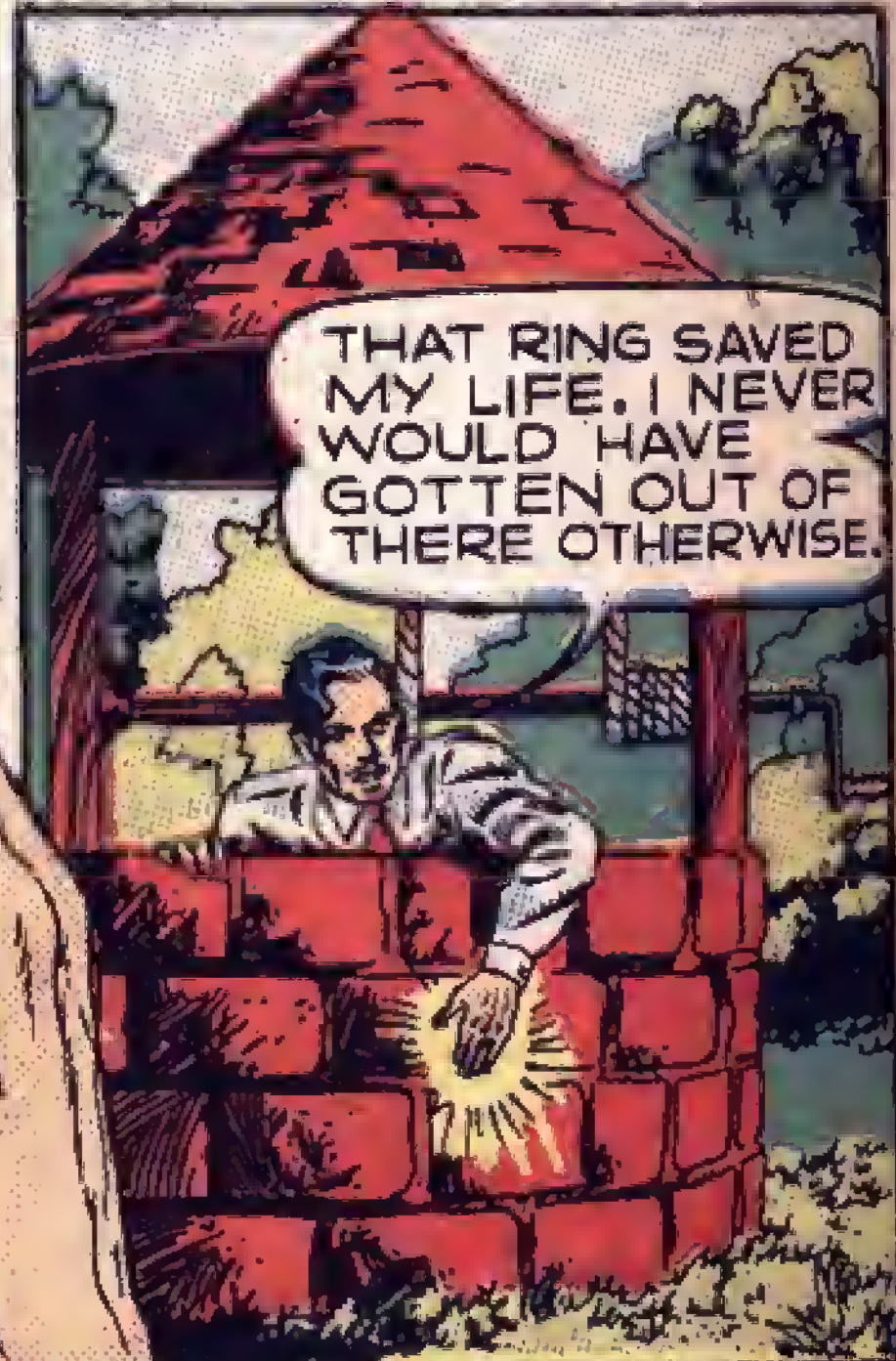
IF I CAN ONLY GET IT ON MY FINGER, THESE SPIRITS WILL LOSE THEIR POWER!

HE MANAGES TO SLIP THE RING ON HIS FINGER.

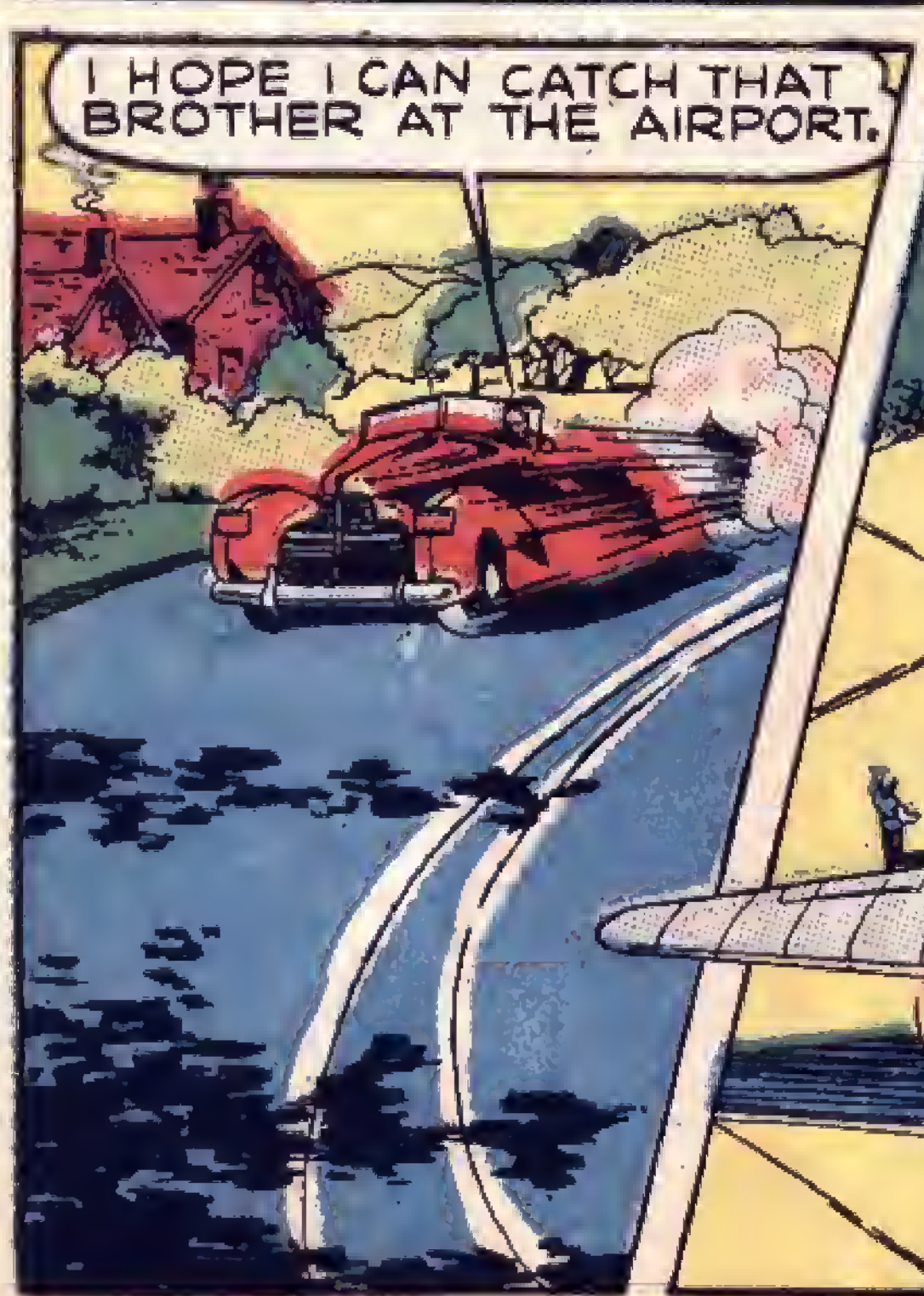


JUST IN TIME! I CAN GIVE HIM THE RING BEFORE HE IS HARMED!

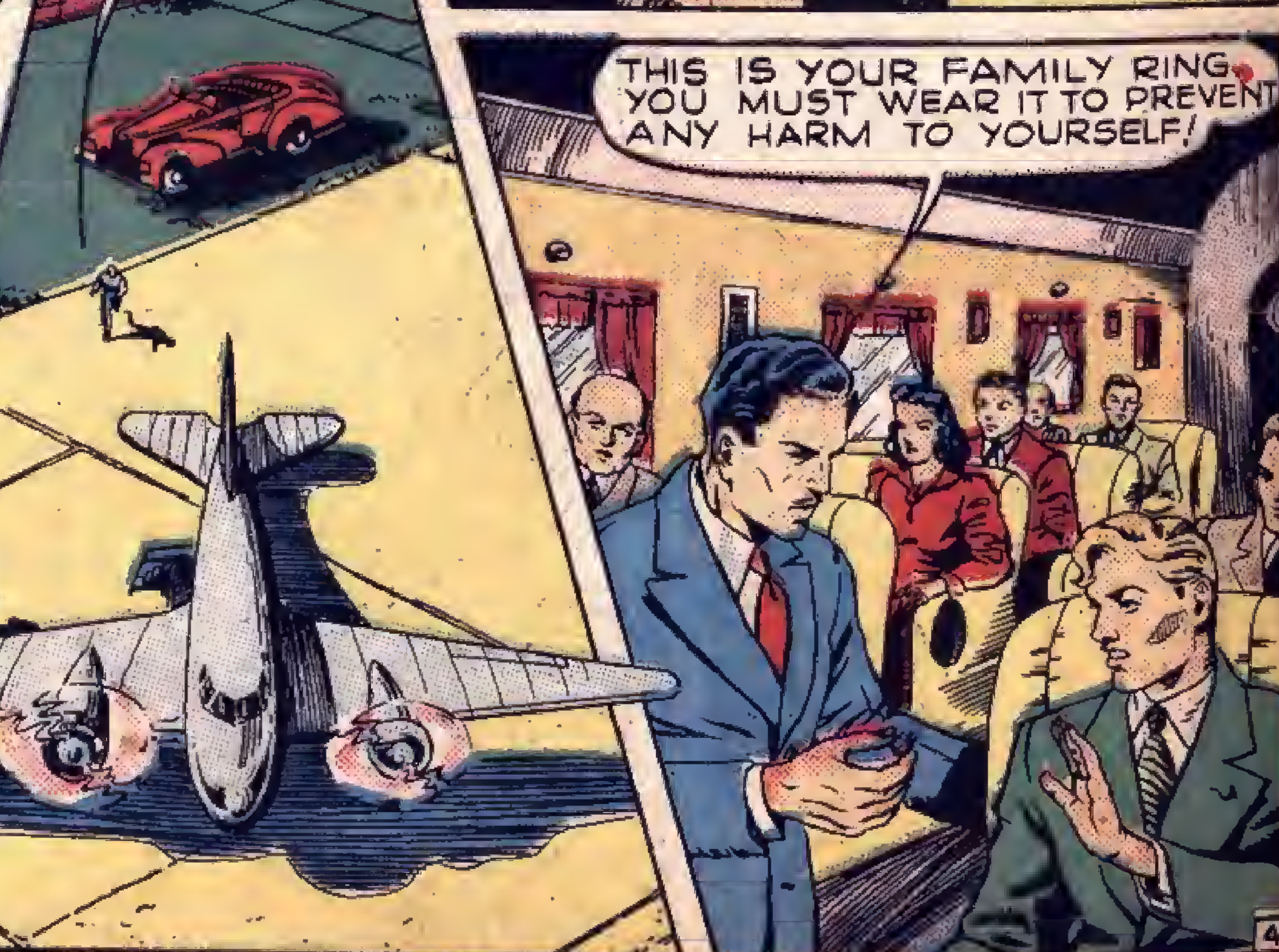
THAT RING SAVED MY LIFE. I NEVER WOULD HAVE GOTTEN OUT OF THERE OTHERWISE.

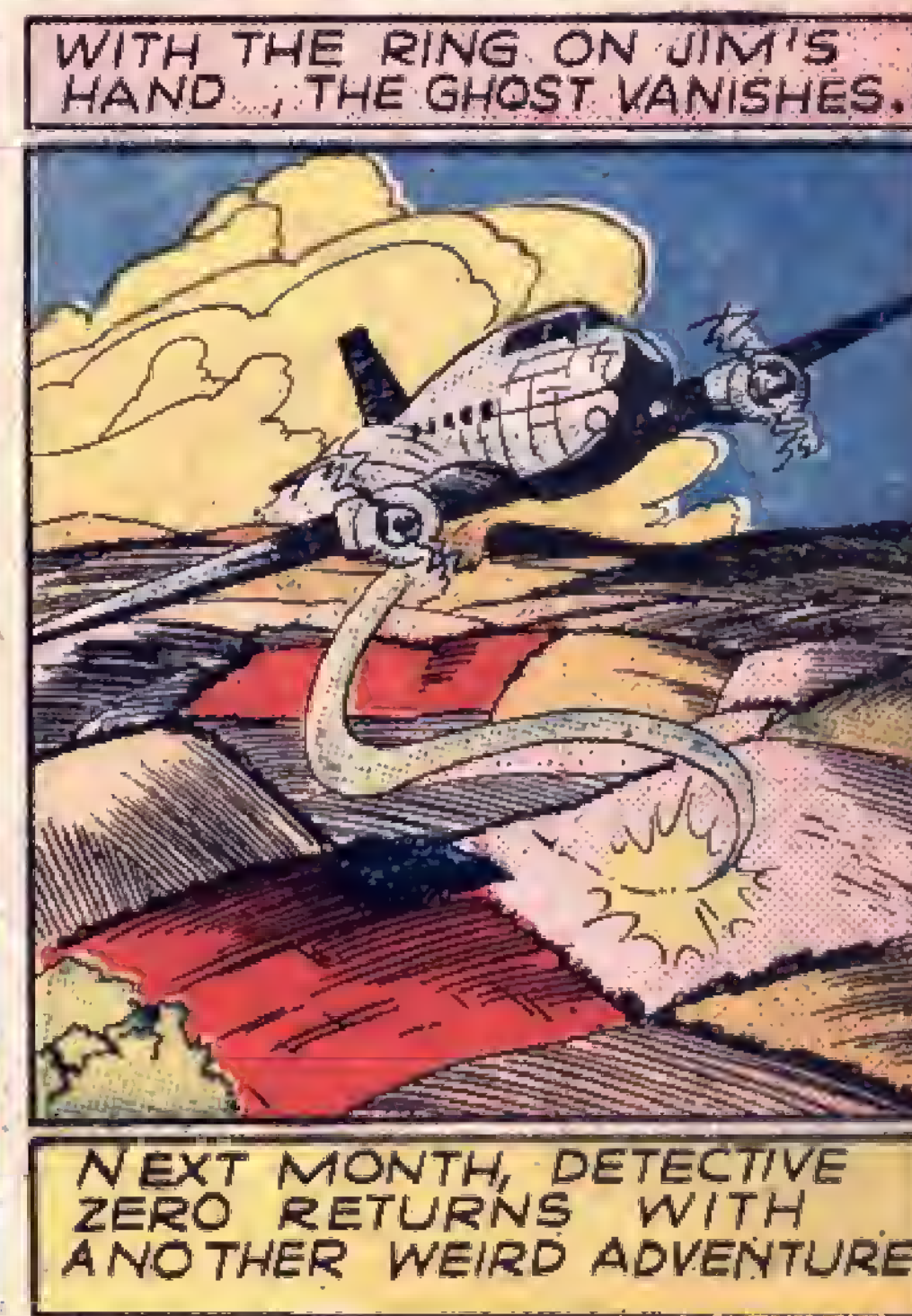
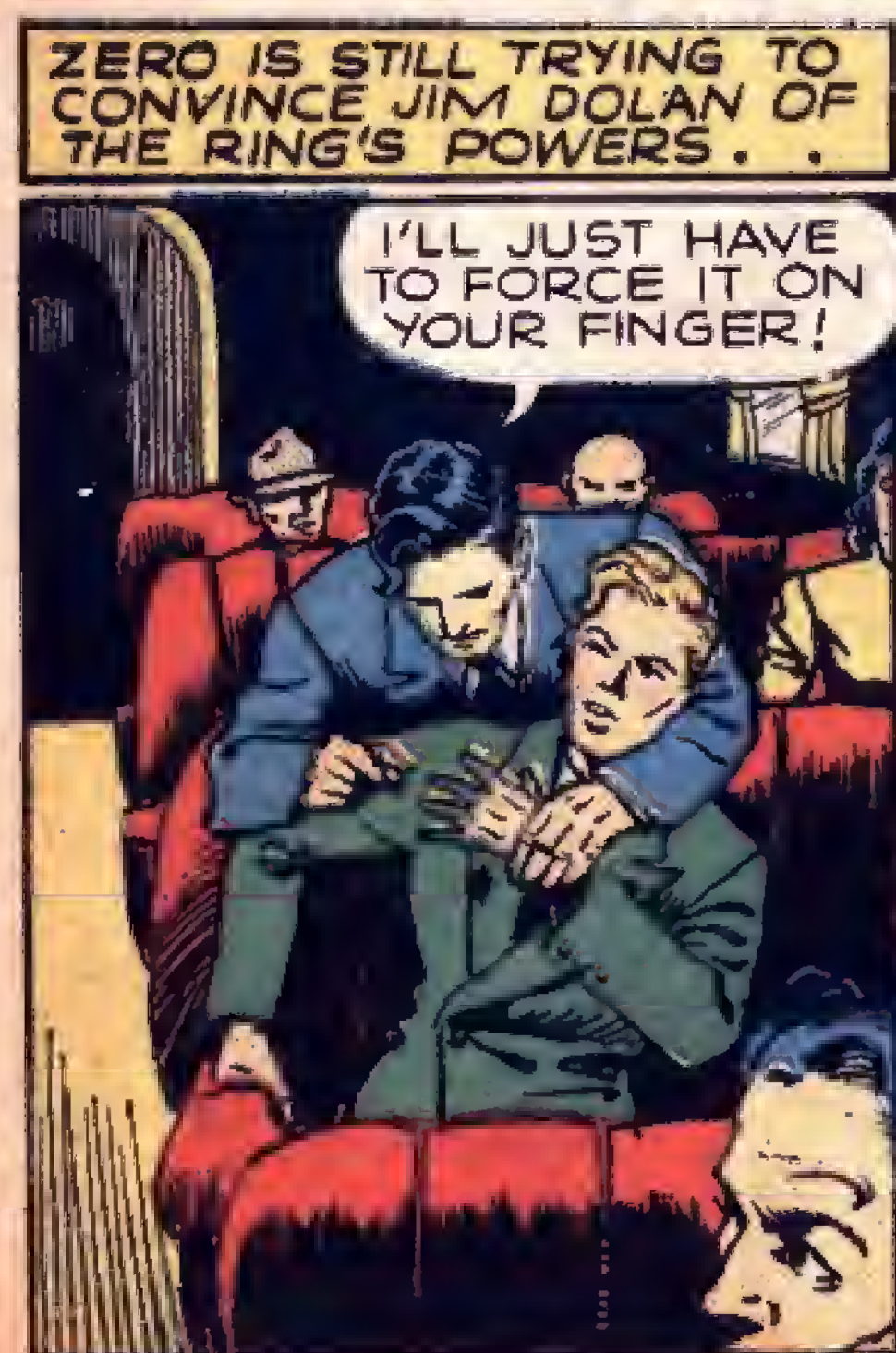
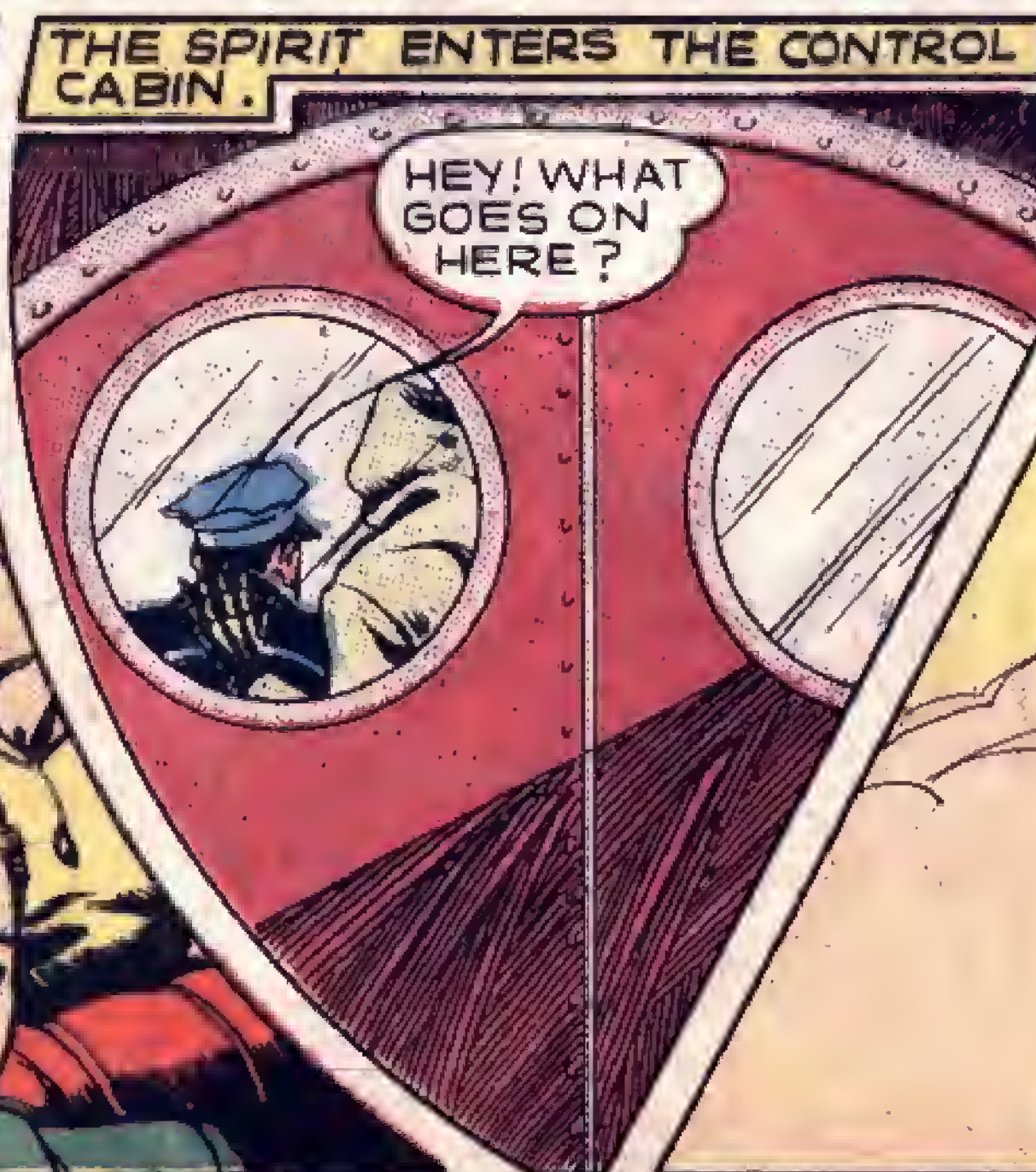


I HOPE I CAN CATCH THAT BROTHER AT THE AIRPORT.



THIS IS YOUR FAMILY RING. YOU MUST WEAR IT TO PREVENT ANY HARM TO YOURSELF!





Follow Zero, Ghost Detective, in the October issue FEATURE COMICS.

DUSTY DANE

by
VERNON
HENKEL

WITH THE WHOLE WORLD
AS THEIR "OYSTER" DUSTY
DANE AND HIS SIDEKICK,
BIG MIKE CARDIGAN, ROAM
WHEREVER ADVEN-
TURE CALLS...



A BOAT GLIDES TO THE FOOT OF THE
LIGHTHOUSE... THREE FIGURES
ALIGHT...



WE
WERE NOT
SEEN... QUIET,
SLIMEY!



HA! HA! DISPOSE
OF THE BODY, SLIMEY..
"DOC, BRING THE
GUN UP..."

YES,
MASTER!

VISITORS?
BUT I GET
NO VISITORS,
...WHO...???



ROCK POINT LIGHTHOUSE LOOMS
THROUGH MIST... IT IS DARK...
THE WIND HAS DIED DOWN... THE
SOUND OF CREAKING OARS
FLOATS ACROSS THE COVE.



W. WHAT DO
YOU WANT
UP HERE..
A GUN! NO.. NO!
YOU CAN'T
UGH!!

BANG!

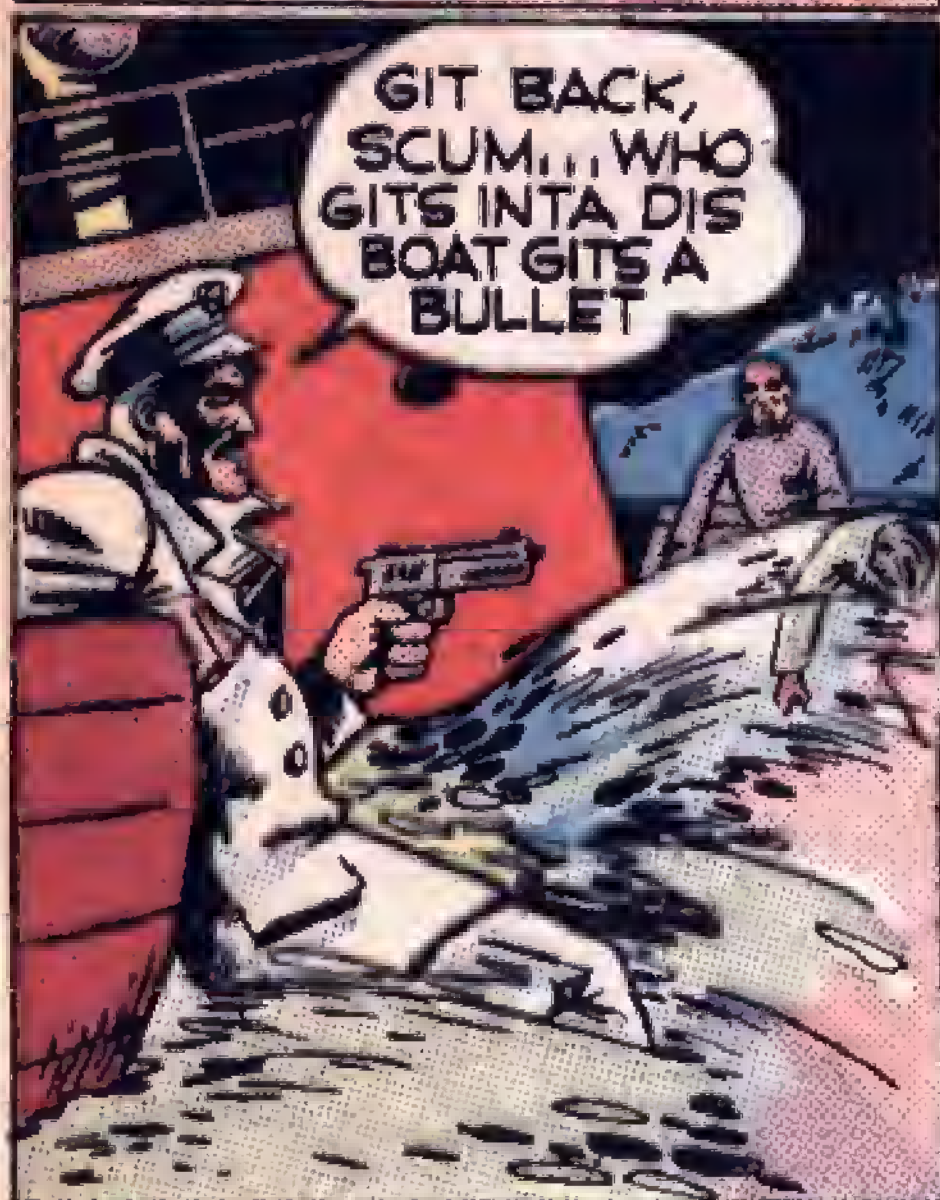
A WEEK PASSES..
THEN ONE DAY
AS THE
FREIGHTER
"ORIENT STAR"
PASSES



FIRE!!

BOOM!!

THERE IS A WILD CLAMOR FOR THE LIFEBOATS AS THE STRICKEN SHIP PLUNGES TO THE BOTTOM.



GIT BACK, SCUM... WHO GITS INTA DIS BOAT GITS A BULLET

TUT TUT, THAT'S NO WAY FOR CAPTAINS TO TALK!

NEAT, DUSTY!



A LONE LIFEBOAT PULLS AWAY FROM THE SHIP... DUSTY DANE AND HIS ROVING PAL, BIG MIKE CARDIGAN, ONLY SURVIVORS...



MIKE, THAT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A FLOATING MINE!

NAW... BUT WE'RE LUCKY IT WAS NEAR THIS LIGHT!

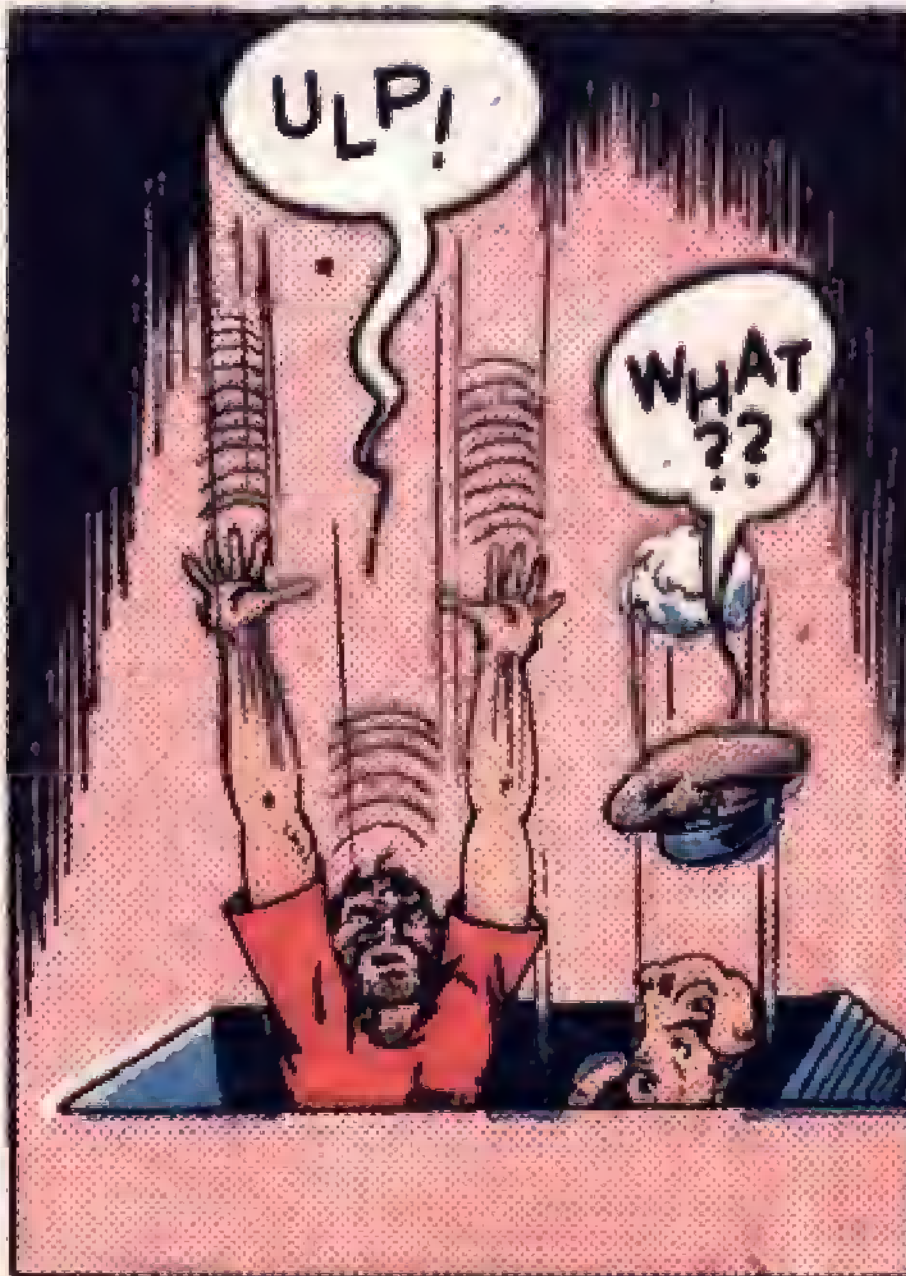
CAN'T SAY I'VE BEEN IN A CREEPIER PLACE IN ME LIFE. ANYBODY HOME?

THIS WAY!!



ULP!

WHAT??



THIS IS DANDY! WE GET A SCOW SUNK UNDER US... THEN LAND IN A PIT UNDER A LIGHTHOUSE!

LOOK UP! THE TRAP DOOR IS OPENIN'!



I CONGRATULATE YOU ON SURVIVING THAT CATASTROPHE.. I AM JULIUS KORN!

...I COULDN'T DO THAT! YOU SEE I DESTROYED YOUR SHIP WITH MY RAY MACHINE.. YOU ARE MY PRISONERS.. OR SHOULD I SAY VICTIMS?

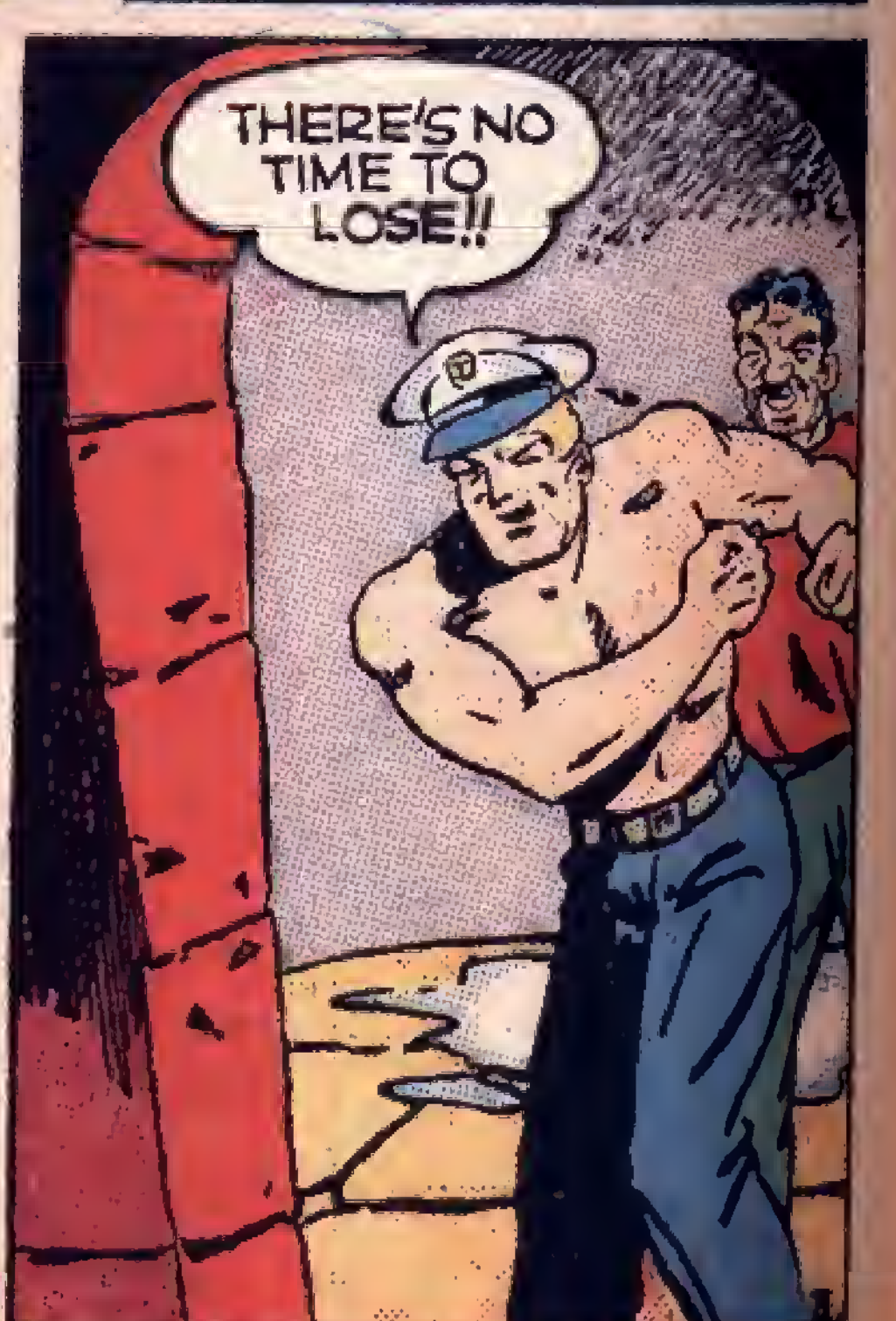
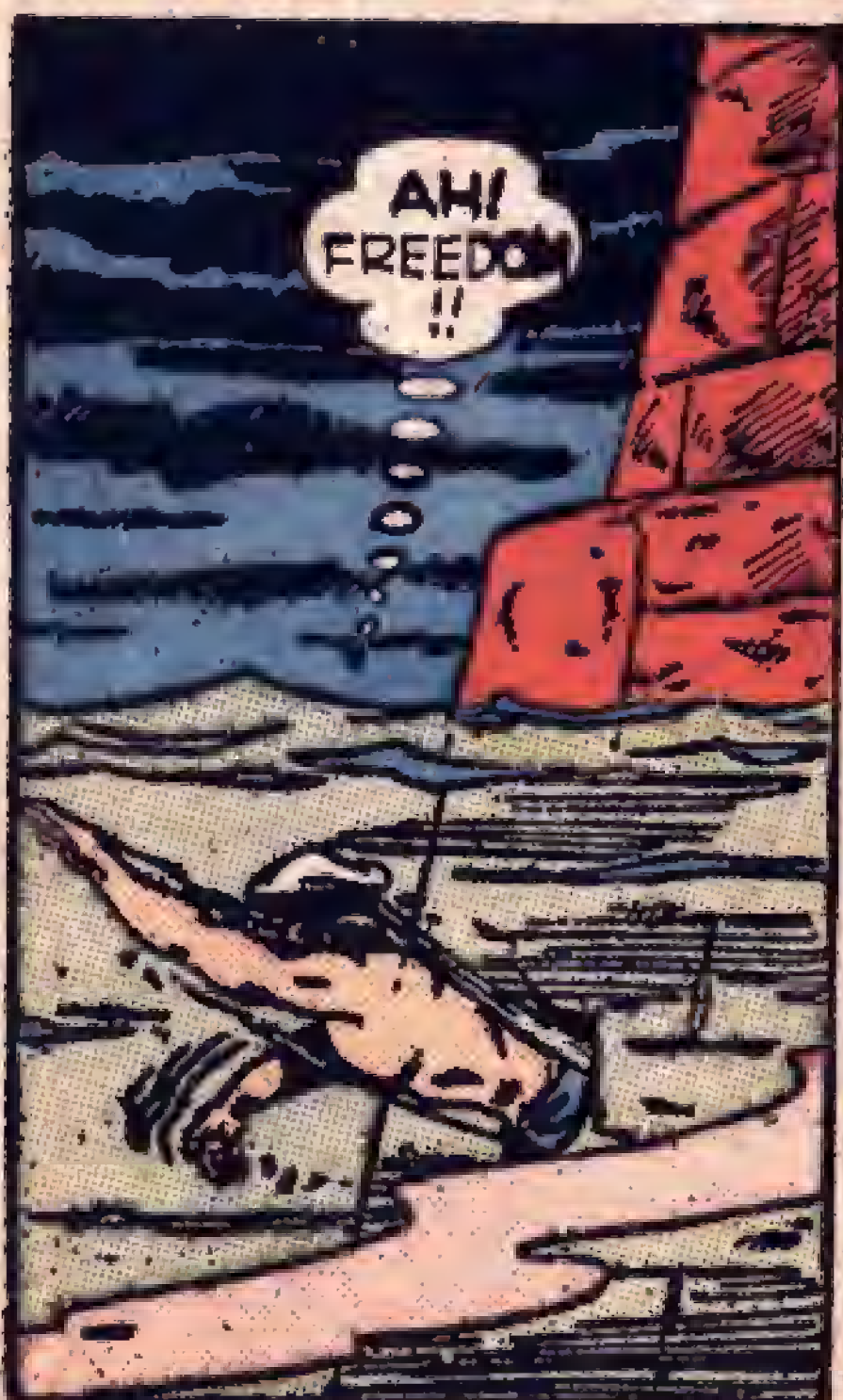
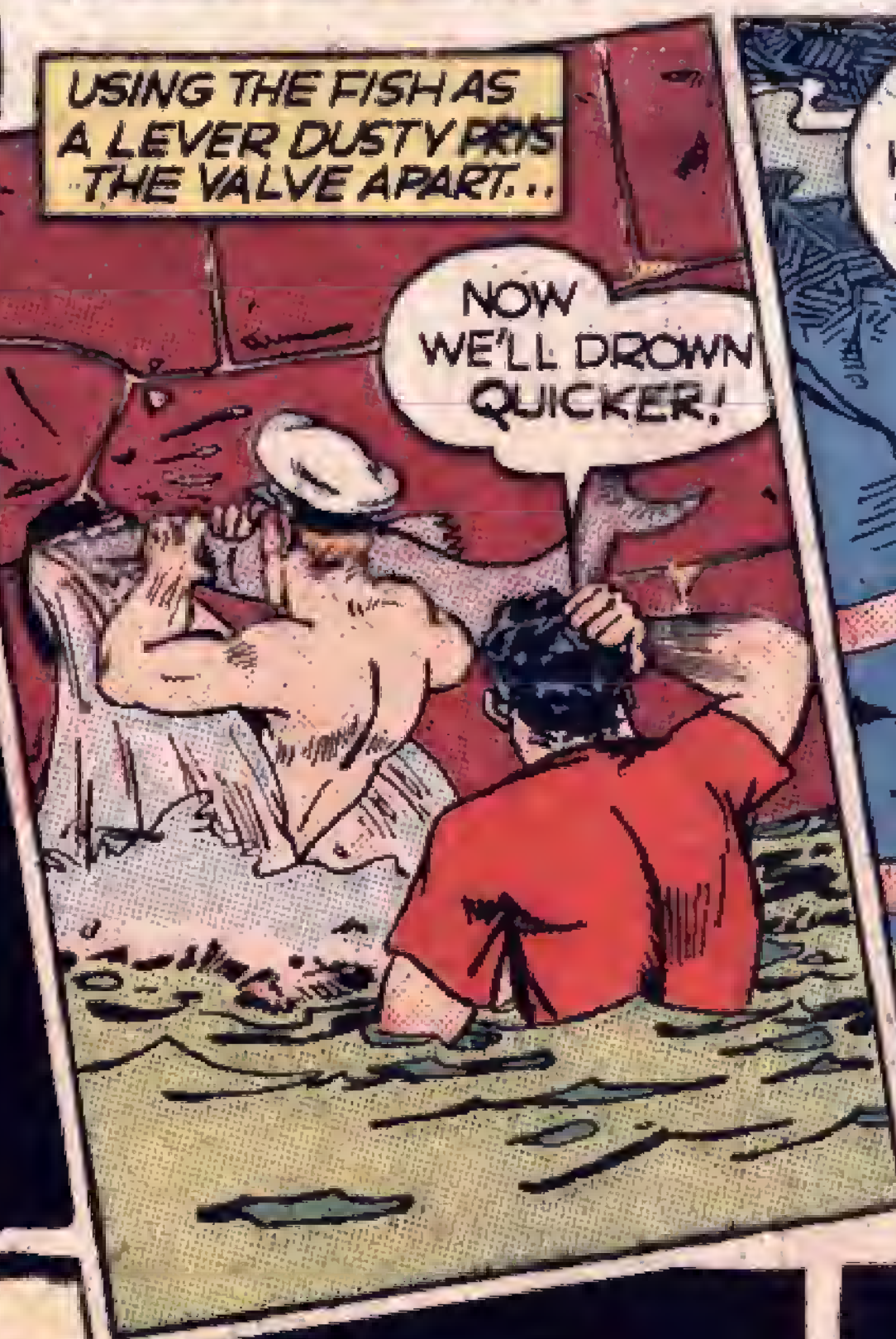
O.K., KÖRNY.. WILL YA BE SO KIND TO THROW US A ROPE?



THE GUY IS CUCKOO!!

NO ONE MUST KNOW OF MY WORK HERE.. SO I AM FORCED TO KILL YOU!





AT THE TOP OF THE LIGHTHOUSE..

HA! LOOK AT THAT PRIZE, SLIMEY.. GET THE RAY MACHINE SET UP!!

NOW.. ALL I DO IS PRESS THIS TRIGGER AND THAT LINER WILL BURST INTO BITS!!

NOT SO FAST, CHUMS, YOUR KILLING IS OVER!

YOU!! B-BUT YOU DROWNED ...WHAT..??

I'M JUST A GHOST!

MIKE, LOOK OUT.. THERE'S SOMETHING BEHIND YA!

EOWWW!! IT AIN'T HUMAN!!

I'LL DENT IT!

HEY! KORN'S RAY MACHINE IS SMOKING.. IT'LL BLOW UP!! LET'S GET OUTA HERE!!

MAKE WAY FOR ME!!

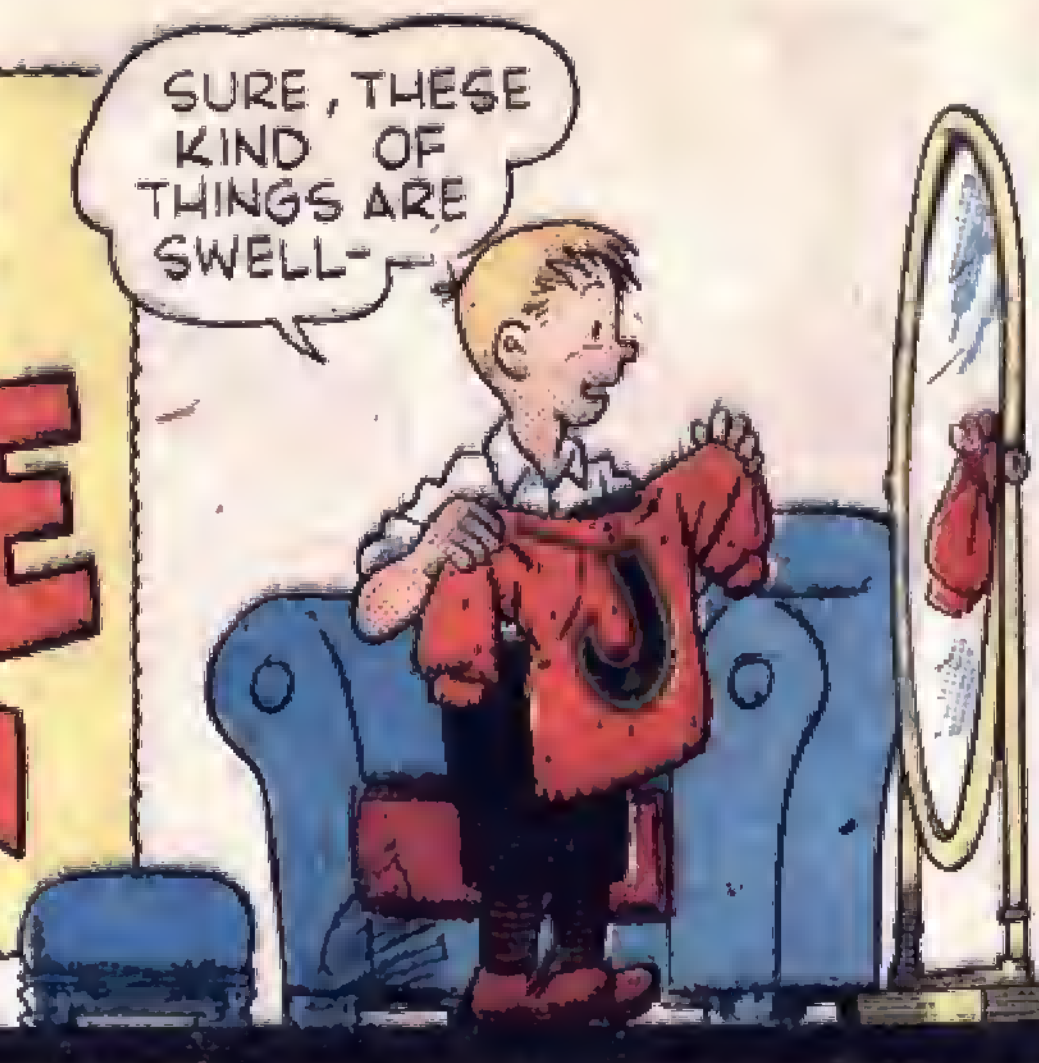
BLAM!

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT I THINK WE JUST MADE IT!!

HOMER DOODLE - AND SON

by ARTHUR BEEMAN

SURE, THESE KIND OF THINGS ARE SWELL—

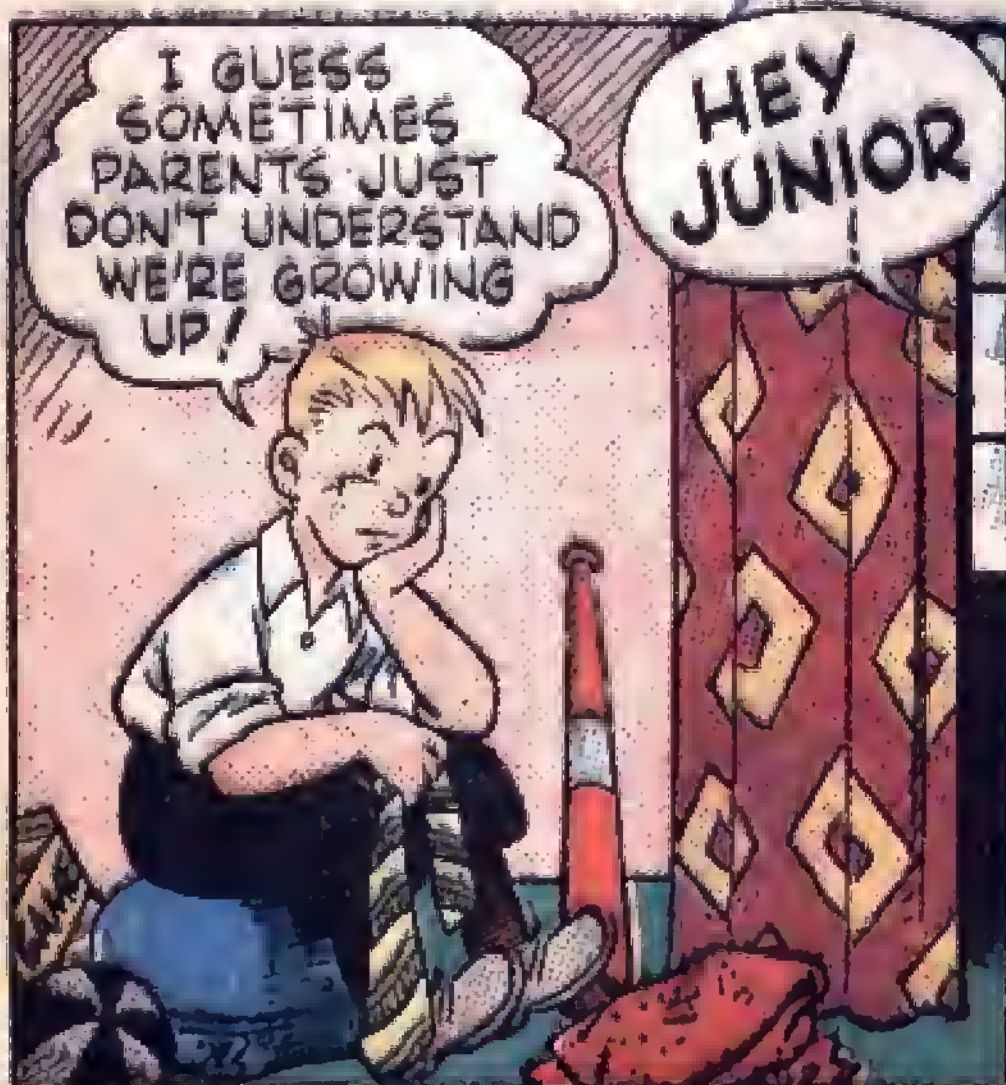


ONLY, SHUCKS! A FELLOW HAS JUST ONE BIRTHDAY A YEAR -- AND I'M BIG ENOUGH TO HAVE SKATES OR A SCOOTER OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT TO RIDE ON -- THAT'S WHAT I WANTED!



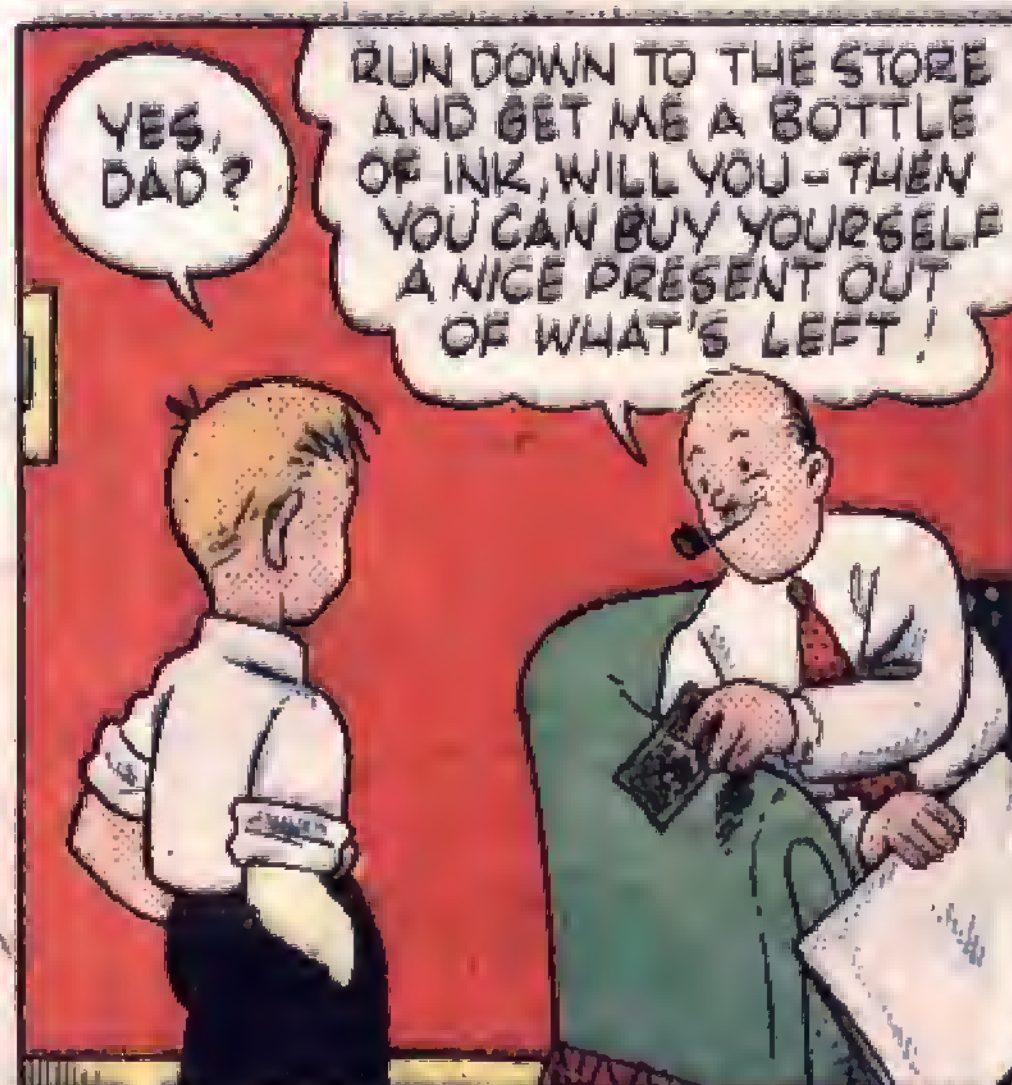
I GUESS SOMETIMES PARENTS JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND WE'RE GROWING UP!

HEY JUNIOR!

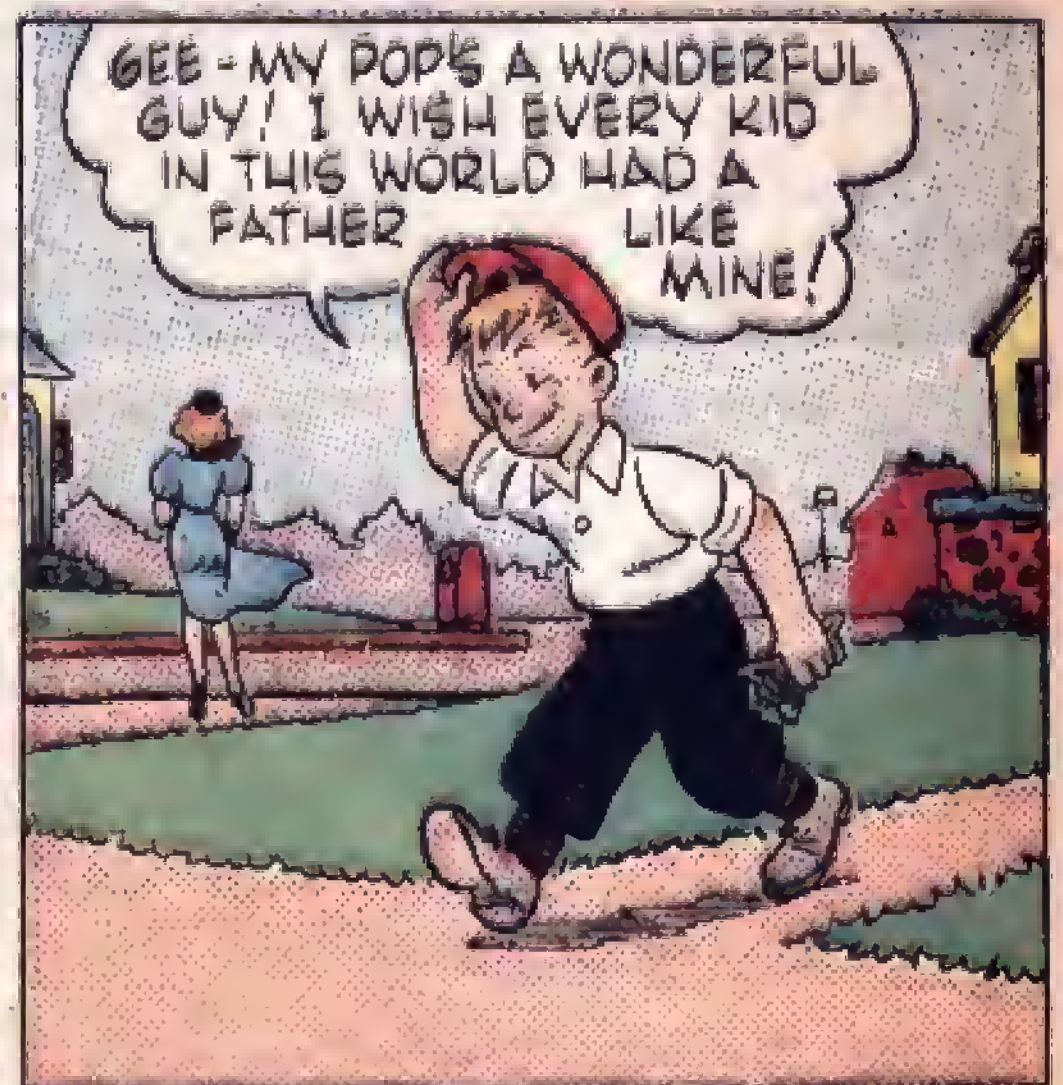


YES, DAD?

RUN DOWN TO THE STORE AND GET ME A BOTTLE OF INK, WILL YOU -- THEN YOU CAN BUY YOURSELF A NICE PRESENT OUT OF WHAT'S LEFT!



GEE -- MY POP'S A WONDERFUL GUY! I WISH EVERY KID IN THIS WORLD HAD A FATHER LIKE MINE!



-- IF THEY DID, WE WOULDN'T HAVE ALL THESE WARS AND TROUBLES GOING ON --



HE SAID I COULD GET MYSELF ANYTHING I WANTED -- AND BOY, THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M GONNA DO!



HE'S A GOOD BOY -- USES HIS HEAD TOO! MAY REALLY AMOUNT TO SOMETHING SOME DAY --



HERE'S YOUR INK, POP -- AND I BOUGHT MYSELF A PEACHY PRESENT TOO! WANT TO SEE IT?

YOU BET!



WAIT -- HOW MUCH DID YOU SPEND OF MY CHANGE? REMEMBER, I GAVE YOU A \$20. BILL -- AND THIS INK ONLY COST 15¢!



-- BUT YOU SAID I COULD BUY MYSELF ANYTHING I WANTED FROM THE REST WELL, THIS IS IT -- AND IT COST \$19.85!



More of Homer Doodle in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS.



AS A HOSTESS, USA PURCHASES SUPPLIES FOR THE COMING MASQUERADE.



CONFETTI, STREAMERS AND BALLOONS... THAT'LL BE ALL.

I SHOULD BE ABLE TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THOSE TWO SENTRIES FROM THIS FORT... OH -- WHAT'S THAT?



OUTSIDE...



YOU'LL DO AS WE TELL YOU IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!

LET GO OF ME!



WISE GUY, EH? YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER SENTRIES, SO...

YOU WON'T FRAME ME. LET GO!



THERE ARE LOTS OF YOU, BUT I'LL TAKE A CHANCE...

OWW! GET HIM, MEN!



AS THE MEN GANG UP ON THE SOLDIER...

I MUST HELP HIM. AND I HAVEN'T GOT THE TORCH WITH ME!



USA SWINGS INTO ACTION

BUT THIS SHOE WILL DO THE TRICK!



HIT A LADY, WILL YOU?



I DIDN'T KNOW A HEEL COULD BE SO USEFUL!

LET'S SCRAM, WE'LL GET THE SOLDIER LATER. THIS DAME MAKES TOO MUCH NOISE



WHY DID THEY ATTACK YOU, SOLDIER?

IT WAS A PRIVATE MATTER I CAN'T TELL YOU ABOUT... BUT THANKS FOR THE HELP... I... I GOTTA GO NOW.



SEEMS TO BE MORE THAN JUST A PRIVATE AFFAIR... I MUST FIND OUT... SAY, SERGEANT-



WHO IS THAT SOLDIER WHO JUST PASSED?

HE'S ALLEN MARSHALL, SON OF GENERAL MARSHALL, WHO IS IN CHARGE OF THE FORT HERE

THE NIGHT OF THE MASQUERADE...
FORT MAXON GLITTERS WITH
LIGHTS AND LAUGHTER...



LIFE IN THIS
ARMY IS SWELL.
LET'S DANCE THIS
ONE, SWEETHEART.

USA, IN HER REAL COSTUME,
IS PRESENT...



EVERYBODY
SEEMS TO BE HAVING
A GOOD TIME, BUT
I DON'T SEE
PRIVATE MARSHALL
...I MUST FIND
HIM.

YOU SURE LOOK
PRETTY IN THE
COSTUME OF THE
GOOD OLD U.S.A.-
HOW ABOUT A
DANCE, MISS?



NOT NOW-MAYBE
LATER... I'M
LOOKING FOR
SOMEONE.

IN MARSHALL'S TENT USA
CONFRONTS HIS BUDDY.



I'M LAID UP
WITH A COLD,
MISS... BUT
MARSHALL
WENT TO THE
MASQUERADE.

THAT'S
STRANGE.

USA PROWLs AROUND THE CAMP.



CIVILIANS... AND
MARSHALL LETTING
THEM IN!

HERE ARE THE UNIFORMS,
RICHTER. YOU'RE ON
YOUR OWN... AND THIS
IS THE LAST TIME!



THE MEN DON
THE UNIFORMS.



REMEMBER,
MEN. GET ALL
THE RIFLES
YOU CAN. OUR LEADER
CAN USE THEM...THE
"HOUR" WILL SOON
COME.

AT THAT MOMENT USA APPEARS...



THE U.S.A. CAN USE
THOSE RIFLES TOO!
YOUR "HOUR"
HAS COME!

IT'S
USA!

SCRAM!

I'LL LIGHT THE WAY
FOR YOU... OUT
OF THIS
COUNTRY!



USA TURNS TO YOUNG MARSHALL...

I LET THEM GO BECAUSE YOU'RE INVOLVED, MARSHALL. NOW OUT WITH IT OR I'LL REPORT YOU.

OKAY, USA. BUT MY FATHER MUSTN'T KNOW. IT WILL RUIN HIM.



I GAMBLLED AND LOST. RICHTER THREATENED TO EXPOSE ME IF I DIDN'T HELP HIM GET THOSE WEAPONS FOR A REVOLT THEY ARE PLANNING... THEY KILLED THE OTHER SENTRIES...

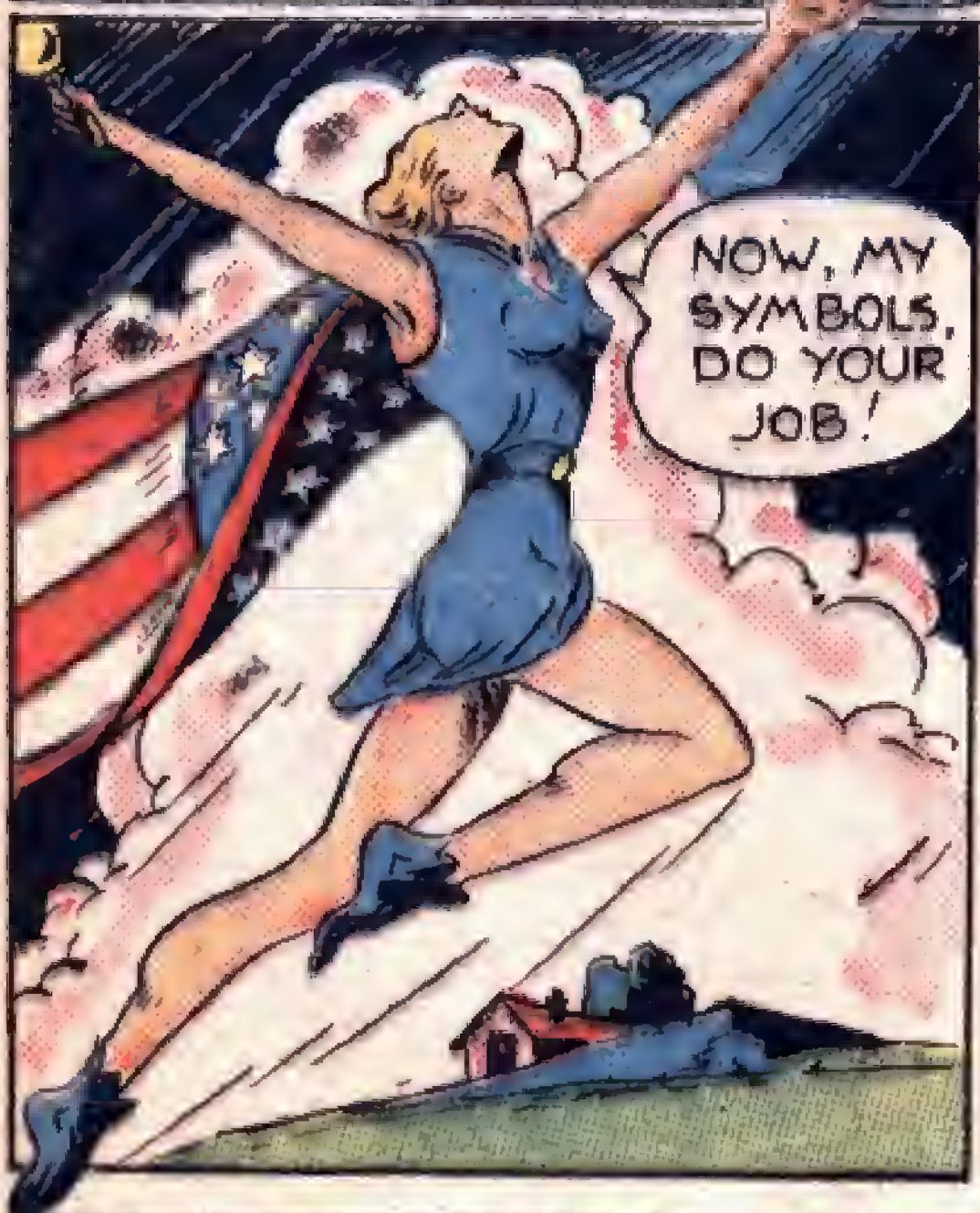


THE SAFETY OF OUR COUNTRY SHOULD MEAN MORE TO A SOLDIER THAN LIFE... BUT I'LL HELP YOU.. GO BACK TO THE BALL.

THANK YOU, USA.

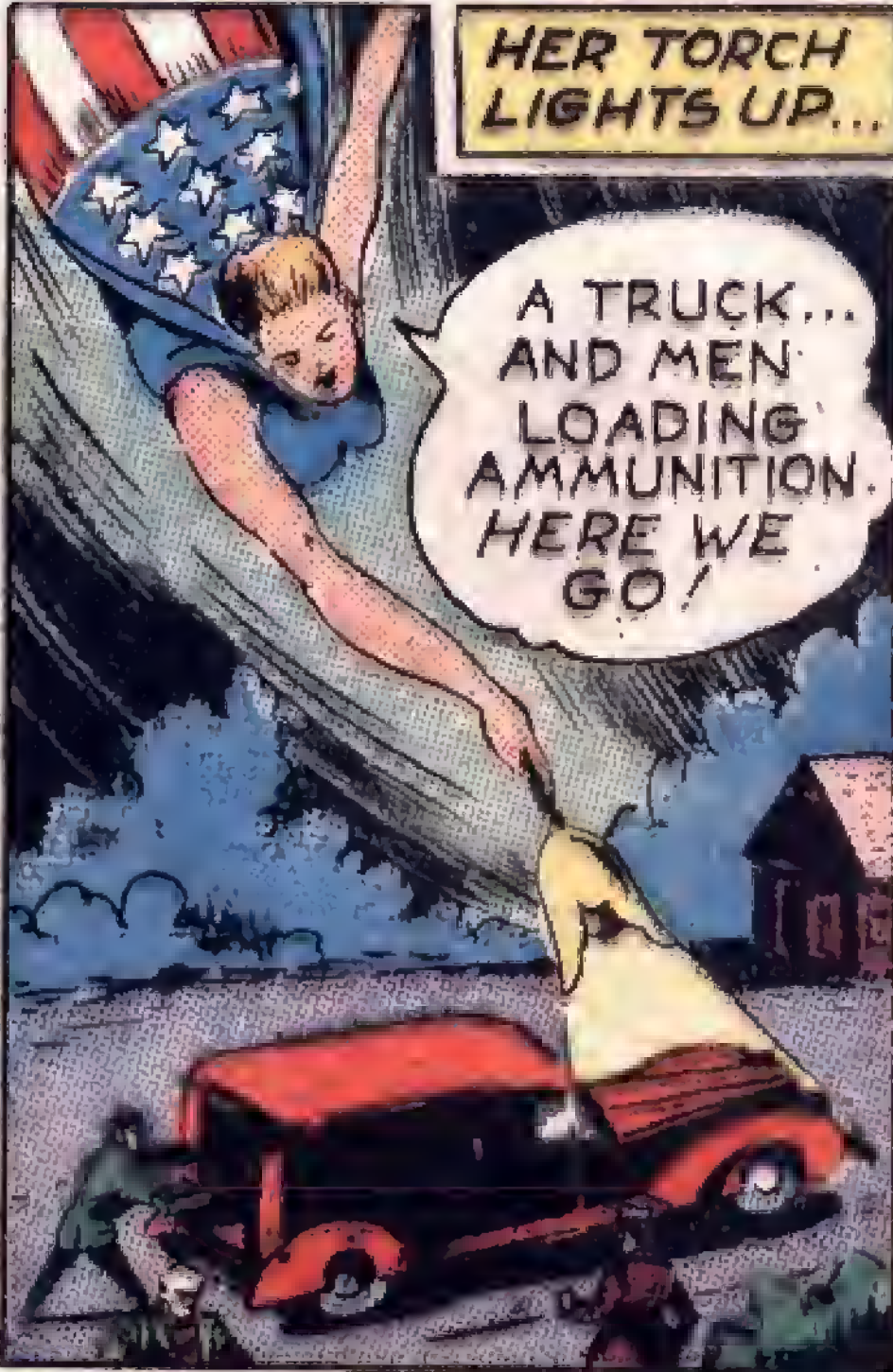


THE FAMILIAR FORM OF USA ZOOMS INTO THE AIR...



NOW, MY SYMBOLS, DO YOUR JOB!

HER TORCH LIGHTS UP...



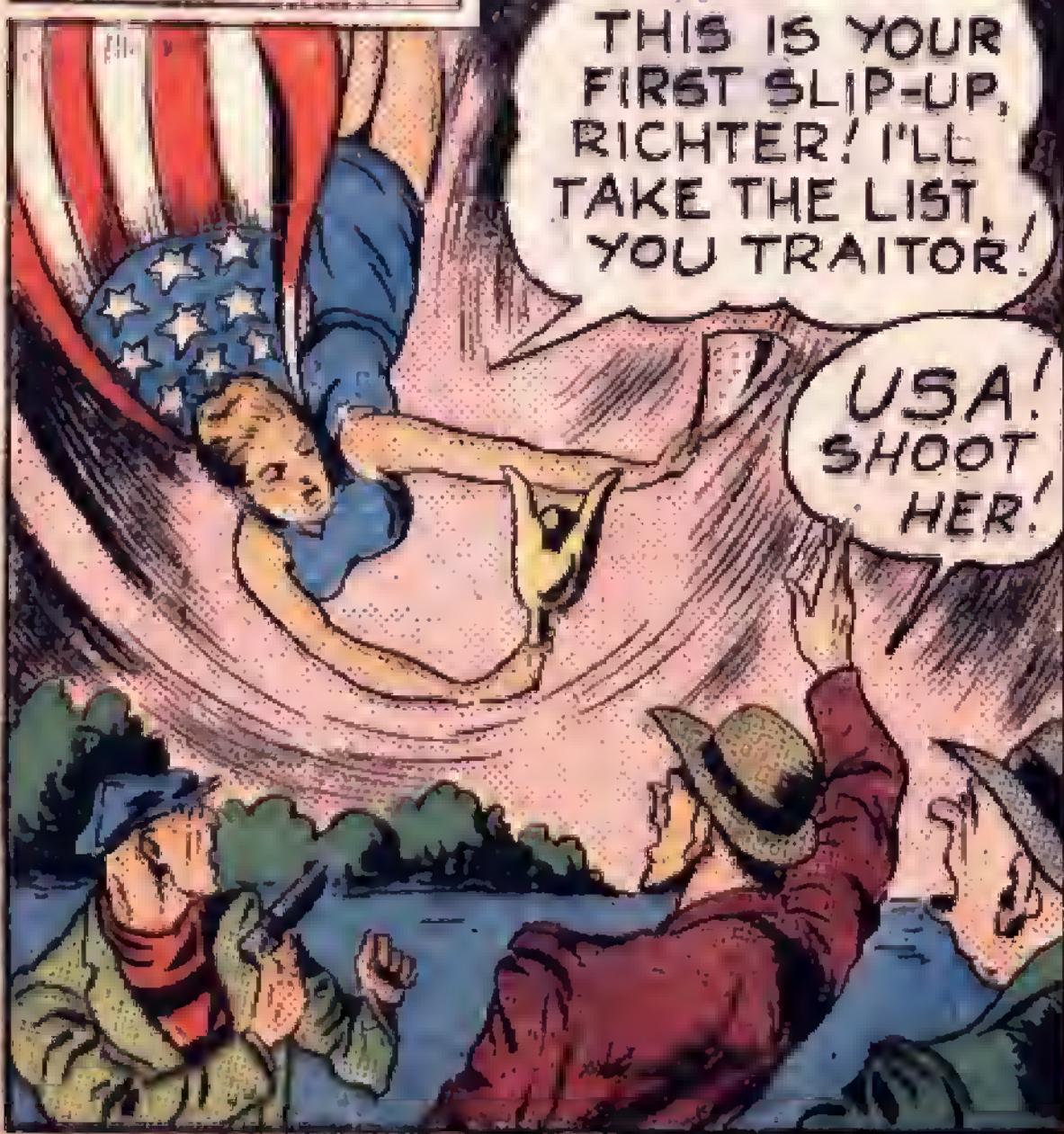
A TRUCK... AND MEN LOADING AMMUNITION. HERE WE GO!

HERE'S THE LIST OF OUR MEN... DISTRIBUTE THE RIFLES, AND NO SLIP-UPS!



SURE, BOSS.

SUDDENLY USA ZOOMS OUT OF THE SKY.



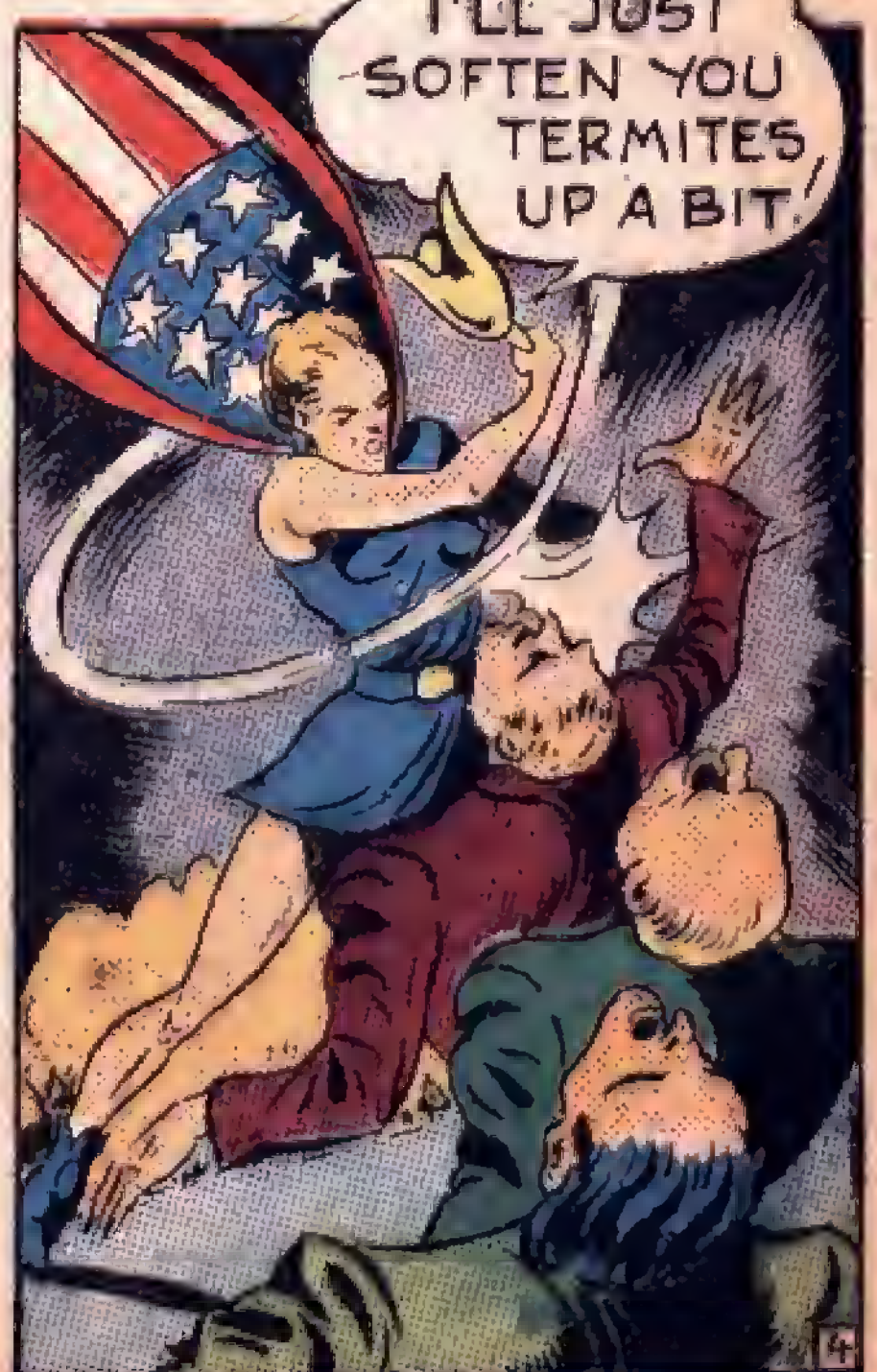
THIS IS YOUR FIRST SLIP-UP, RICHTER! I'LL TAKE THE LIST, YOU TRAITOR!

USA! SHOOT HER!

NOT SO FAST. I HAVEN'T FINISHED WITH YOU YET!



I'LL JUST SOFTEN YOU TERMITES UP A BIT!



IN THE TUMULT RICHTER GETS
HOLD OF A MACHINE GUN.



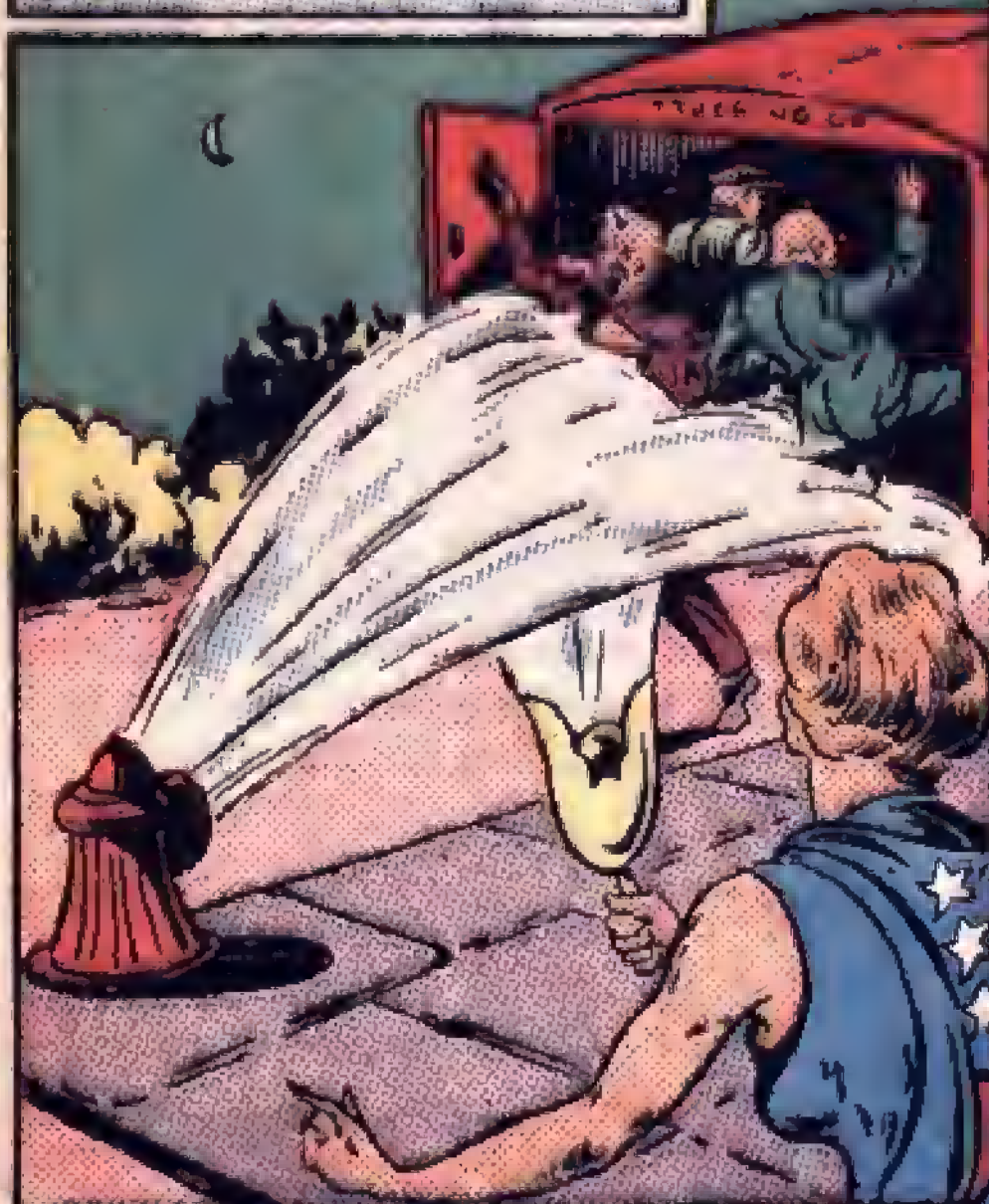
YOU FOOLS - THE
FLAG IS STRONGER
THAN YOUR BULLETS...
IT'S AN IDEAL!
YOU'RE DONE,
RICHTER!



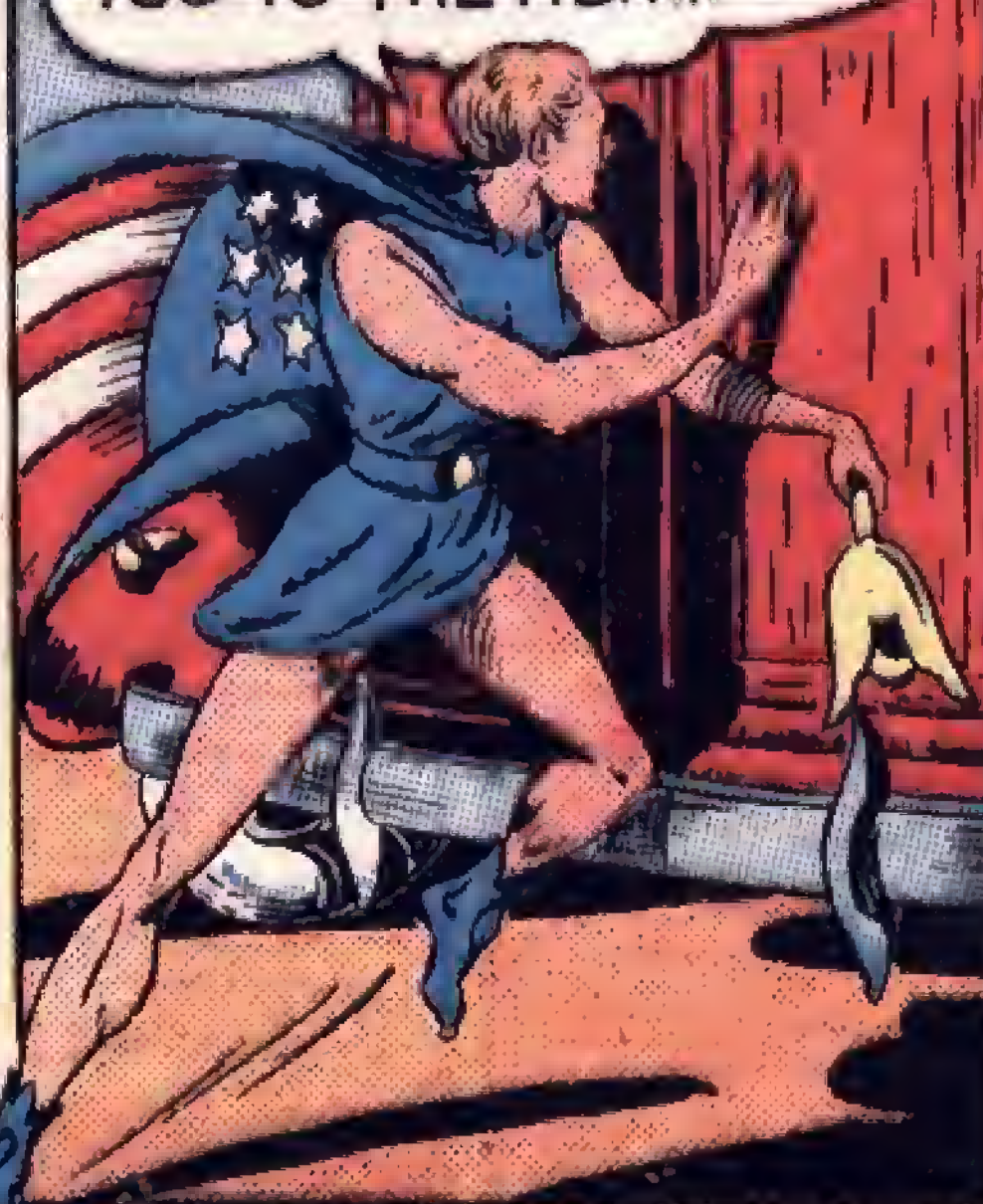
AND JUST TO
SHOW YOU HOW
WET YOU REALLY
ARE...



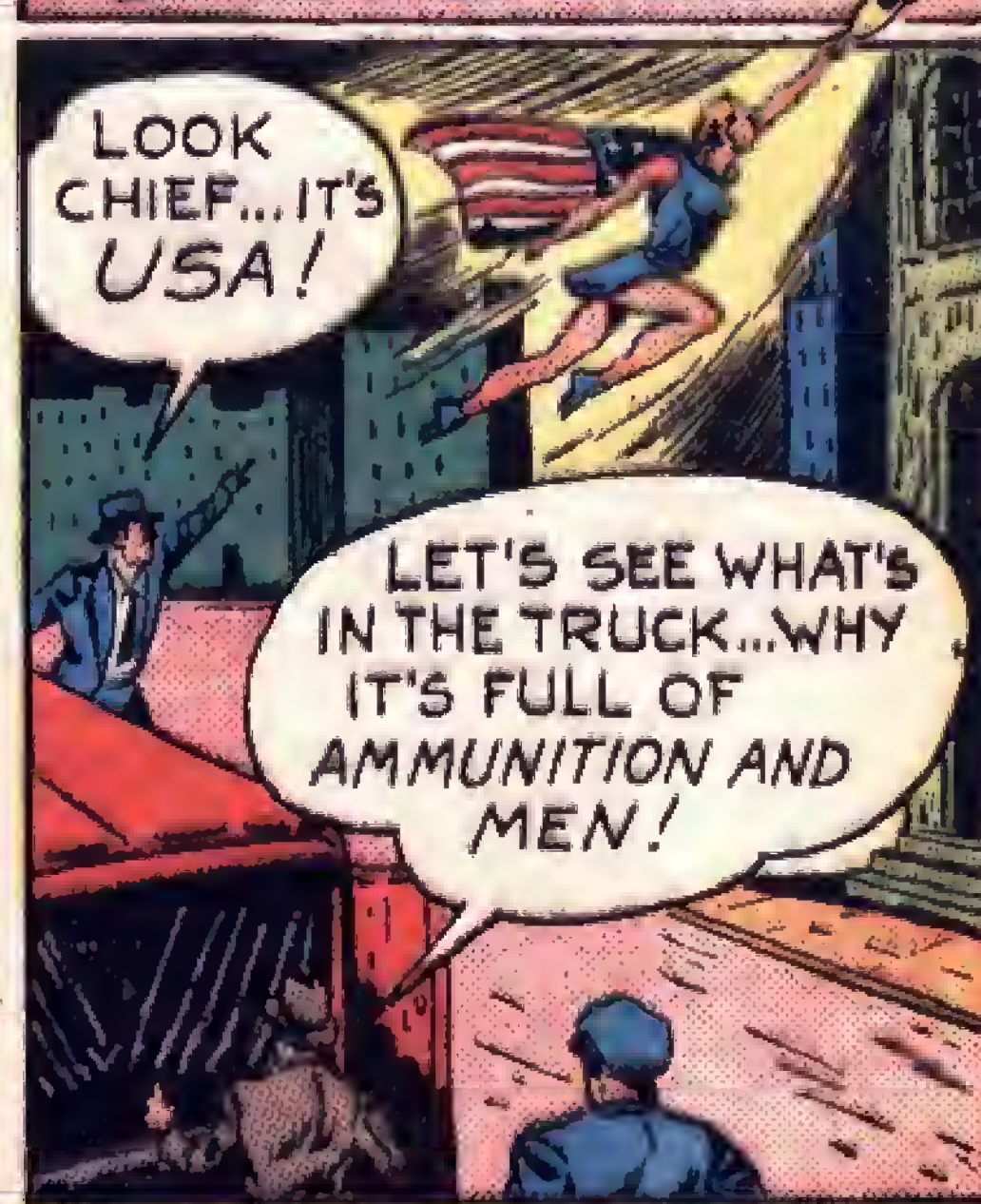
DIRECTED BY THE TORCH, THE
WATER FORCES THE THUGS
INTO THE TRUCK.



THIS TRUCK IS JUST
WHAT I NEED TO DELIVER
YOU TO THE F.B.I.



THE HUMAN CARGO STOPS AT
F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS.

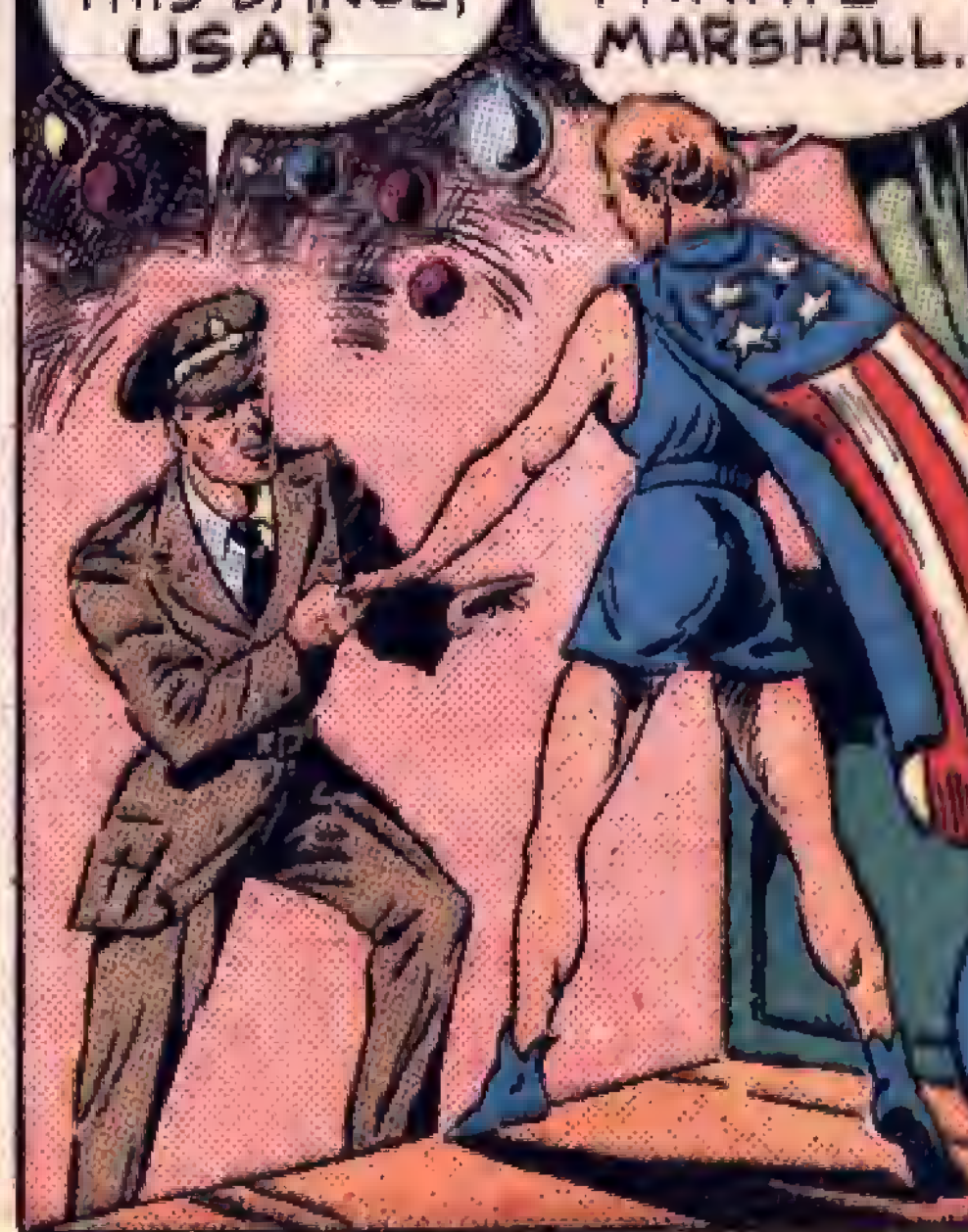


BACK AT
THE FORT.



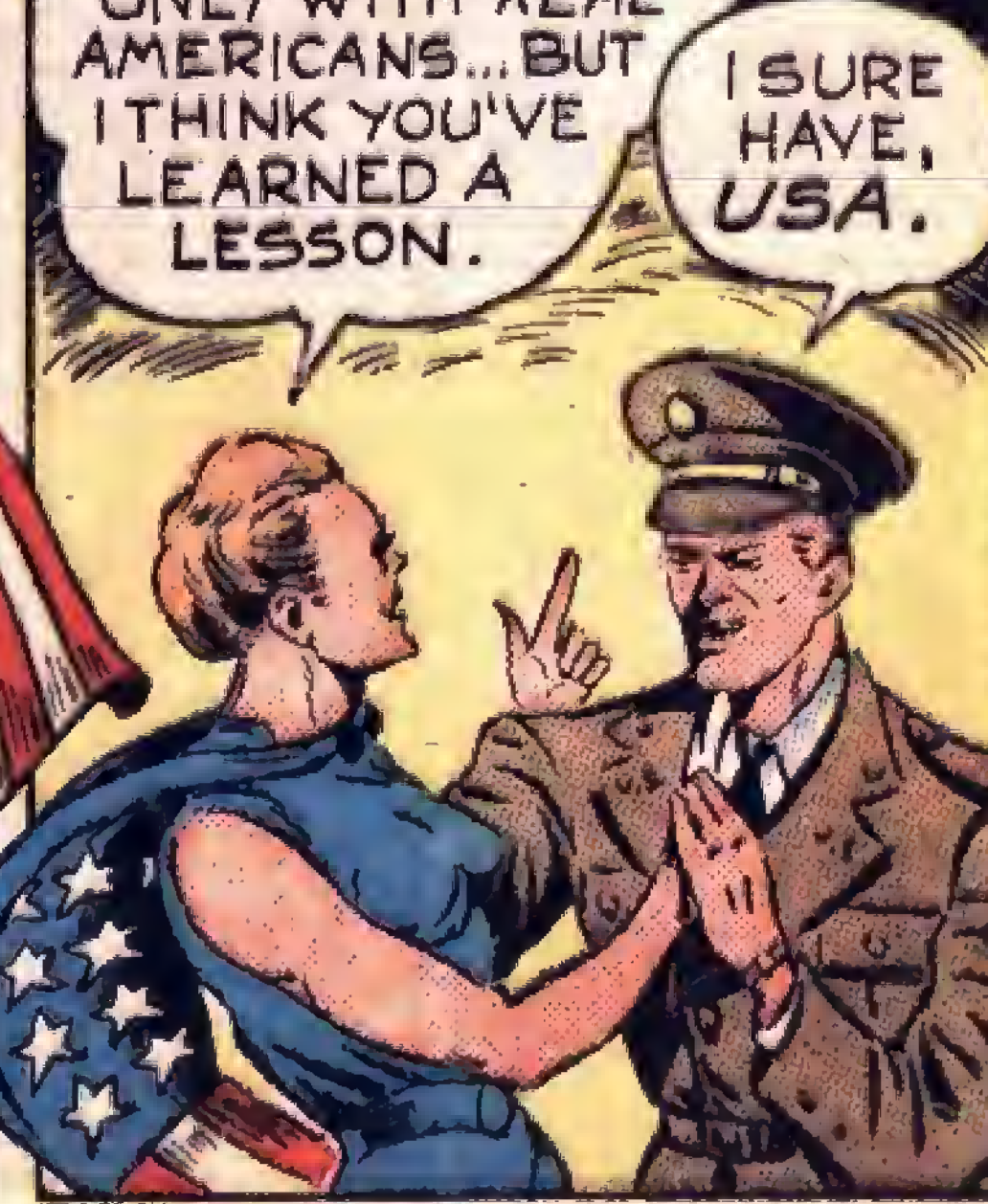
COULD I HAVE
THIS DANCE,
USA?

CERTAINLY,
PRIVATE
MARSHALL.

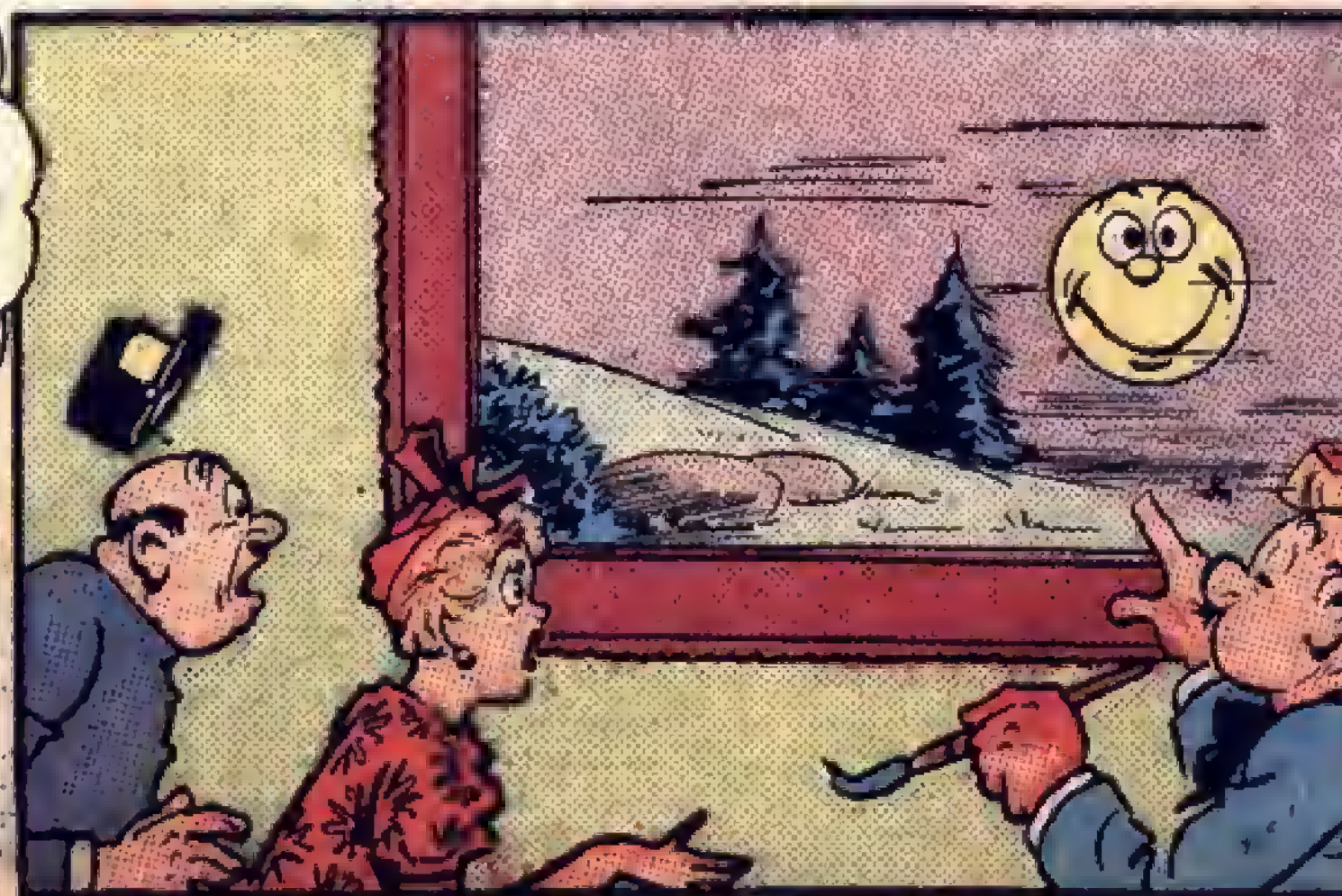
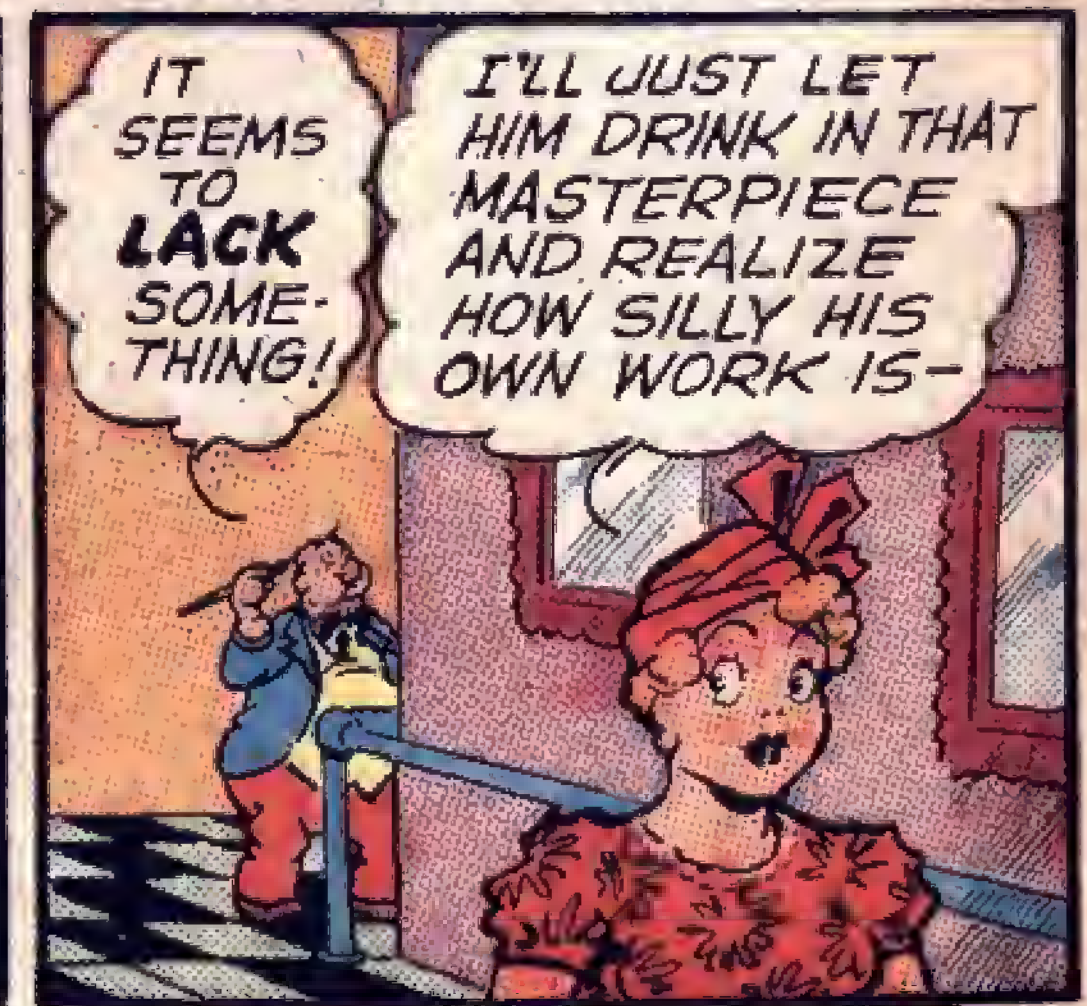
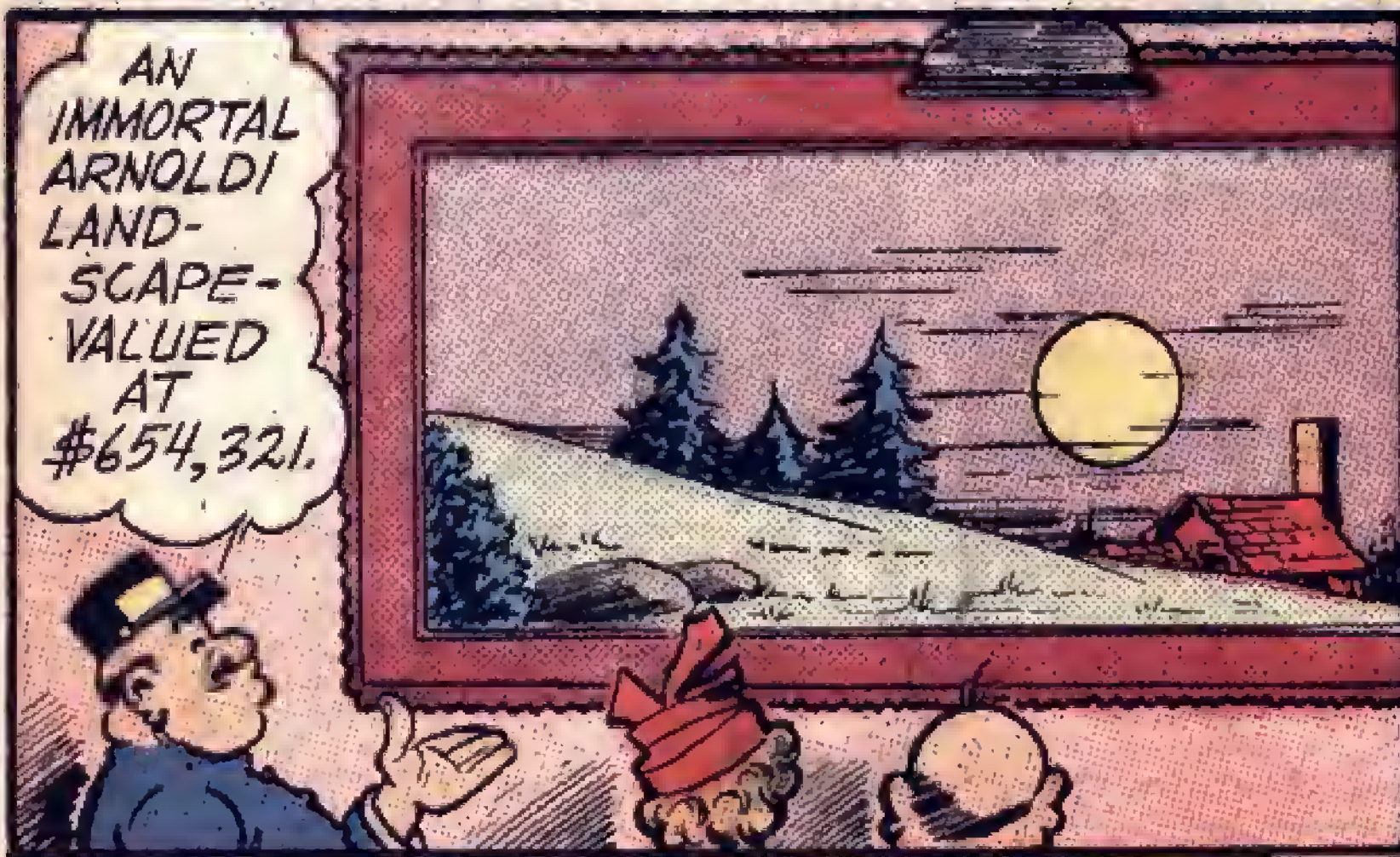
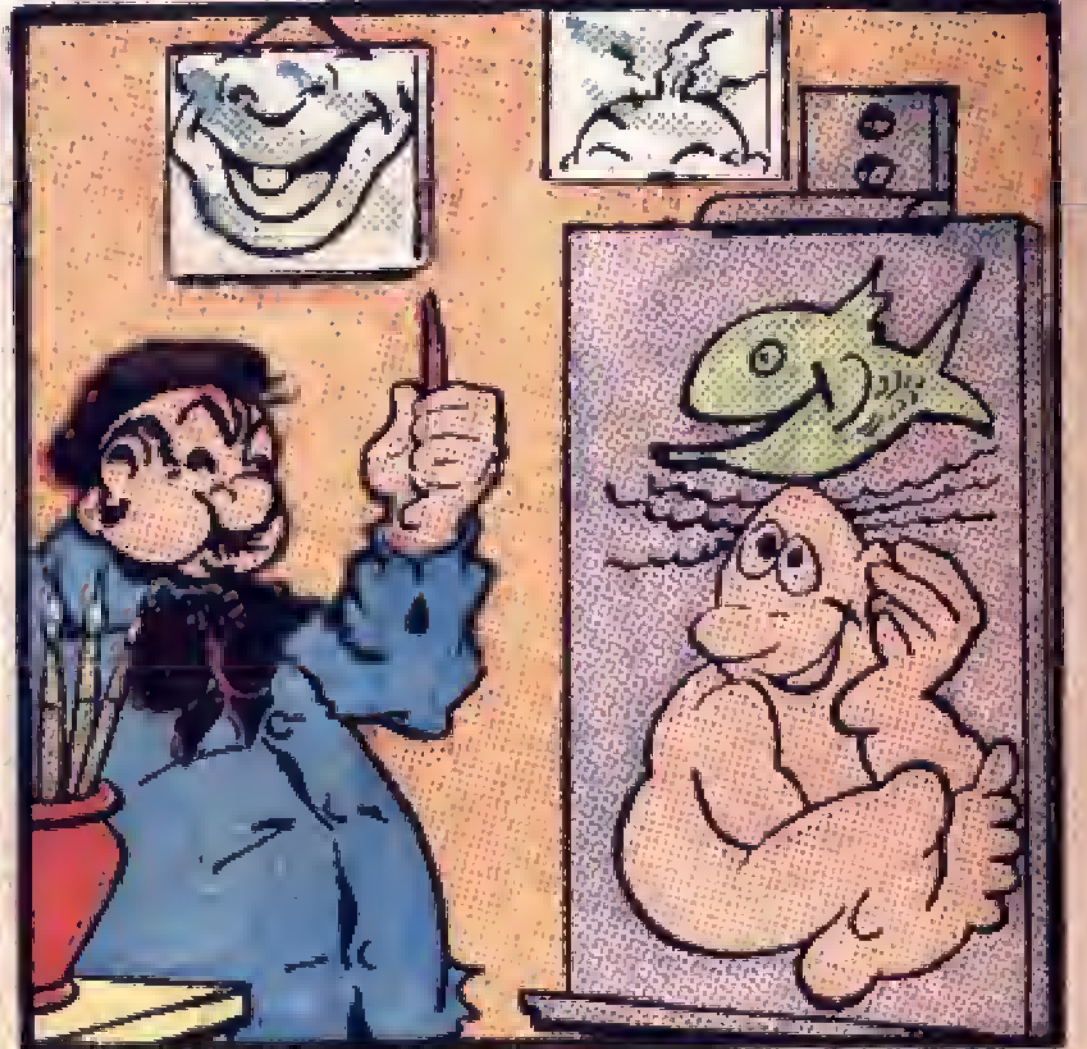
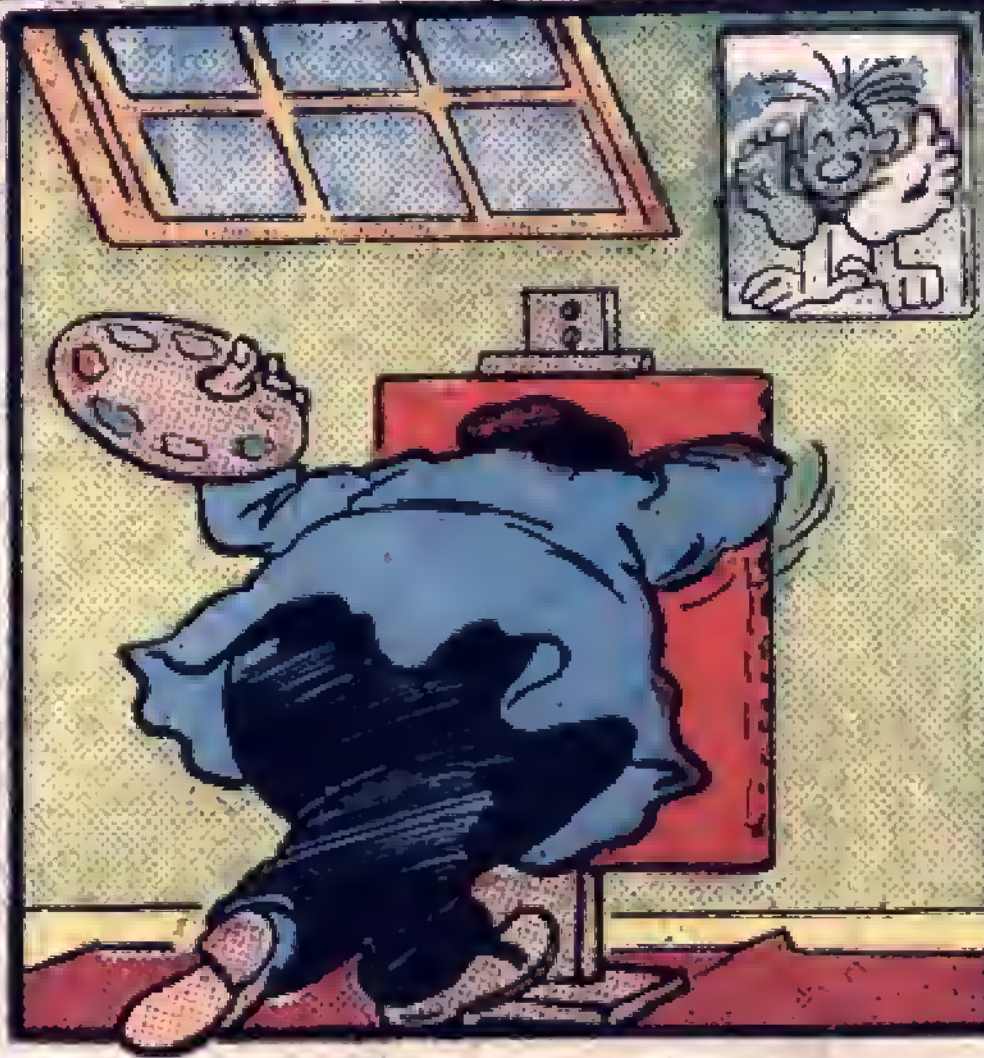
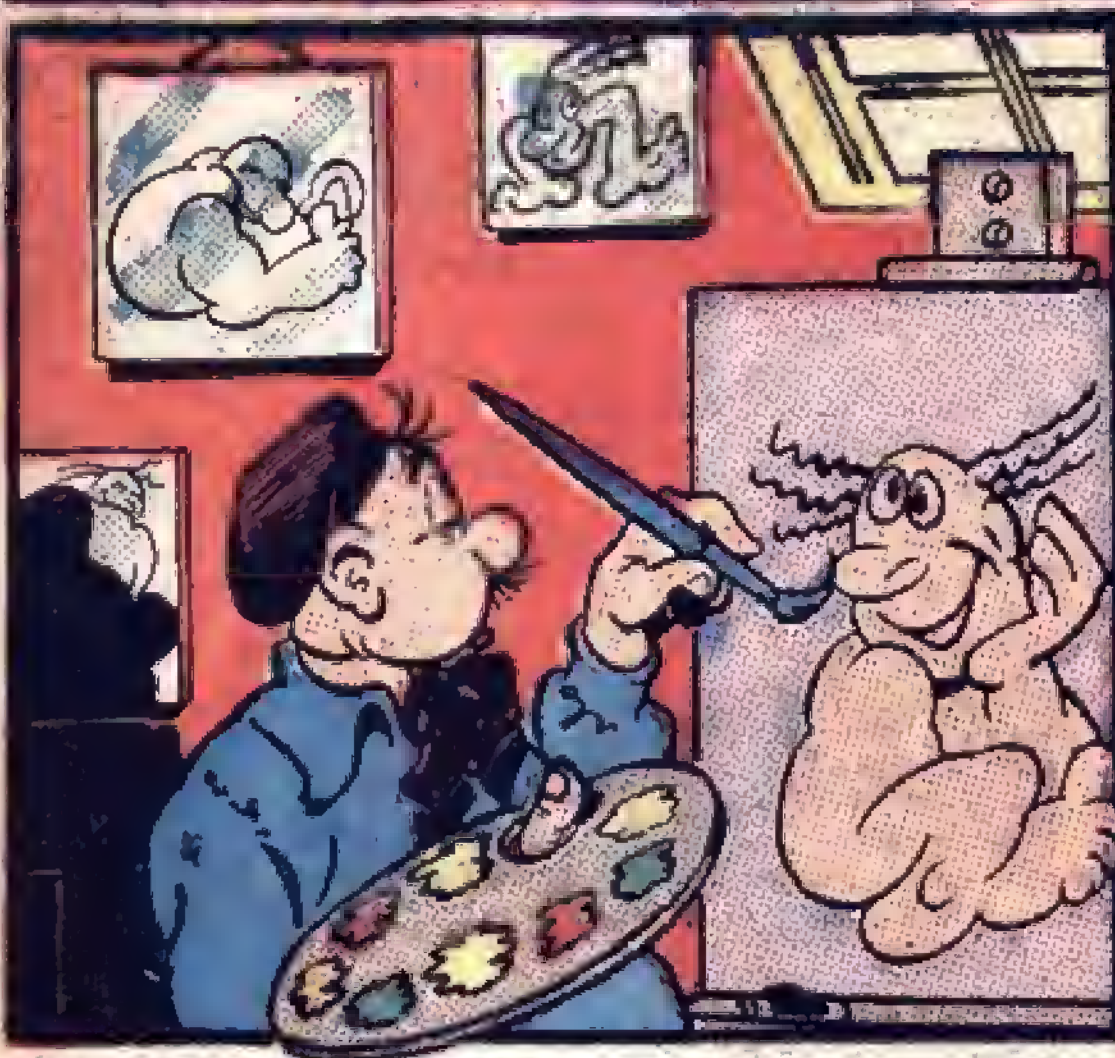


REMEMBER... I DANCE
ONLY WITH REAL
AMERICANS... BUT
I THINK YOU'VE
LEARNED A
LESSON.

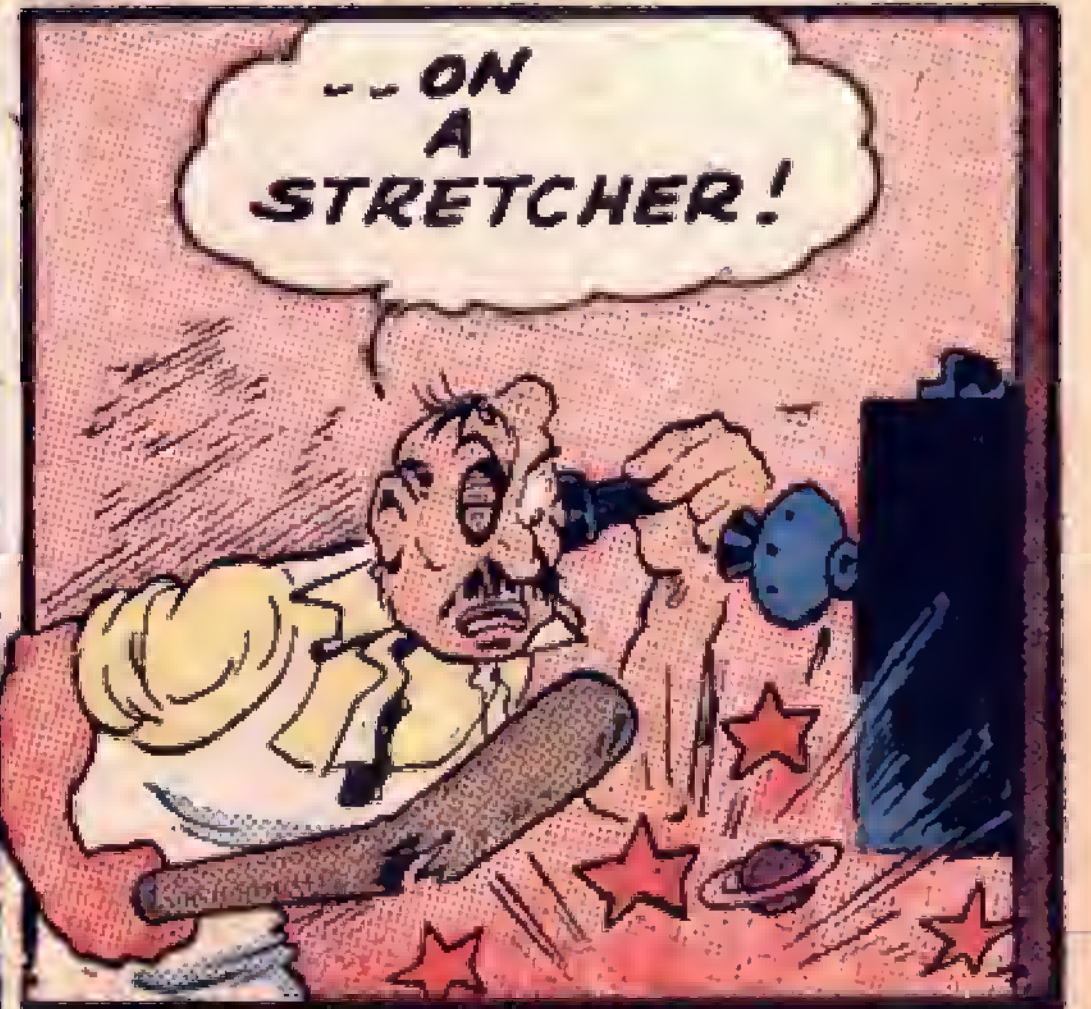
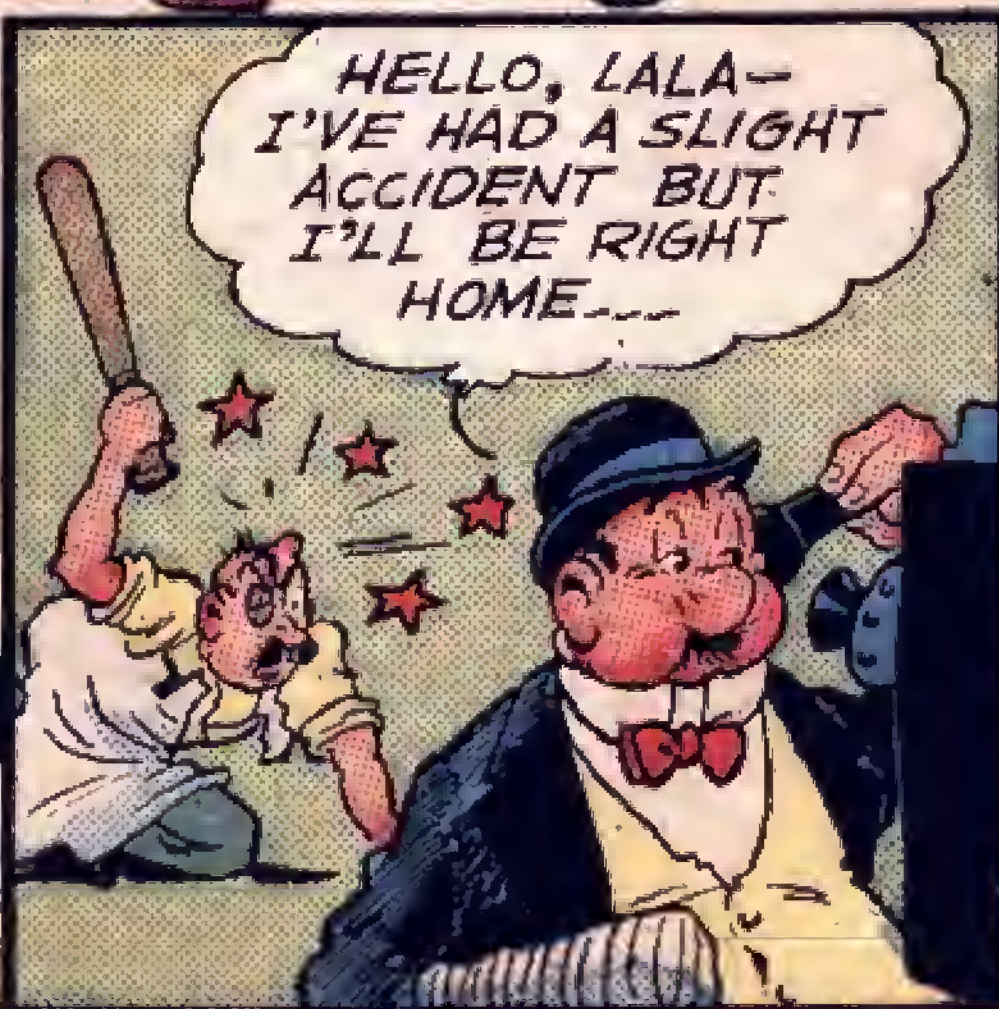
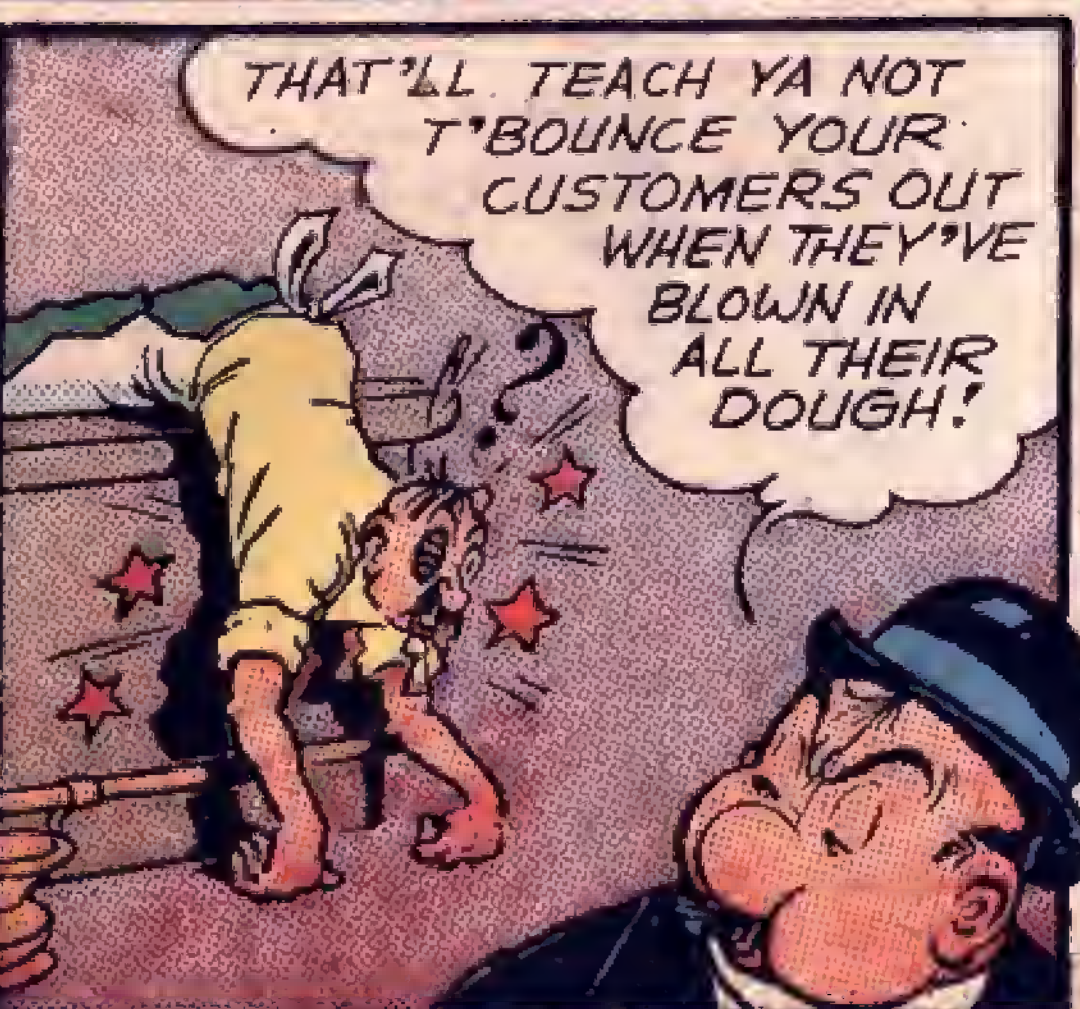
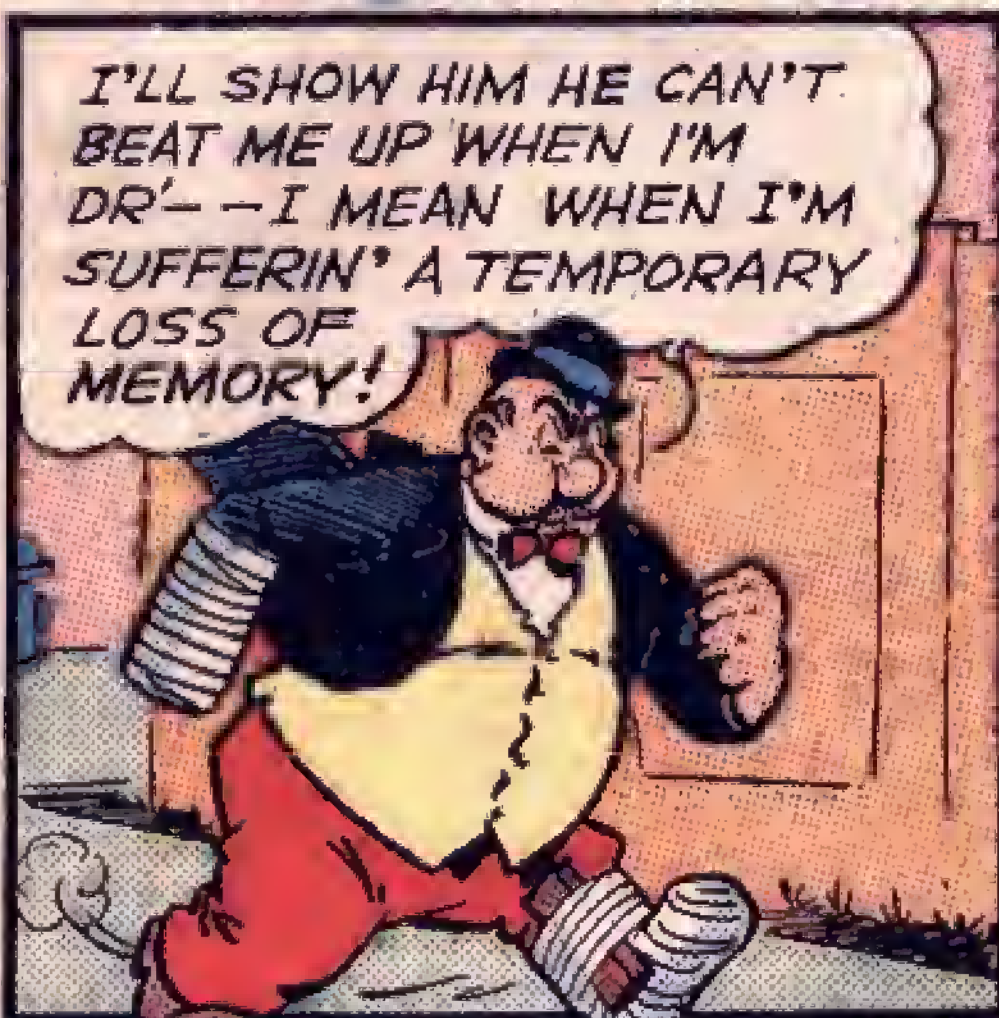
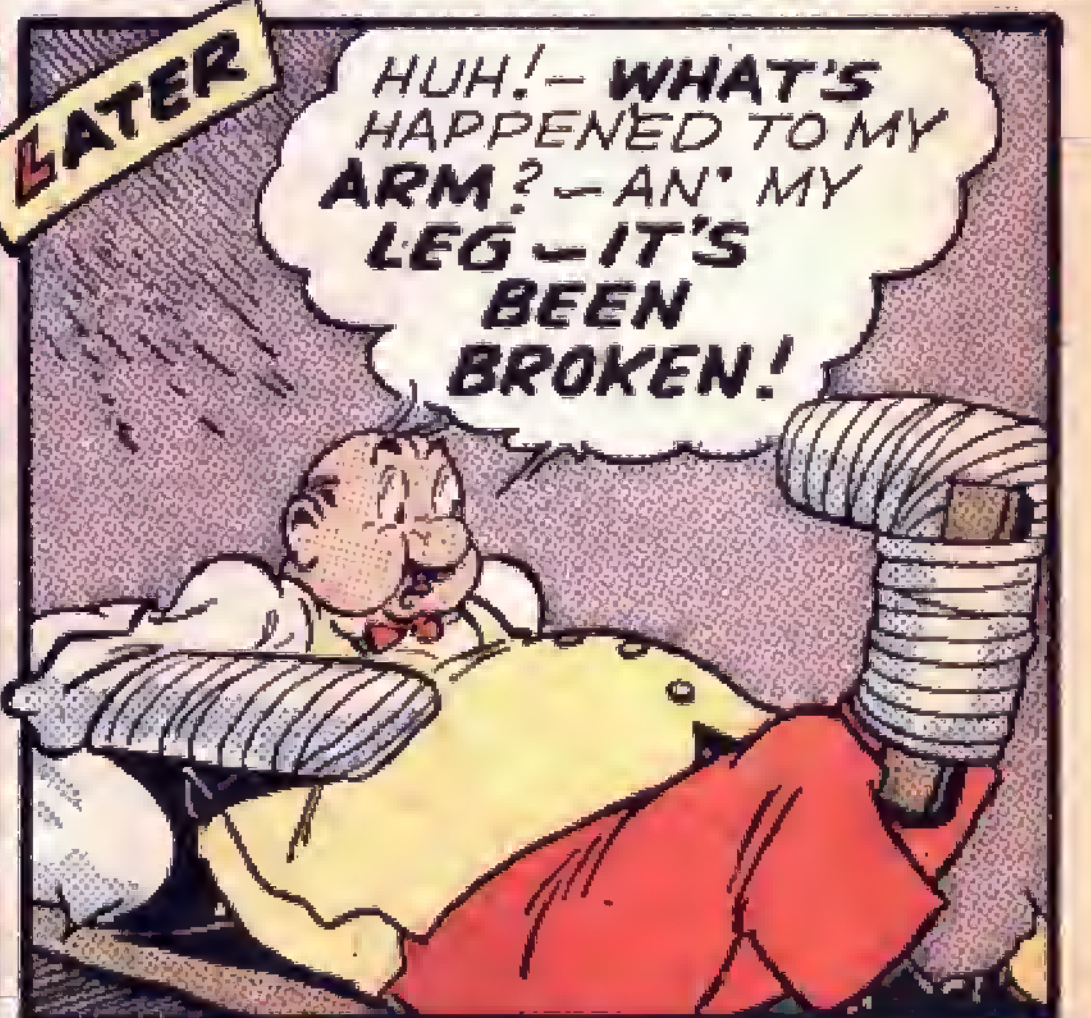
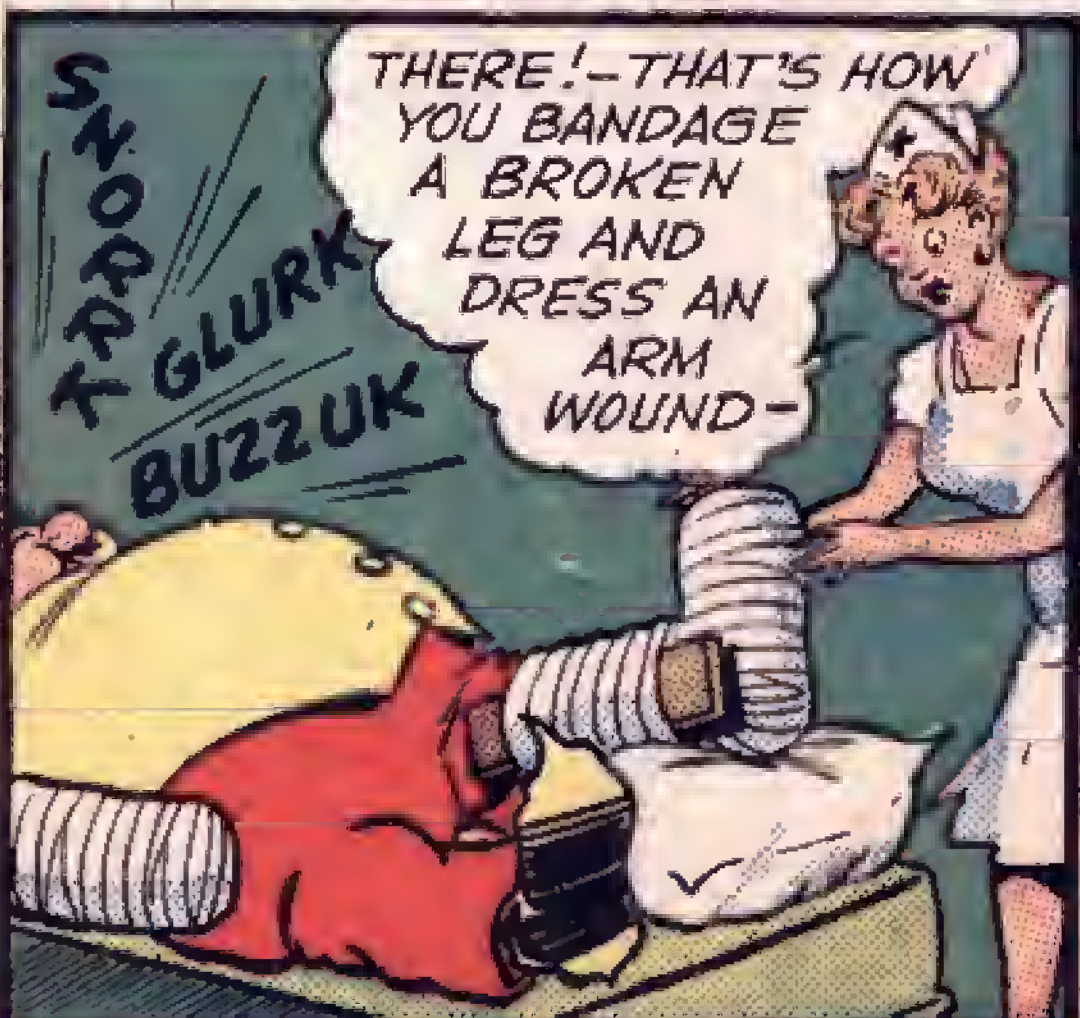
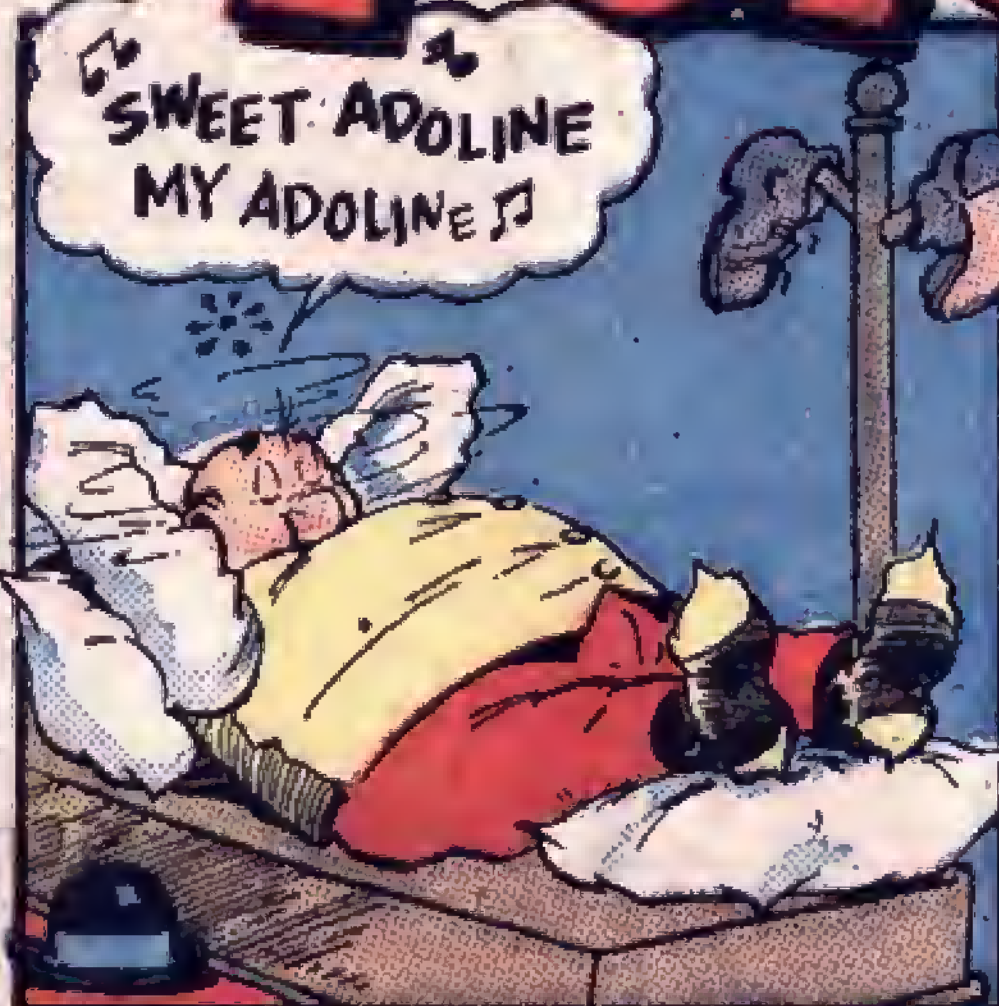
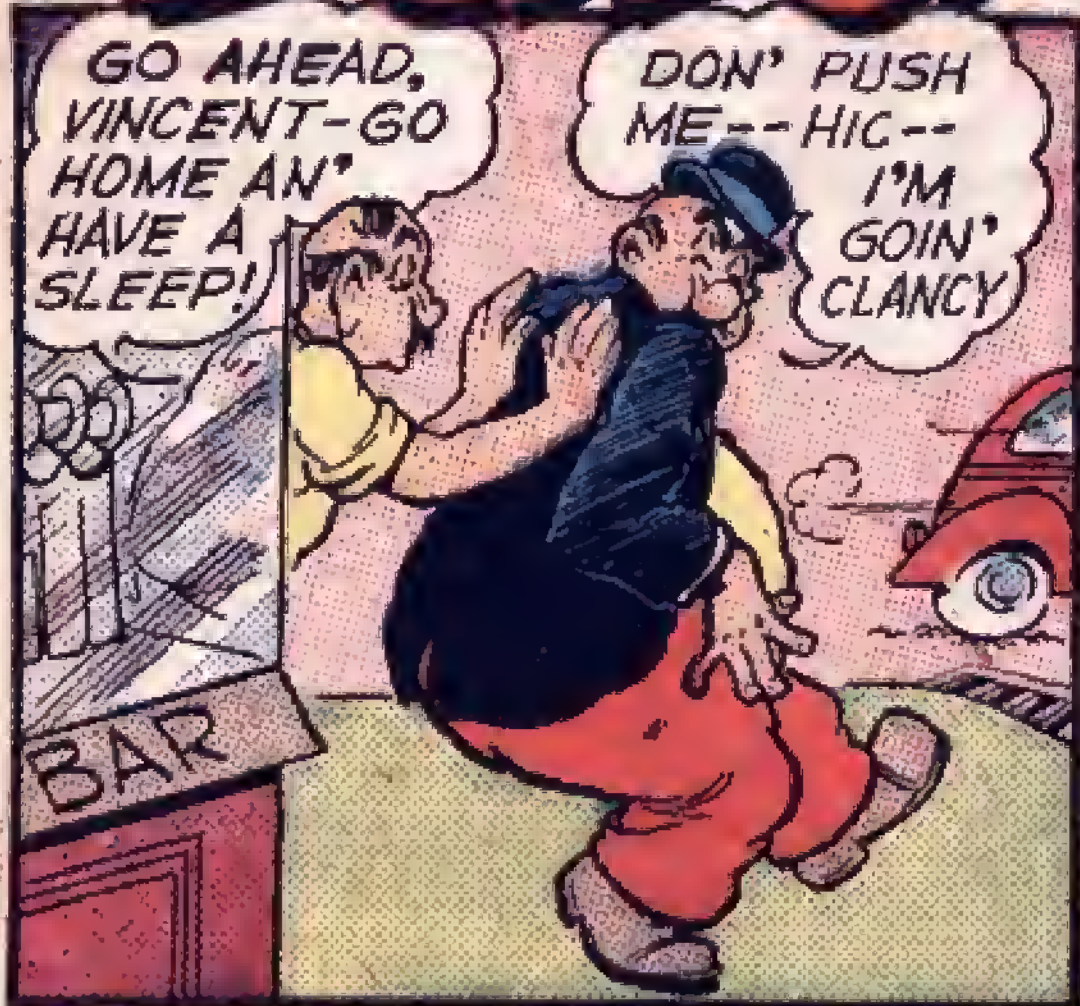
I SURE
HAVE,
USA.



LALA PALOOZA



Lala Palooza



REYNOLDS

by *1st Dwyer*
OF THE

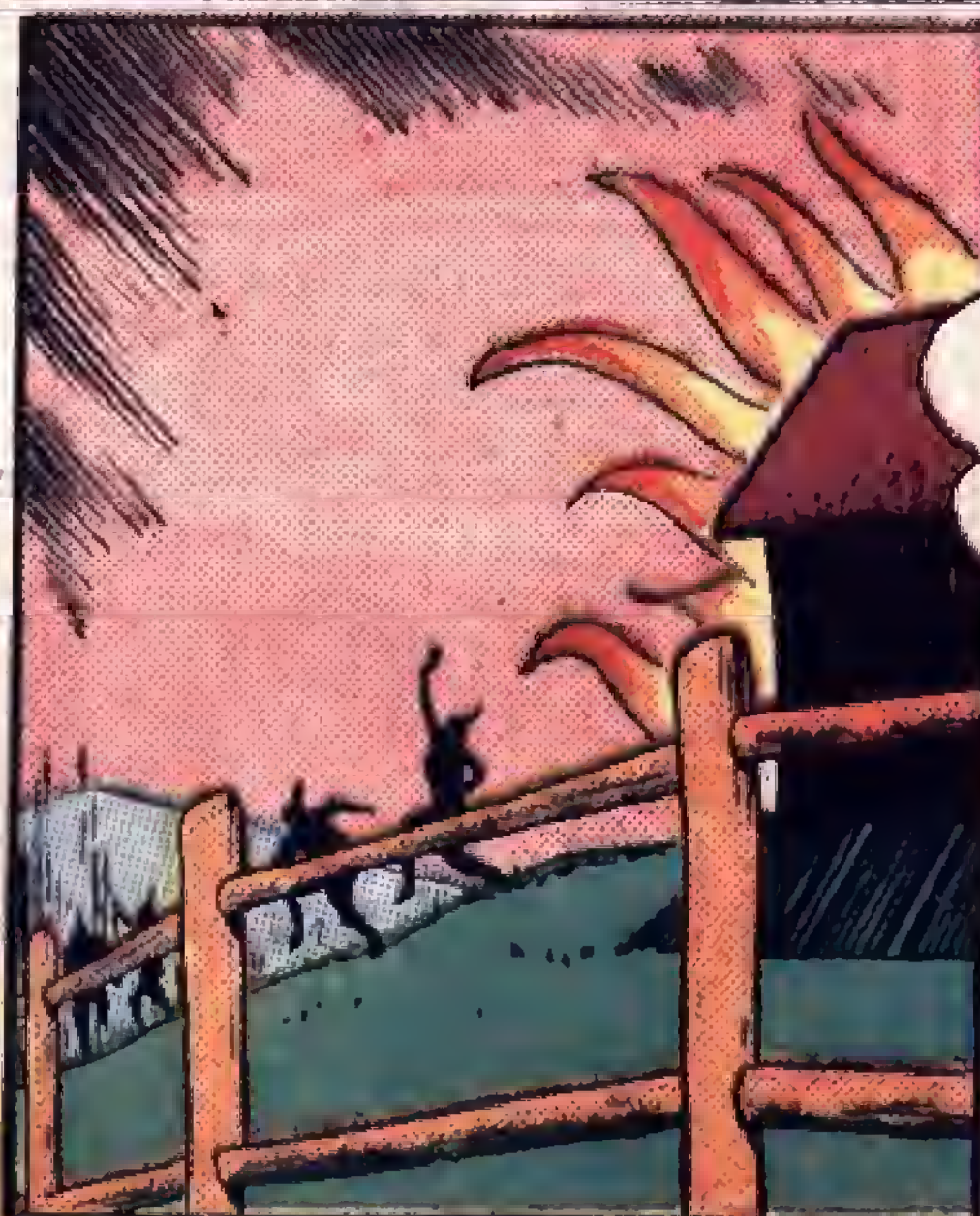
MOUNTED



WITH HIS TRUSTED GUIDE, FLATFOOT CHARLIE, SERGEANT REYNOLDS TANGLES WITH THE BLACK CROW INDIANS TO FOIL A DARING SCHEME AND SETTLE AN OLD INJUSTICE.....

A PALE MOON SHINES DOWN ON SETTLERS VALLEY AS FIGURES APPROACH A RANCH...

A FEW MINUTES LATER A RED GLOW FILLS THE SKY.....



IT WAS OUR NEW BARN!

IT'S THEM REDSKINS, BLAST 'EM! THAT'S THE FOURTH FIRE THIS WEEK-- TRYIN' TO SCARE US SETTLERS-- I'M GOIN' TO CALL TH' POLICE!!



OKAY, CHARLIE... LET'S GO! THIS SCARING OF RANCHERS MIGHT LEAD TO BIGGER THINGS!

STILL CAN'T FIGGER UM OUT-BLACK CROW ALWAYS HEAD PEACEFUL TRIBE IN PAST!

WAIT-CHARLIE LOOK! A FIGHT-C'MON-



THEY ARE TAKEN UNAWARE BY THE BRAWLING MEN...



MEN GETTUM AWAY-HEAD FEEL LIKE MERRY-GO-ROUND! PLENTY DIZZY!!



THANKS! YOU CAME JUST IN TIME... NAME'S DAN CARTER!

I'M SERGEANT REYNOLDS-THIS IS FLATFOOT CHARLIE! BUT DON'T LET THE NAME FOOL YOU-HE'S LIGHT AS A FEATHER ON HIS FEET AND CAN TRAVEL FOR DAYS WITHOUT A LETUP!



WHAT FIGHT ABOUT, MR. CARTER?

OH NOTHING, FLATFOOT-THOSE MEN HANG AROUND THE INDIAN VILLAGE AND WE JUST GOT INTO A SILLY ARGUMENT!

HMM... CARTER'S HOLDING SOMETHING BACK!



AT CHIEF BLACK HAWK'S TENT...

CHIEF-WE MUST PUNISH YOUR BRAVES FOR SETTING FIRE TO THE RANCHES!

REDCOAT IS MISTAKEN... WE HAVE NO QUARREL WITH THE WHITE MEN-MY PEOPLE WILL BE ANGERED TO HEAR THIS!



BACK AT CARTER'S TENT...

LOOK! CARD DROP FROM CARTER'S POCKET!

A PRISON CARD. SO CARTER HAS A RECORD, EH? AND YET HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE STUDYING INDIAN LIFE HERE...WE MUST KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!



THAT NIGHT

WONDER WHAT THOSE MEN HAD TO DO WITH CARTER- WHAT'S THAT?

A YELL FROM CARTER'S TENT... MAYBE NIGHTMARE!!

AND I WAS HAVING A DREAM IN TECHNICOLOR, HO-HUM!

C'MON CHARLIE- IT MUST BE THOSE MEN....

BUT SUDDENLY FROM THE DARK SHADOWS OF THE TENTS.....



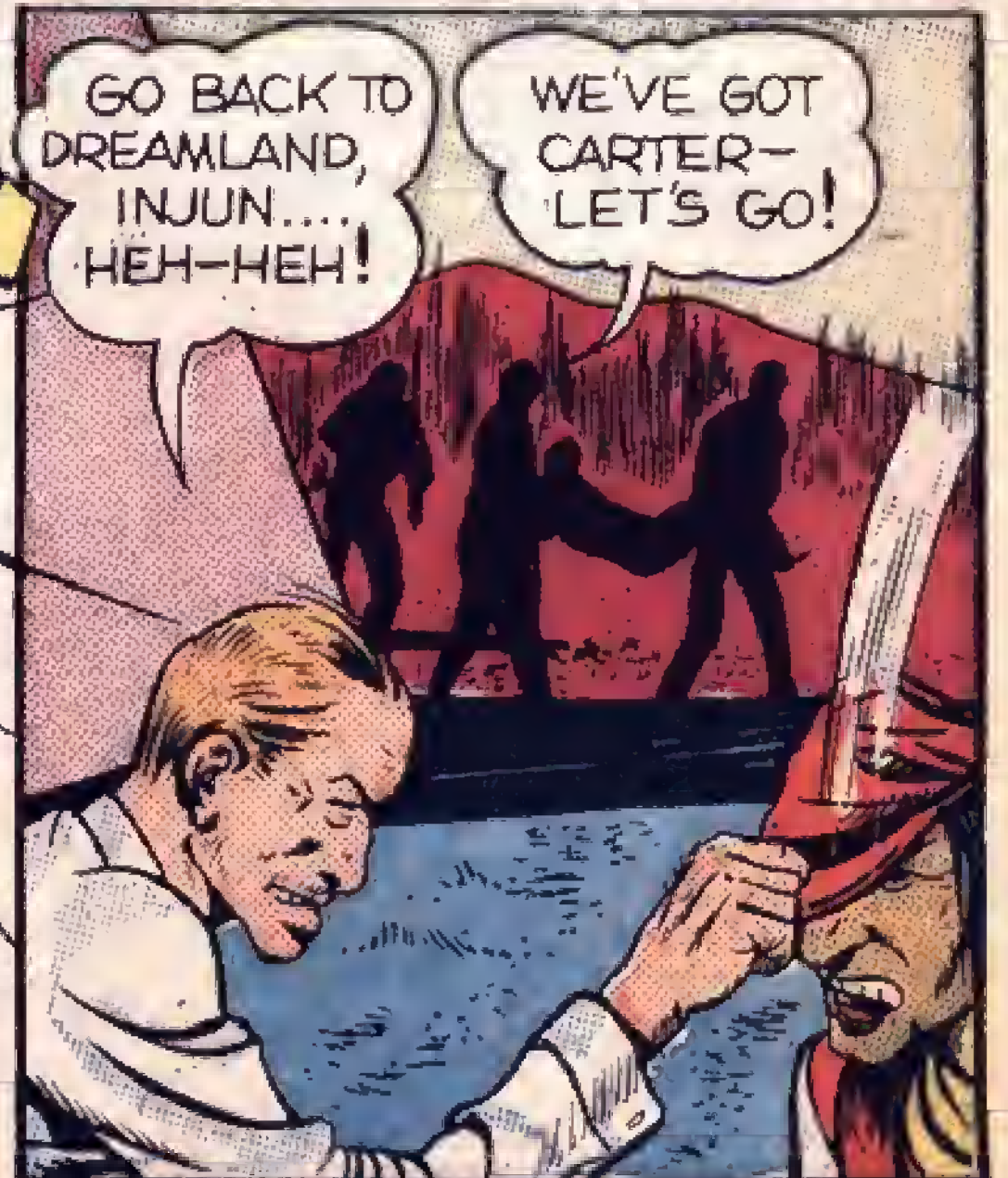
A POWERFUL BLOW FROM BEHIND FELLS THE BRAVE SERGEANT...



AS FLATFOOT TRIES TO HELP...

GO BACK TO DREAMLAND, INJUN.... HEH-HEH!

WE'VE GOT CARTER- LET'S GO!



LATER

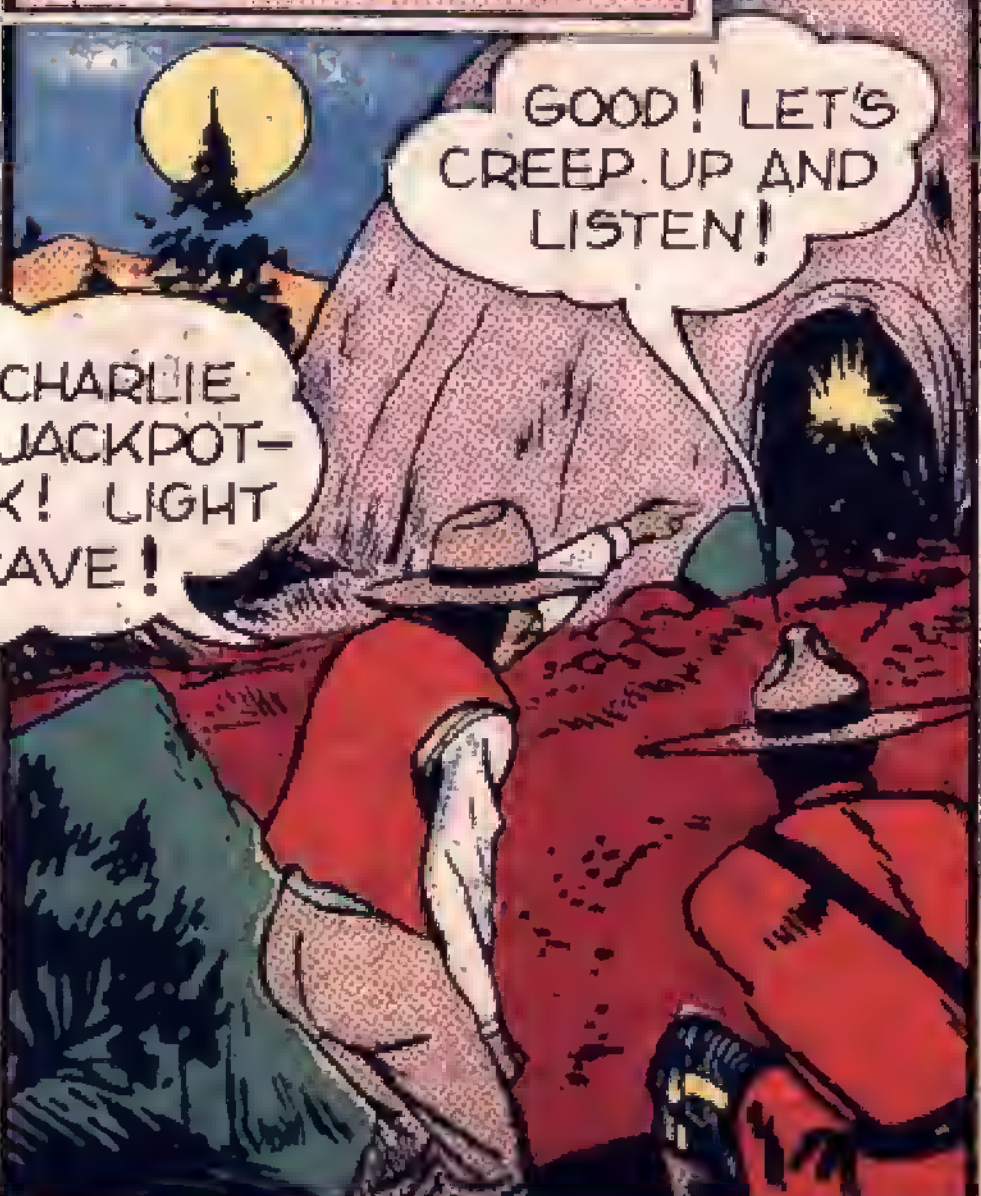
OW-MY HEAD!

MEN LEAVE BEHIND TRAIL CLEAR AS A-B-C! YOU FOLLOW FLATFOOT!

IN THE CLEAR MOONLIGHT THEY FOLLOW THE TRAIL INTO THE RUGGED MOUNTAINS...

GOOD! LET'S CREEP UP AND LISTEN!

AH! CHARLIE HIT JACKPOT- LOOK! LIGHT IN CAVE!



WHEN I WENT TO PRISON FOR THE CRIME YOU COMMITTED I SWORE I'D GET YOU IF IT TOOK THE REST OF MY LIFE, THORPE!

HA-HA! NOW THAT YOU'VE FOUND ME IT'LL MEAN YOUR END, CARTER!



SUDDENLY THERE IS A YELL FROM ONE OF THE MEN....



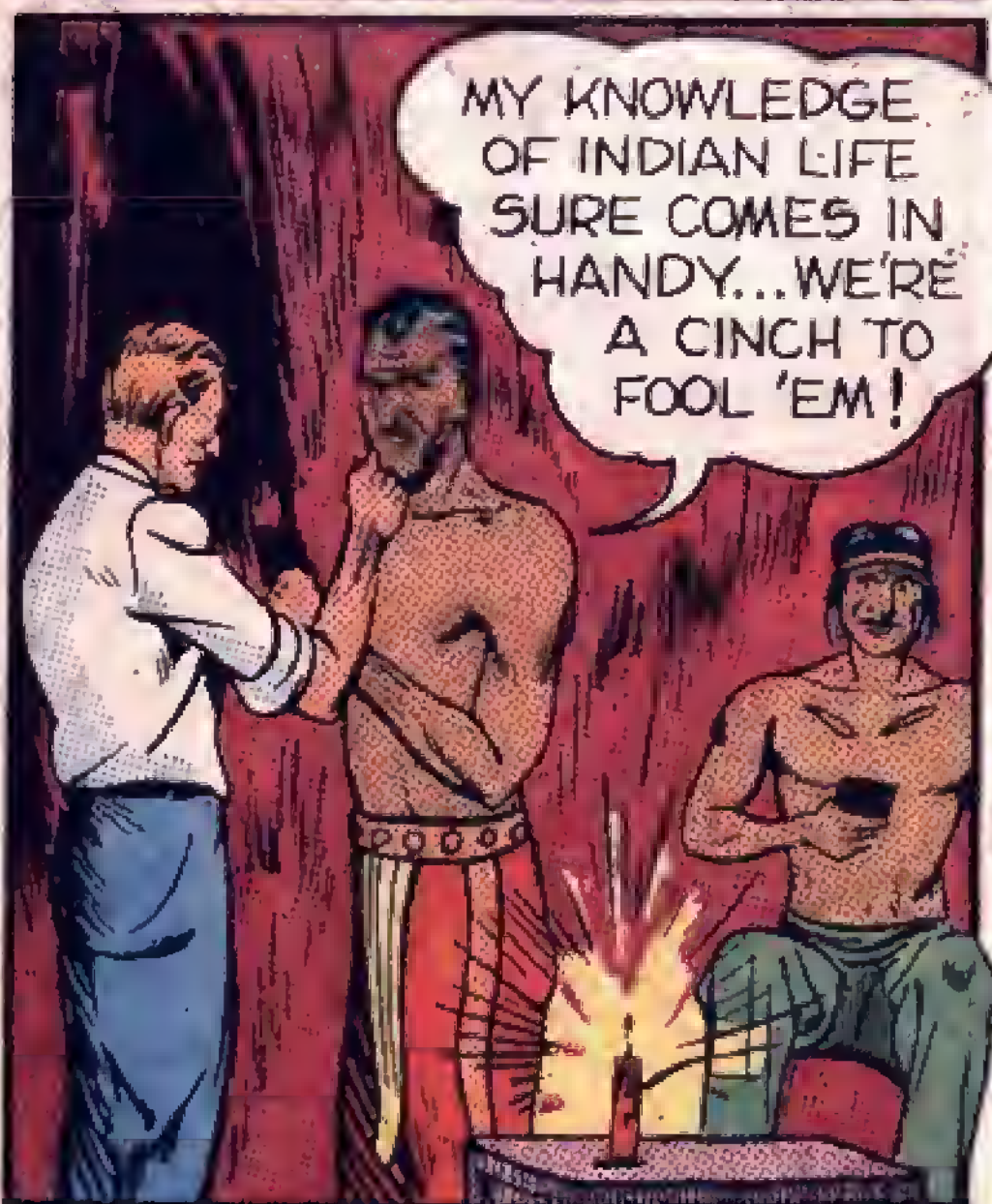
BEFORE REYNOLDS CAN FIRE THORPE MAKES A WELL AIMED SHOT...



THE INDIANS ARE HOLDING A SECRET MEETING TONIGHT-WE'RE GOING TO INCITE THEM AGAINST THE RANCHERS-WITH THE MOUNTIE OUT OF THE WAY THEY'LL LISTEN TO US....



WITH BROWN PAINT THORPE AND HIS MEN MAKE UP THEIR BODIES.



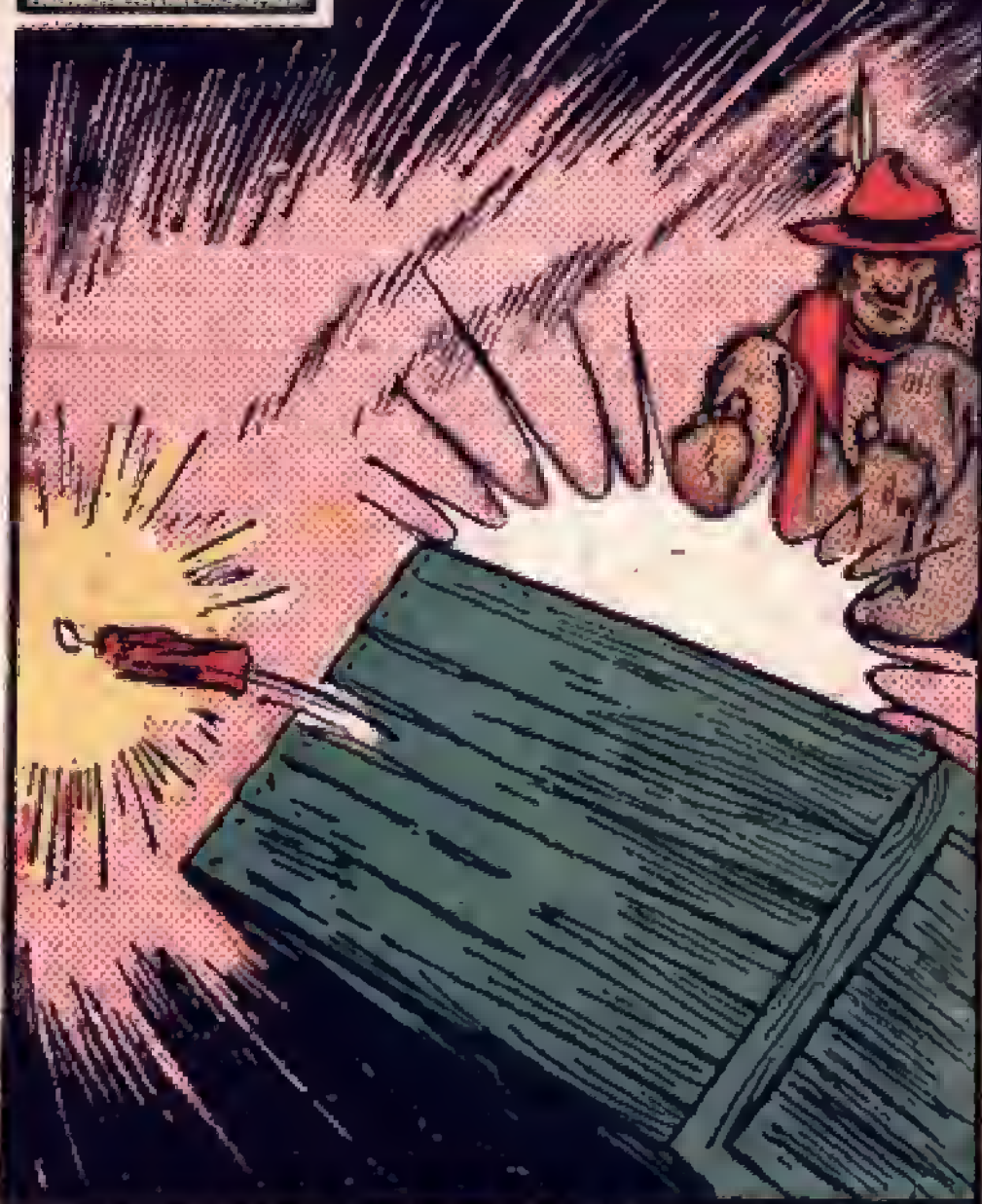
LET'S GO, MEN-KEEP A CLOSE WATCH OVER THEM, FRANK! WHEN WE GET BACK WE'LL GET RID OF 'EM!!



IN THE DIM LIGHT THE THREE CAPTIVES SILENTLY ACCEPT THEIR FATE...



SUDDENLY WITHOUT WARNING FLATFOOT CHARLIE GOES INTO ACTION...



AS THE CROOK HASTILY RELIGHTS THE CANDLE.....





AS THE DISGUISED THORPE INCITES THE RED MEN TWO FIGURES ENTER.



SUDDENLY THERE IS A WAR WHOOPE FROM THE INDIAN GUIDE AS HE LASHES OUT AT THE TWO "WHITE" INDIANS...



THEN REYNOLDS GOES INTO ACTION.



CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN COUNTERSPY

IN
TELLTALE
TUNNEL

BY
HARRY
TRAVIS
CAMPBELL

CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN, ACE OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, AND JACKSON, HIS DOUBLE, ARE NOW PITTED AGAINST THEIR MOST FORMIDABLE FOE, THE BEAUTIFUL SPY SONYA.

OFFICE OF COLONEL JORDAN,
CHIEF OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE—

BRUCE, THE AXIS POWERS ARE PRINTING, IN DETAIL, ABOUT THE **SECRET SESSIONS** OF OUR **MILITARY AFFAIRS COMMITTEE**.

WELL, I'LL BE—

IT'S UP TO YOU TO **PLUG THIS LEAK!**

ANY **CLUES**, COLONEL?

NO, EXCEPT **SPEED** OF PUBLICATION SHOWS THE INFORMATION MUST BE SENT BY **RADIO!**

I GET IT, SAY, COLONEL—GET ME THE RECORD OF THAT **FREAK RADIO SIGNAL**.

BRUCE PLAYS THE RECORD OF A HIGH-PITCHED, SHRIEKING **RADIO SIGNAL**, SENT BY A **MYSTERY RADIO STATION**.

NOTHING TO THAT—SAY, THE **PHONOGRAPH'S RUNNING DOWN!**

EEEE—IS! TRUE—

—AND MR. CHAIRMAN, THIS NEW **57-B FORMULA** WILL **WELL, I'LL BE!** **R-R-R-R**

COLONEL, THE GERMANS USED **THIS** TRICK DURING THE **LAST** WAR. THEY **SPEEDED UP CODE** UNTIL IT WAS **UNRECOGNIZABLE, RECORDED IT**, AND PLAYED IT BACK **SLOWLY ENOUGH** TO BE **UNDERSTOOD!**

THAT NIGHT, IN A RADIO CAR

THERE'S THAT **MYSTERY STATION!** GET ITS **DIRECTION!**

GOT IT! **52 DEGREES** AND...

LATER, IN ANOTHER PART OF WASHINGTON.

YOUR SECOND BEARING WAS **41 EAST!** NOW, PLOT THEM ON A MAP!

GREAT GUNS—

THEY INTERSECT AT THE **CAPITOL BUILDING!** LOOK, CAPTAIN!

BY GOSH, THEY DO! I'LL LOOK FOR A "MIKE" IN THE **COMMITTEE ROOM**.

OF COURSE **YOU** CAN SEARCH, CAPTAIN! I'LL LET YOU INTO THE **MILITARY AFFAIRS COMMITTEE'S ROOM**.

THANKS!

AFTER AN HOURS' SEARCH.

I **KNOW** THERE'S NO "MIKE" **INSIDE** THIS ROOM! I'LL GET OUT BEFORE THE COMMITTEE COME BACK FOR THE NIGHT SESSION!

THAT GIRL, SHE LOOKS LIKE THAT **SPY SONYA**! I'LL FOLLOW, AND FIND OUT.

OUTSIDE, IN THE CORRIDOR.

BLACKBURN, HE'S FOLLOWING ME!

I'LL CATCH UP TO HER IN THAT CORRIDOR! IT HAS NO DOORS OFF IT!

WELL, TIE **THAT**, SHE CAN'T BE GONE, BUT SHE **IS**! NOW WHERE DID SHE GO?

COLONEL, I JUST FOUND SONYA, AND LOST HER! HAVE HER LOCATED - YOU **DID?** AT 400 NEW JERSEY AVE. THAT'S NEAR HERE!

BRUCE APPROACHES THE HOUSE...

THERE'S THE HOUSE - THAT CAR'S TRAVELLING - **FAST!**

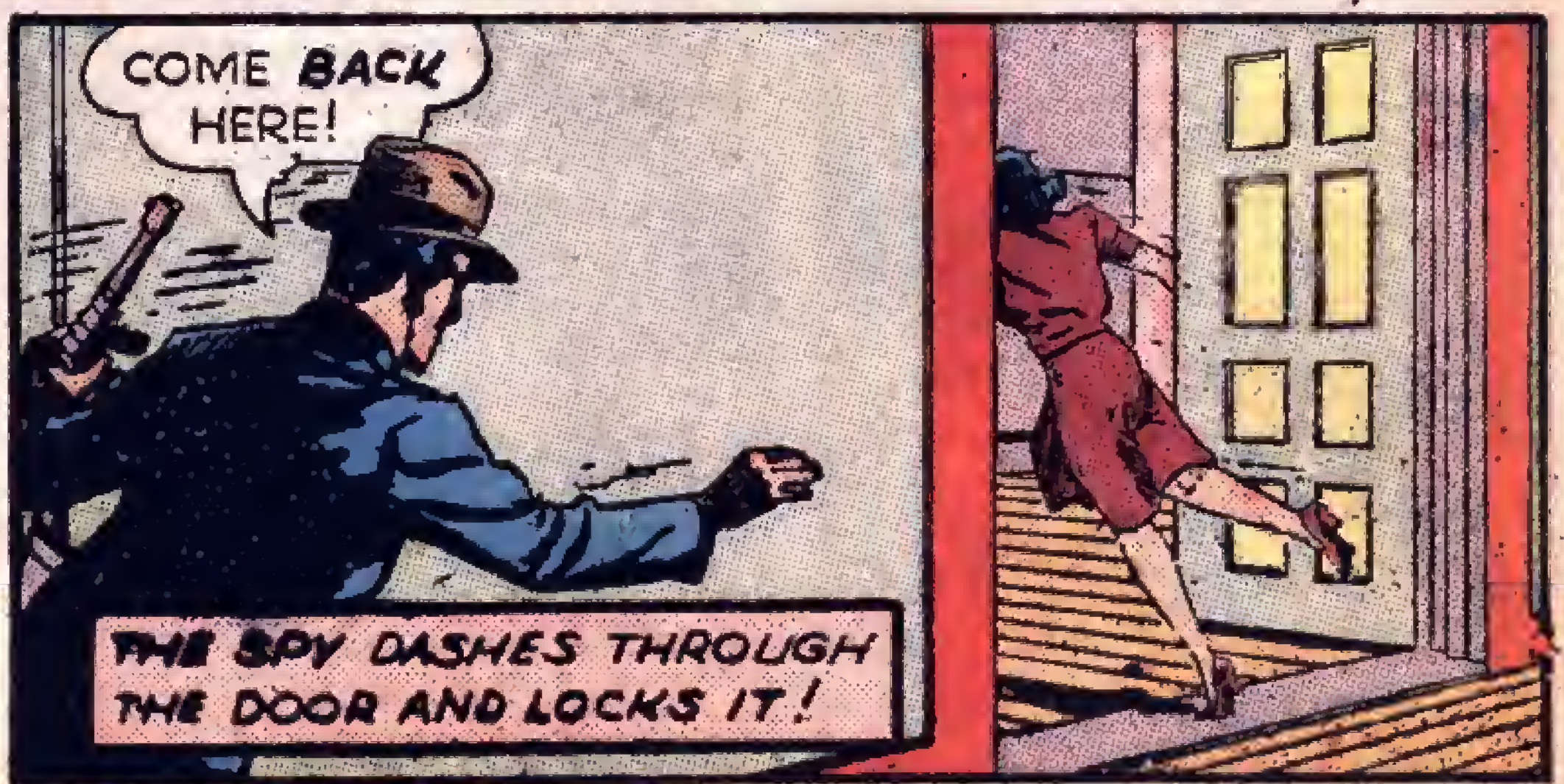
-AND MEANS NO GOOD-

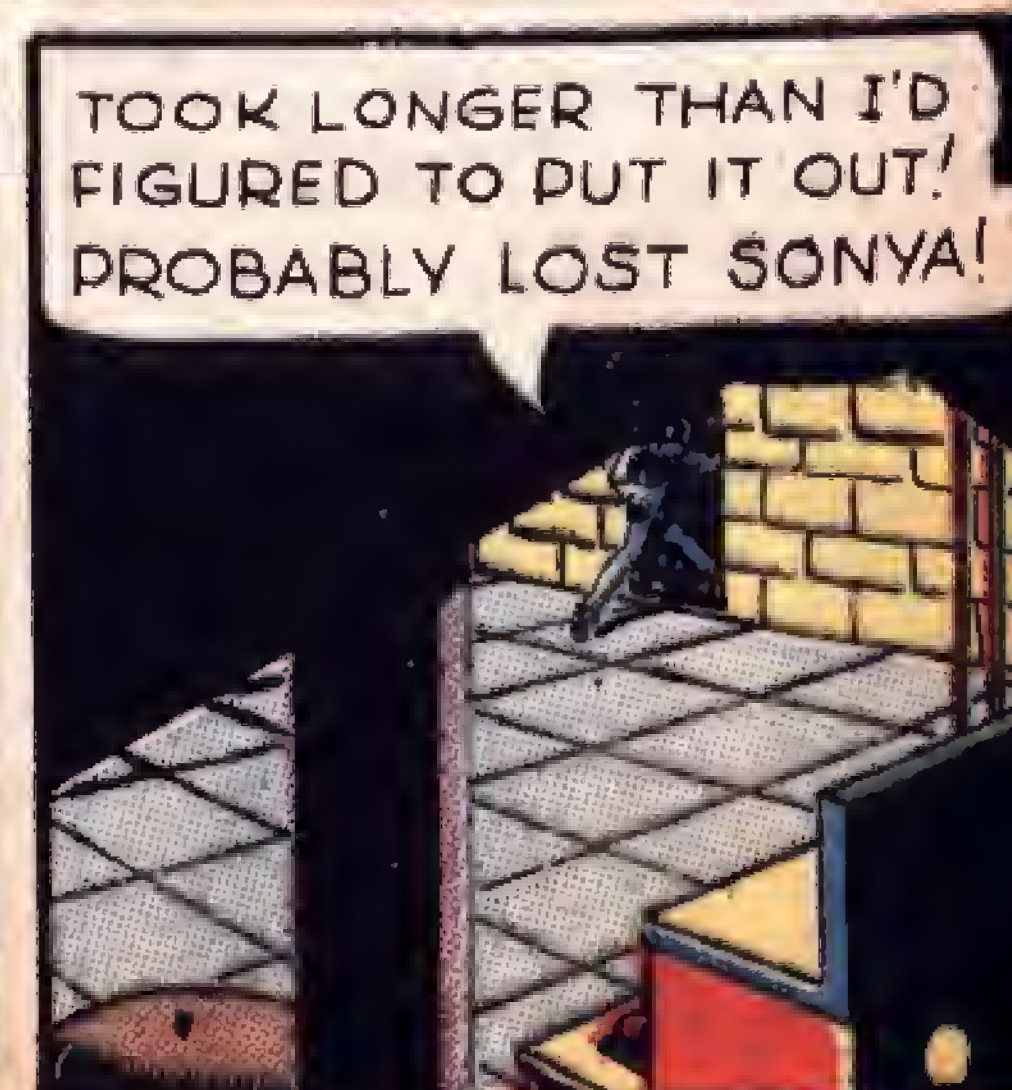
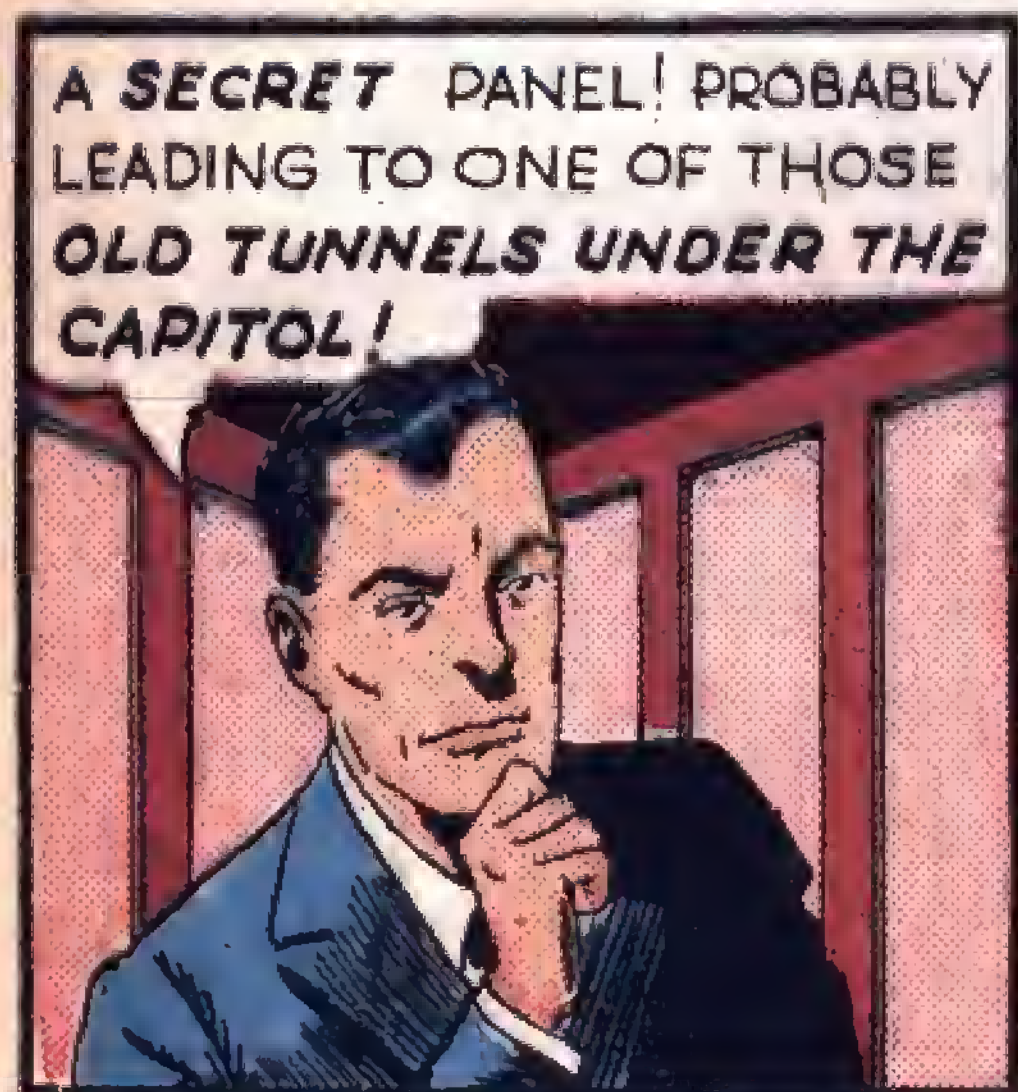
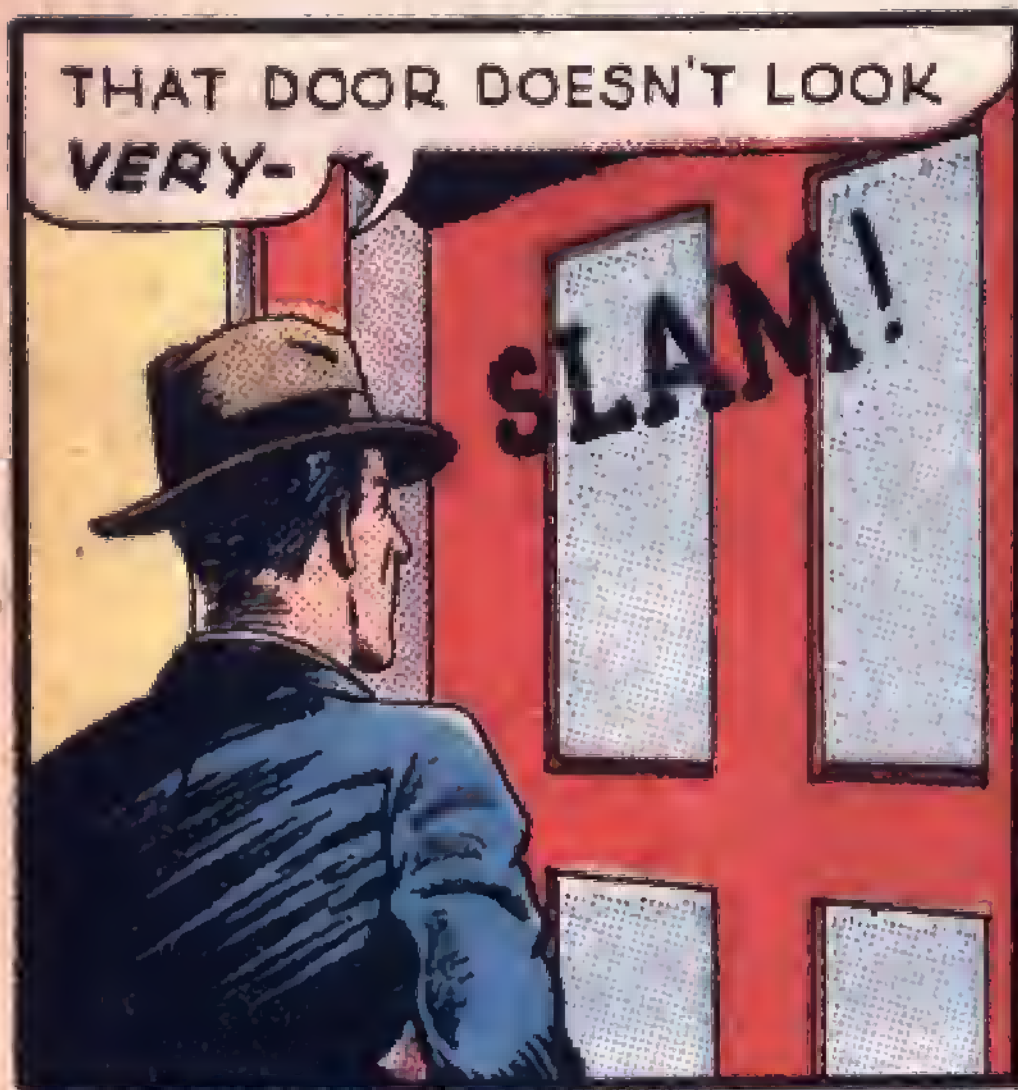
-BY ME!

A TOMMY GUN CHATTERS.

LOOK ON THE **OTHER** SIDE OF THE WALL, AND SEE IF HE IS **DEAD!**

OF COURSE, FRAULEIN!





AT THE FAR END OF THE TUNNEL, ANOTHER PANEL...

THIS BUTTON MAY WORK IT! IT DOES!

SHE'S GONE!

HOW DID YOU GET HERE!

THAT MAN HAS BOTH LUCK AND NINE LIVES!

THE COMMITTEE ROOM...

YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE.

HOLD IT, SENATOR, COME OUTSIDE!

THERE'S A MIKE *INSIDE* THE WALLS OF THAT ROOM, *RADIOING EVERY WORD SAID* DIRECT TO *EUROPE*. I'LL SHOW YOU!

AMAZING!

SECRET TUNNELS UNDER THE CAPITOL? A JOB FOR THE *DIES COMMITTEE*!

YOU SEE, THIS RECORDING TAPE, CARRYING YOUR VOICES, IS RUN THROUGH THE SHORT-WAVE RADIO AT SIX TIMES NORMAL SPEED! IT SOUNDS LIKE A SQUEAL, UNTIL THEY RECORD IT, AND SLOW IT DOWN AT THE OTHER END!

ASTONISHING, CAPTAIN!

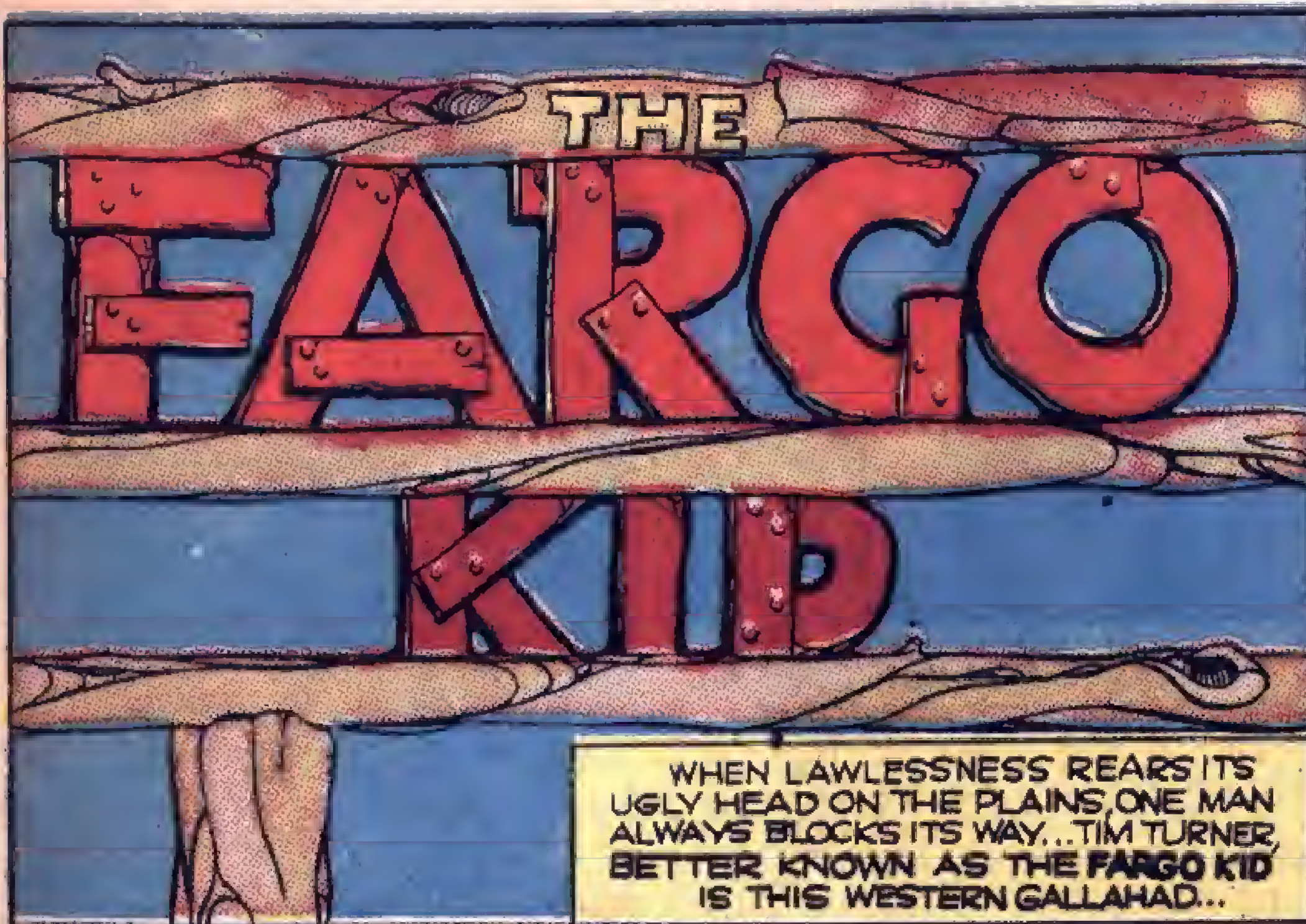
I HAVE *ONE* MORE THING TO DO! I'LL JUST HOOK UP THIS "MIKE" BEFORE I SMASH THIS OUTFIT.

A FEW MINUTES LATER IN A EUROPEAN CAPITAL.

ANOTHER MESSAGE, EMIL! A CLEVER TRICK OF SONYA'S!

HURRY! PLAY IT BACK ON THE *SLOW PHONOGRAPH*! I'LL TAKE IT DOWN!

AND NOW, MY GOOSE-STEPPING FRIENDS, TELL YOUR LEADER THAT THIS IS ALL! YOUR AUTOMATIC SPY HAS BEEN DISCOVERED. AMERICAN MILITARY INTELLIGENCE SIGNING OFF--- PERMANENTLY!



WHEN LAWLESSNESS REARS ITS UGLY HEAD ON THE PLAINS, ONE MAN ALWAYS BLOCKS ITS WAY...TIM TURNER, BETTER KNOWN AS THE FARGO KID IS THIS WESTERN GALLAHAD...

THE FARGO KID READS A REWARD POSTER.....

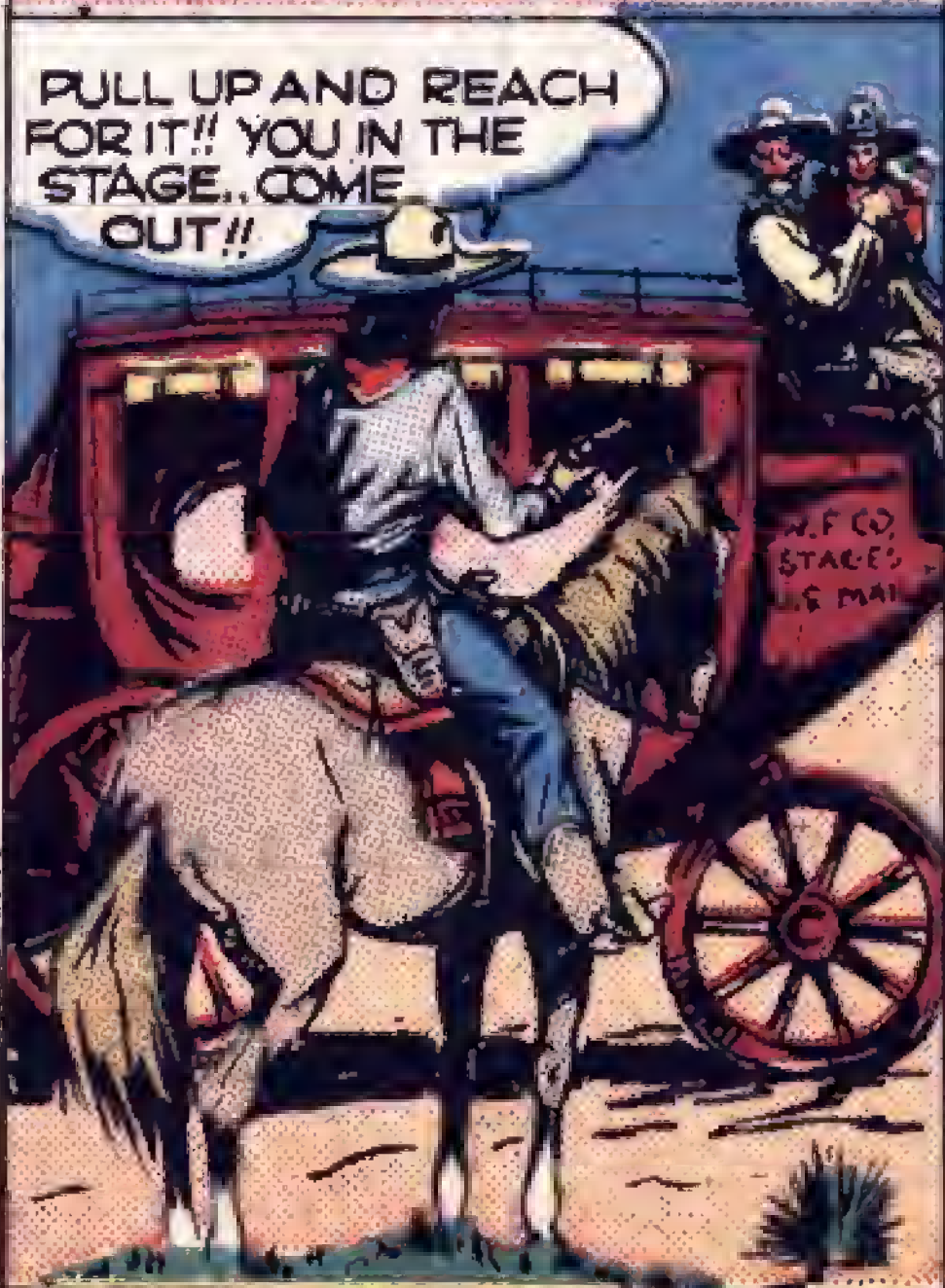
I'LL HAF TA LOOK INTO THIS...



AND A FEW HOURS LATER, THE KID IS RIDING THE STAGE TO TWIN FORKS



SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS OUT.. AND A HIGHWAYMAN HALTS THE STAGE



PULL UP AND REACH FOR IT!! YOU IN THE STAGE..COME OUT!!



WHY! IT'S A G-GIRL!!

OH!!

WELL?! WHO'D YA THINK IT WAS, THE BIG BAD WOLF!

A PASSENGER PROTESTS...

I'LL NOT STAND FOR THIS OUTRAGE... I'LL...



WITH A DARTING MOVE, THE GIRL BRINGS THE BARREL OF HER GUN ACROSS HIS FACE



NOW... I'LL TAKE YOUR VALUABLES, FOOLS!



SEEING THE GIRL OFF GUARD,
ANOTHER PASSENGER GOES FOR
HIS .45....



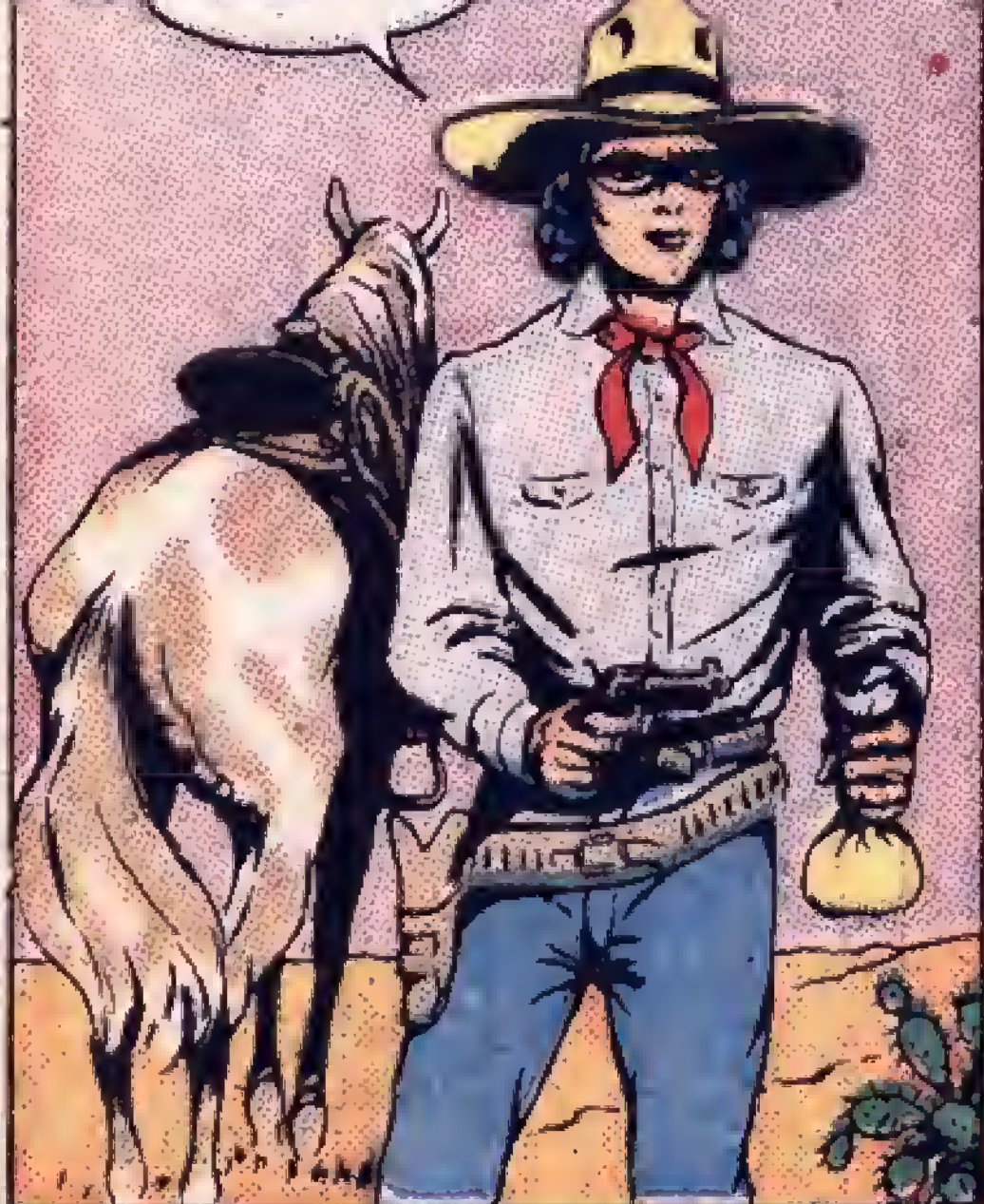
SHE SPOTS THE MOVE... FIRES...
THE MAN DROPS....



THE FARGO KID STUDIES HER
THOUGHTFULLY...



DON'T LOWER YOUR HANDS
UNTIL I'M OUT OF
SIGHT!!



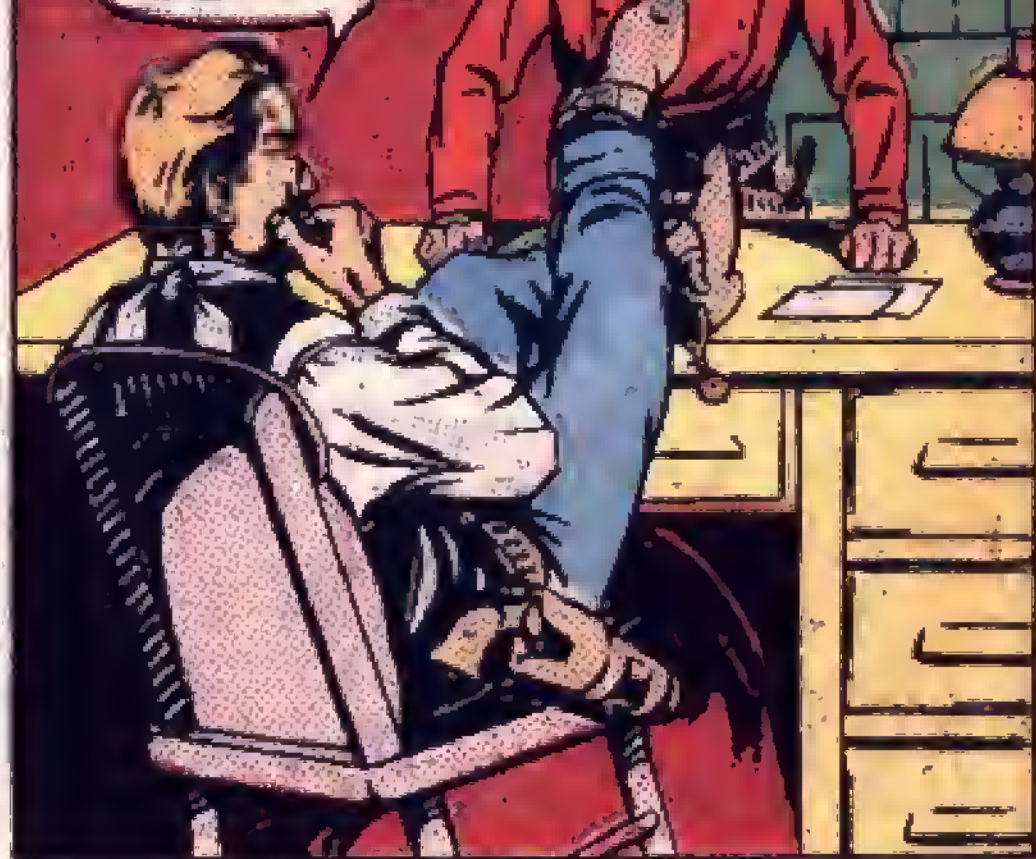
WITH THE VICTIMS STARING
HELPLESSLY, SHE THUNDERS OFF.



NEXT DAY FARGO
KID HAS A PLAN..
HE GOES TO THE
SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

HOW ABOUT THE NEW
GUARD JOB ON
THE STAGES?

WELL.. Y'MIGHT
DO...

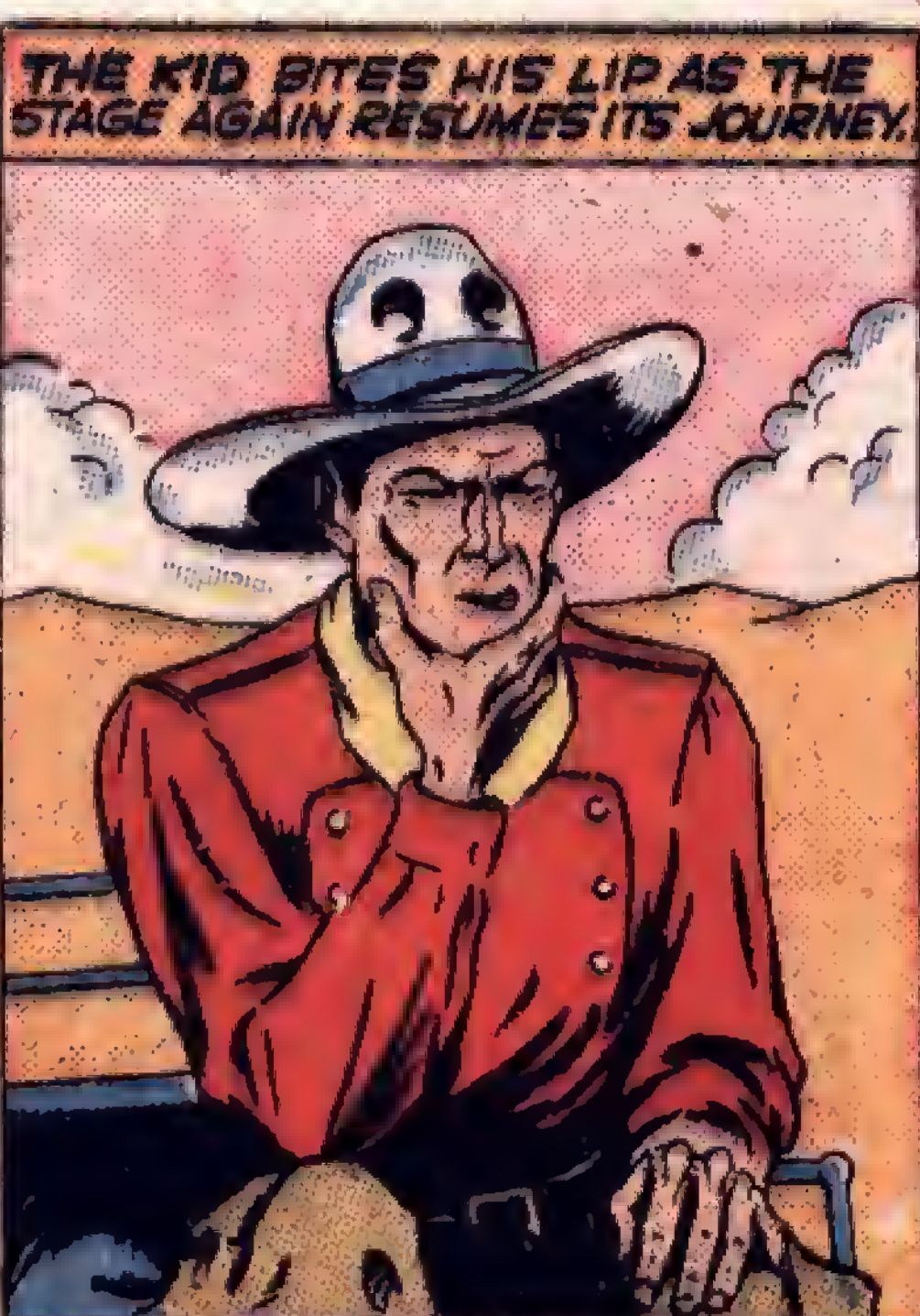


A WEEK LATER.. THE FARGO
KID NOW RIDES AS A NEW GUARD.



AT A LONELY SPOT IN THE HILLS A
FIGURE SOON WAITS GRIMLY...





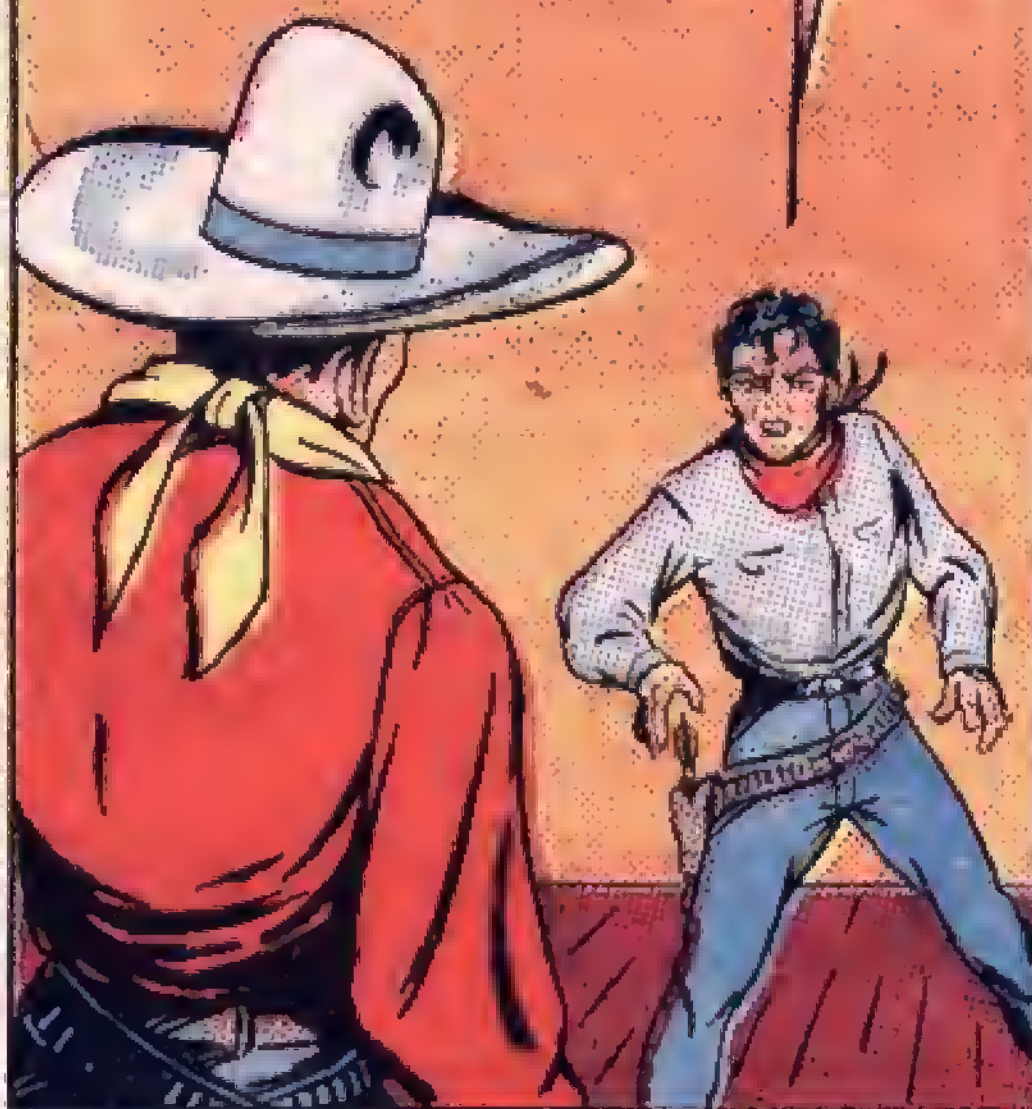
NEXT DAY..THE FARGO KID ENTERS
THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...A
DEPUTY SPEAKS

HAW!..HERE'S
OUR BIG STAGE
PROTECTOR NOW!

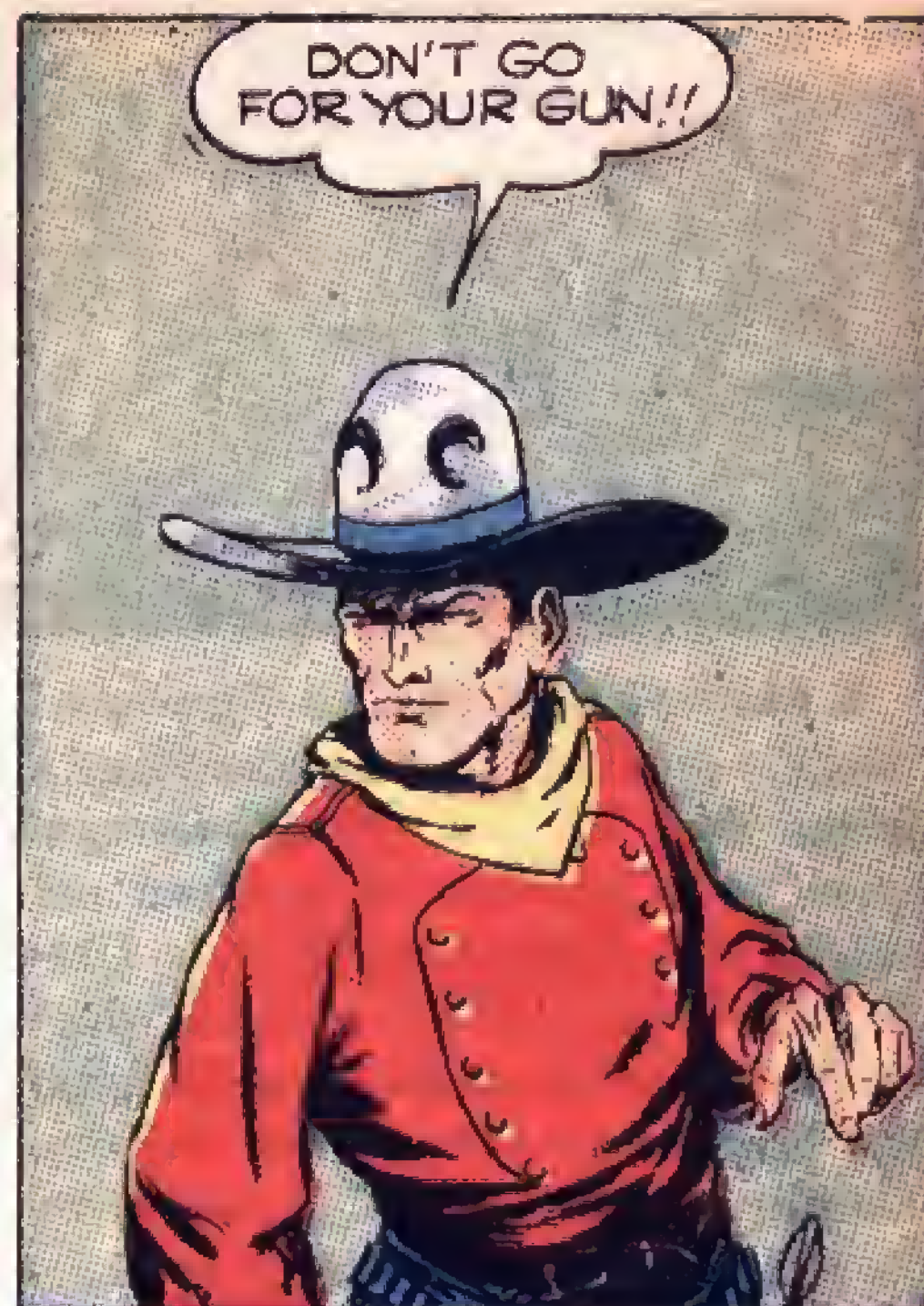


YOU SEEM HAPPY
ABOUT SOMETHING
TODAY, CAL !

W..WHY...
WHAT D'YA
MEAN ??



DON'T GO
FOR YOUR GUN!!



BUT THE DEPUTY PULLS HIS .45

WHAT D'YA WANT,
WHY DID YA
COME HERE ??



DROP
IT,
CAL!!



THE DEPUTY CRINGES IN FEAR...

SO! YA EVEN GOT
A PAL WITH
YA TOO, EH ??



NO! I'M NOT
EXACTLY HIS PAL!
AN' IF YOU AIN'T
GUILTY OF SOME-
THING WHY D'YA
AIM THAT GUN?

SHERIFF
BAXTER!

I SEE IT ALL NOW
SHERIFF... CAL HERE
WAS THE BANDIT...
HE KNEW THE STAGE
SHIPMENTS, AND BEING
IN YOUR OFFICE KNEW
I WAS RIDING AS GUARD-



- AND HE'S THE ONLY ONE
IN TOWN WHO GOT A HORSE
YOU CAN MOUNT ON
THE RIGHT... HE SHOULDN'T
OF USED HIM IN HOLD-UPS!



Fargo Kid will thrill you in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS.



It was the beginning of the "graveyard watch"—midnight. A pale moon cast a pallor over the sea. The "graveyard watch" was intended for banshees and kelpies and pigwidgeons, Captain Macmurragh reasoned. He clung to the wheel of the *Bonnie Brae* as she slipped through the darkness off the coast of Barbary. Skipper Macmurragh was far from being in a "bonnie" mood; too much had happened along this treacherous coast during the last few weeks.

"Yit I dinna ken why subs should be preyin' on honest traders an' luggers," he observed to the off-shore wind.

But the fact remained that in the past five weeks, a half dozen trading ships had rammed *something* while plying the Atlantic along the west coast of Africa. They had not been torpedoed, which put a mysterious angle on the business. *Something* had simply risen from the sea beneath them, then sank again, leaving a gaping hole in those planking hulls.

The wrecks had all occurred in the vicinity of Verde, in the region of Senegal.

"What else could it be but a sub?" argued shipping authorities. But military authorities argued differently. A sub was built to withstand tremendous external pressures over a great area; a heavy blow in a small section would crush the plates. Again, none of the ships were actually rammed; they were crushed from beneath.

It had come on to blow, and Captain Macmurragh clung to the wheel, while the little trader lifted and lurched in the growing swells. By two in the morning a half gale was blowing.

Dawn broke murky. The wind had fallen, but the long swells lost none of their menace. Fish Face, the Senegalese first mate, who had a fractured leg, hobbled on deck about seven o'clock. Captain Macmurragh knew that the pain in the giant Negro's leg must be intense.

"No need of ye comin' up, Fish Face. I—"

"Oh, tuan," interposed the big chap, "Ah jes' couldn't sleep no mo'. Ah had a awful dream, Ah did."

"A dream?" Macmurragh chuckled. "Tell me your dream, Fish Face."

Fish Face's bloodshot eyes rolled until the whites resembled two china saucers on a table of black linen.

"Ah don' like to tell it, tuan. Ah's feered it mout happen! Ah dreamed one of dem subbalines come up out dere an' we's jes' go down to de bottom!"

"Fiddle-de-dee!" chortled old Macmurragh. "Ye be possessed—"

Fish Face's shriek cut through the skipper's words like a knife. The Negro turned the color of lead and grasped a stanchion for support. He pointed, gulping. "Dere she is, tuan—Oooo-oo!"

A mile off, a dark *shape* rose out of the sea. It looked like a giant cigar. Slowly it turned in the direction of the *Bonnie Brae*. Then it slowly submerged.

"Sub!" cried skipper Macmurragh. Numb terror overspread his face. "Quick, Fish Face, break out the life rings! You, Sam," he said to the young Arab deck hand, "see to the boat!"

The old Scot was all action now. If they were to be attacked—and there was no doubt in Macmurragh's mind that they were—they might as well be prepared for it.

They didn't have to wait long. Ten minutes after the terrifying submarine had been sighted, there came a rending, crunching jar from below decks. The schooner reared out of the water three feet then settled back with a mighty splash.

All hands—there were seven in the crew—went about the business of seeing that life rings and the single boat were in readiness for a quick leave-taking.

The schooner began to heel over. They could hear the gurgling rumble of water pouring into the holds.

"Must have a hole in her big enough to drive a team of oxen through," grumbled Macmurragh. "Th' bloody divils!" He shook his fist at the water, under which the sub had come and gone.

They got the small boat launched, and the eight men climbed aboard. They were none too soon; the *Bonnie Brae* sank stern first. With a weary sigh, she slipped to her last resting place. Captain Macmurragh swiped a tear from his grizzled cheek; it rends a skipper's heart to see his command go down, although it's the smallest ship afloat.

The neatly uniformed little French lieutenant strode across the deck of the *Rita* in typically French agitation. He made a grandiose gesture with his hands, and his tiny mustache bristled.

"Sacre, M'sieu, it is more than I can take! First it is the small trading ships; now it is the private yacht of Count LeBreau!" Lieutenant Paul Laverne clapped both hands to his ears. "Nom de Dieu! The Administrator is driving me—what you say, nuts!"

Perry Scott rose from his deck chair and grinned.

"Take it easy, Lieutenant. The Administrator is hardly expecting you to solve the riddle in a day . . . Why doesn't the Government send a cruiser after the sub?"

"Monsieur Scott! The French government, she is, alas! Not what she used to be, non! We have ask for a gunboat. But no. There is a war in Europe, you know."

"Well, Lieutenant," said Perry dryly. "As I have told you, I don't believe this sub story—not in all its details. And if you'll give me leave, I'll cruise around a bit and see what I can see."

The French official smiled blandly. "Wiz the pleasure, M'sieu. The ocean she is yours! And I wish you the luck!" Lieutenant Laverne shook hands with Perry and a moment later the tender carried him back to the Verde wharf.

That afternoon Perry took the *Rita* out to sea. He had no definite plan. He had an idea, a rather fantastic one, and

he meant to run the thing down. No undersea craft he had ever seen was capable of doing the things this mysterious sub was doing. Of course, there was much development going on in craft of all kinds, due to the war. Some crackpot maybe had invented such an indestructible monster as rumor described. He doubted it.

"So what's the angle?" asked Ron Cabot, one of Scott's several assistants as they slipped into the open sea. "Ever stop to think that we might be the next victim of the sub?"

"We'll have to change it, Ron. One thing sure, we have a far better chance of outrunning this mystery sub than anything it has sent to the bottom."

They didn't sight anything that looked like a submarine all that day. Heading for the harbor at Verde just at dusk, Sparks picked up an urgent SOS from a ship about ten miles to the south. He hurried with it to Perry.

"They're in a bad way, Perry. Been rammed by that sub and going down fast. One boat, and a crew of twenty-eight—"

"Okay, Sparky." Perry slammed down hard on the full-speed lever and the *Rita* leaped ahead. They'd do the ten miles in less than an hour. Perry hoped the boat would hold all of them.

It was an old oil tanker, and she was still afloat when they hove in sight. Her bow was under a third of her length. All the crew was aboard the life boat and they were rowing like mad toward the *Rita*.

The captain scrambled up the monkey ladder first.

"Van Devers, master of the *Sirius*," he stated as he shook hands with Perry. "You came along just in time, sir."

"What rammed you?" Perry asked him.

"A sub. We sighted her a mile off, then she submerged. It wasn't ten minutes later that she stove a hole in our hull."

As they were talking, one of the Dutch crew on deck shouted, "Sub! Off the port bow!"

"Stand by the gun, men!" Perry ordered two of his men. "Fire when you have her in your sights!"

The Dutch captain held up his hands in horror. "You mean—you're going to fire on her, sir! They'll sink us—"

The four-inch gun bellowed. "Hit!" cried the gunner. "There she goes!"

The sub went down with a great "Whoo-oosh!" Five minutes later the *Rita* was cruising the spot where the sub had disappeared. The water was a bright red.

"Heavens above—blood!" gasped Van Devers.

"Yes," Perry said. "Your sub was just what I had surmised."

Van Devers looked at him. "You mean—"

"A whale—a common, old playful whale!"

**READ THE MASTER'S METEOR
ANOTHER PERRY SCOTT THRILLER
IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF
FEATURE COMICS
ON SALE AUGUST 22ND**

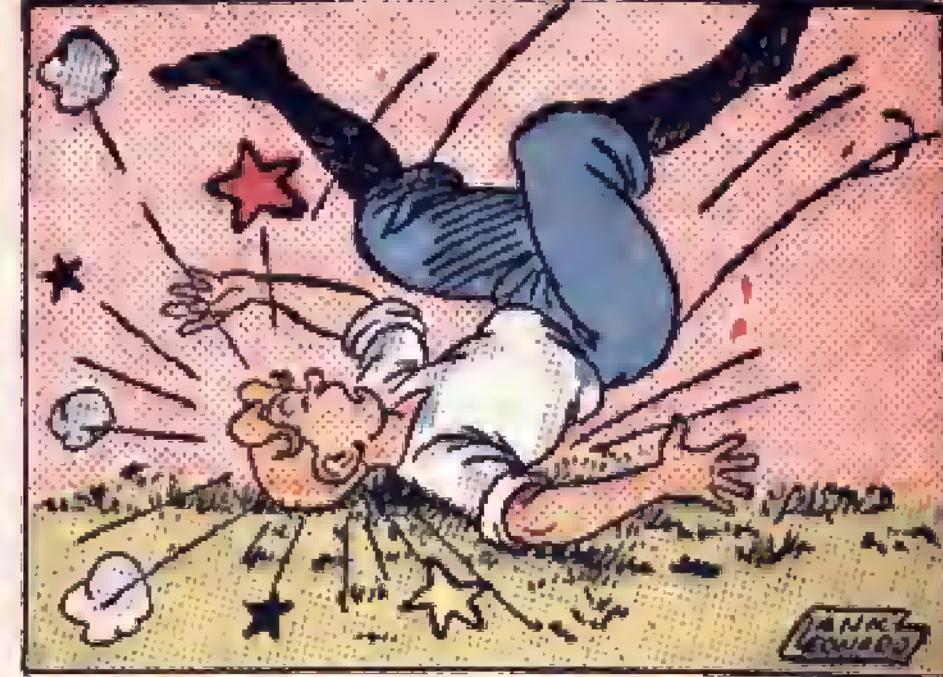
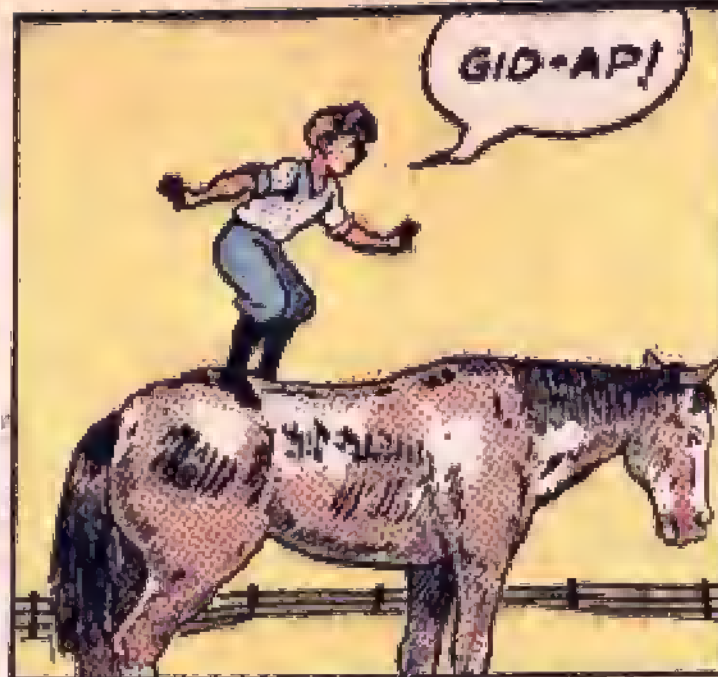
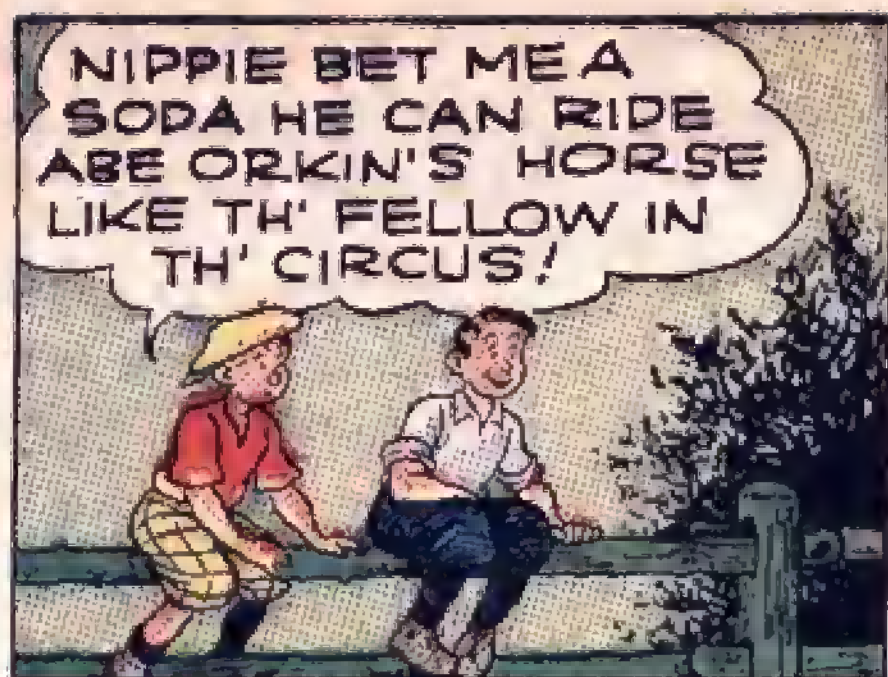
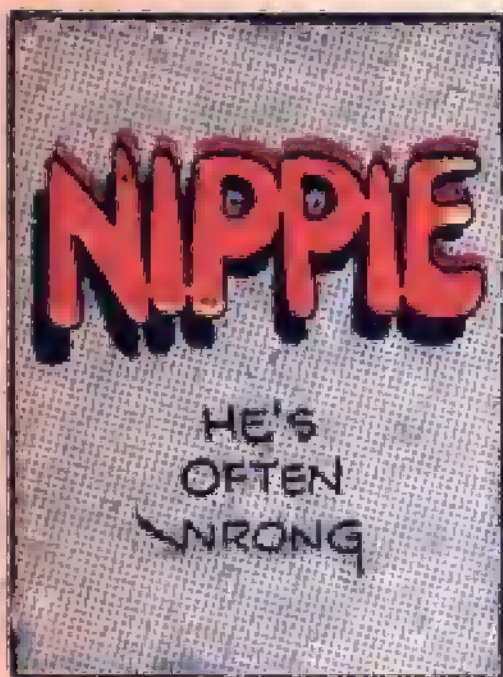


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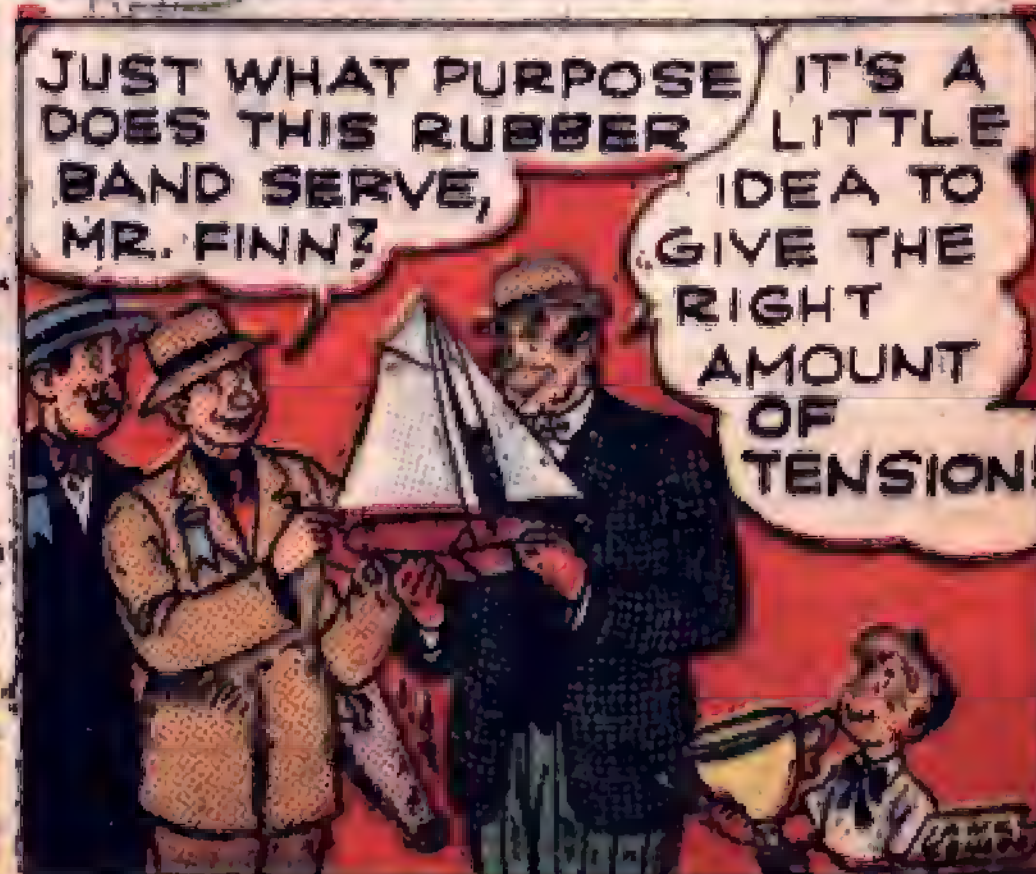
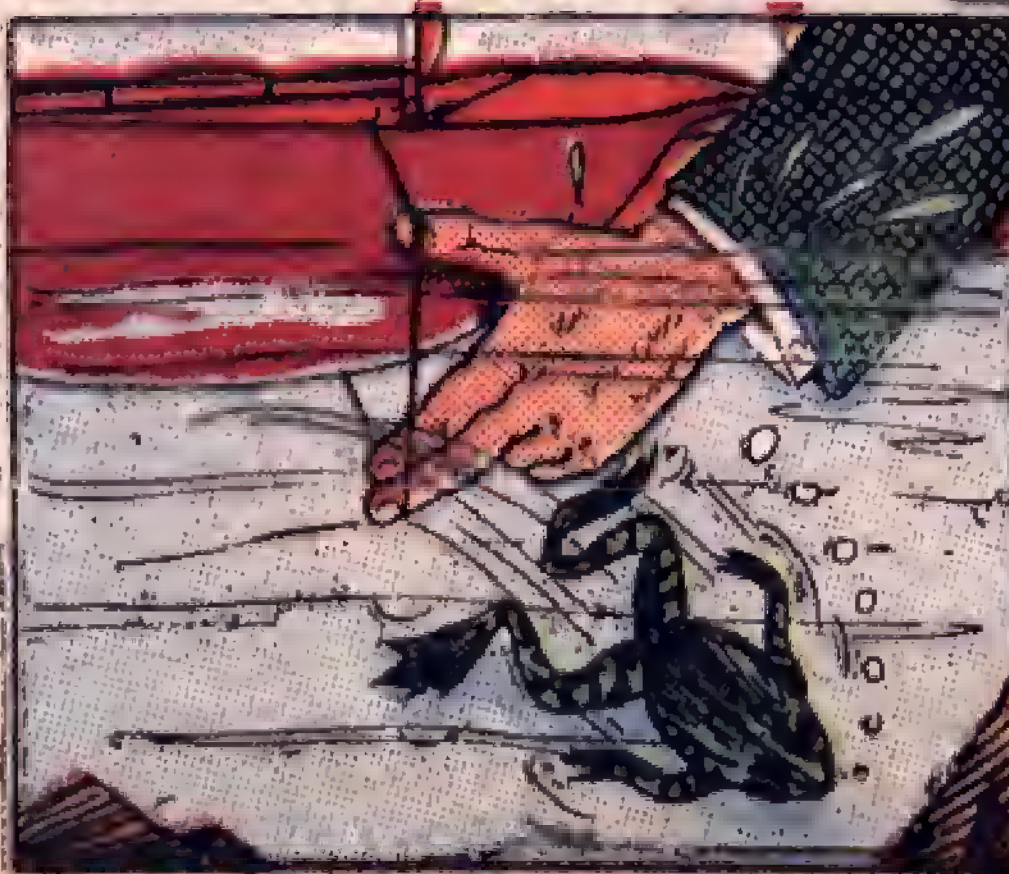
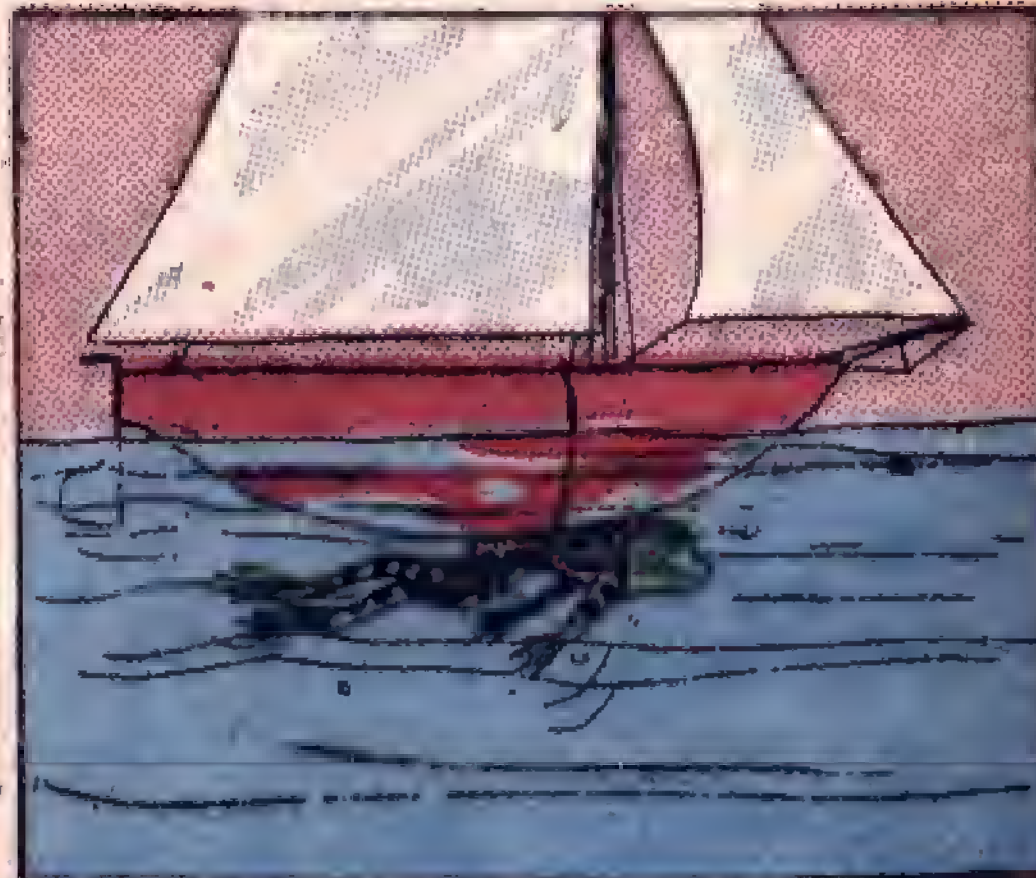
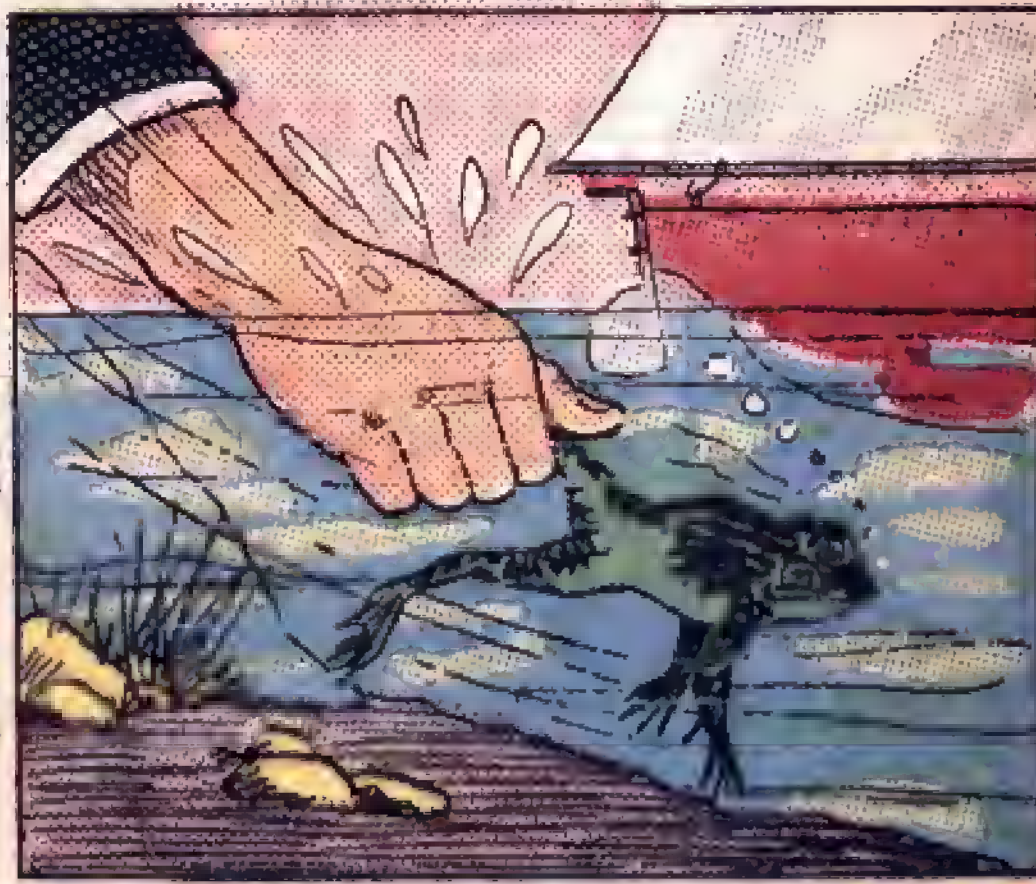
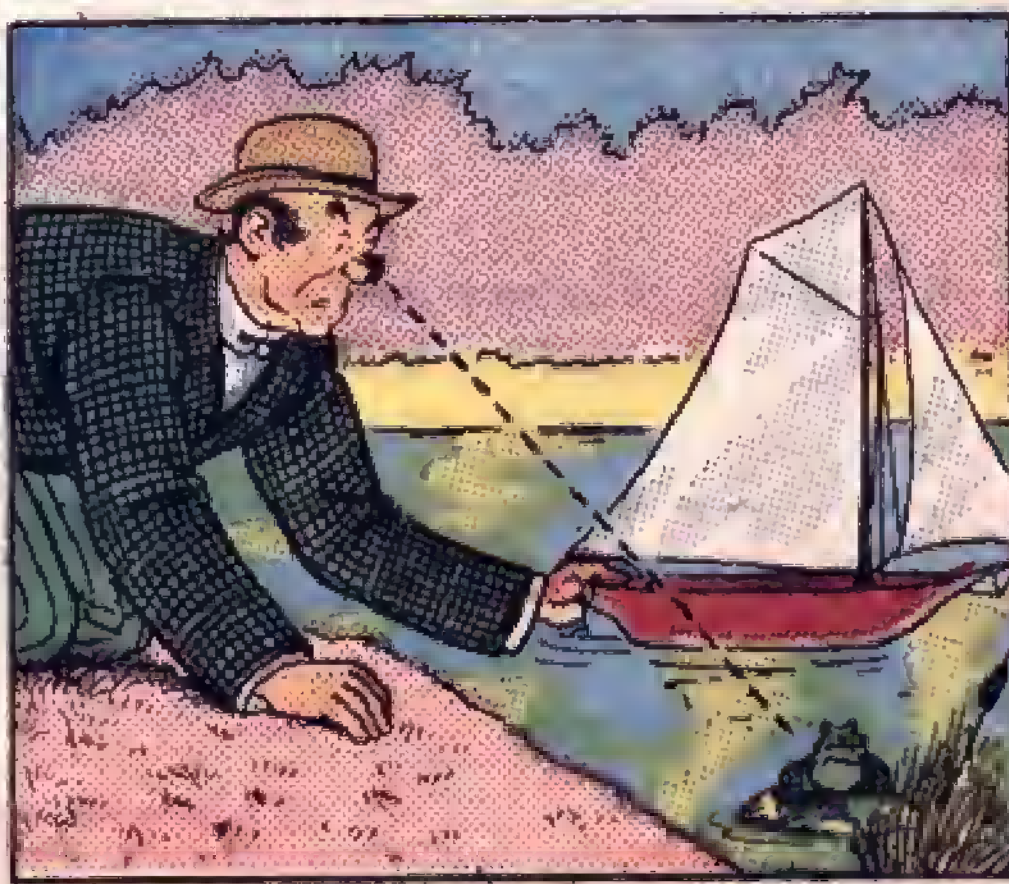
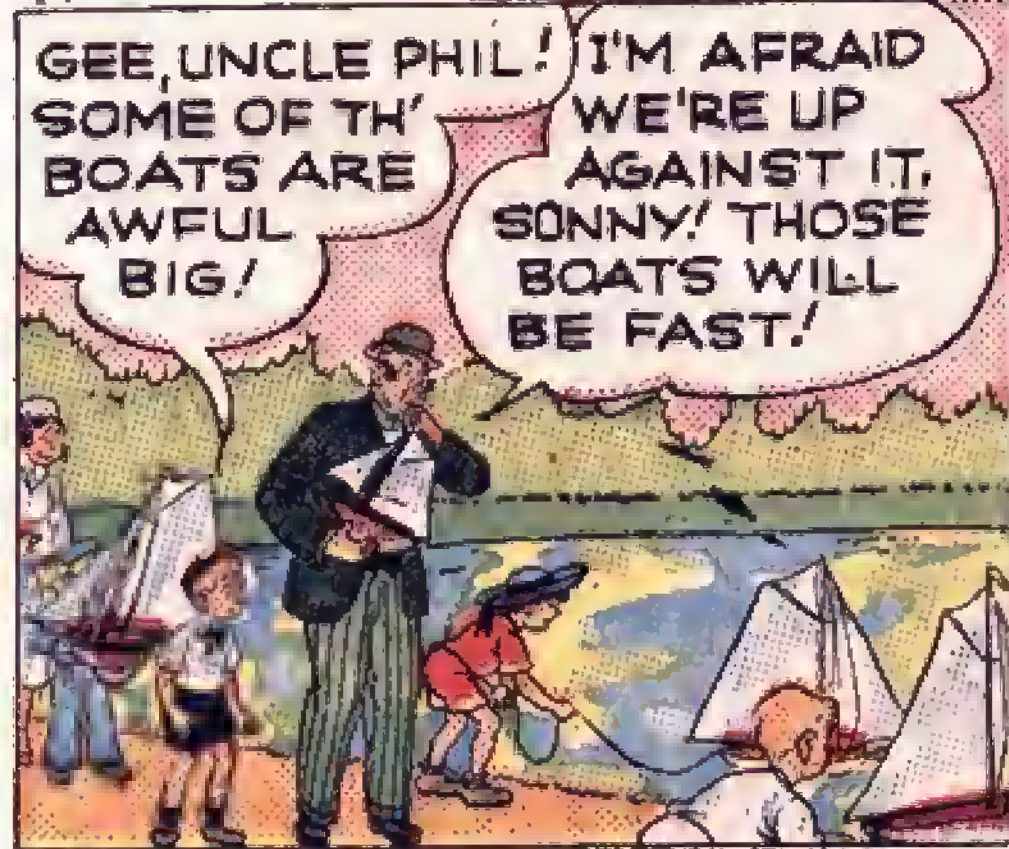
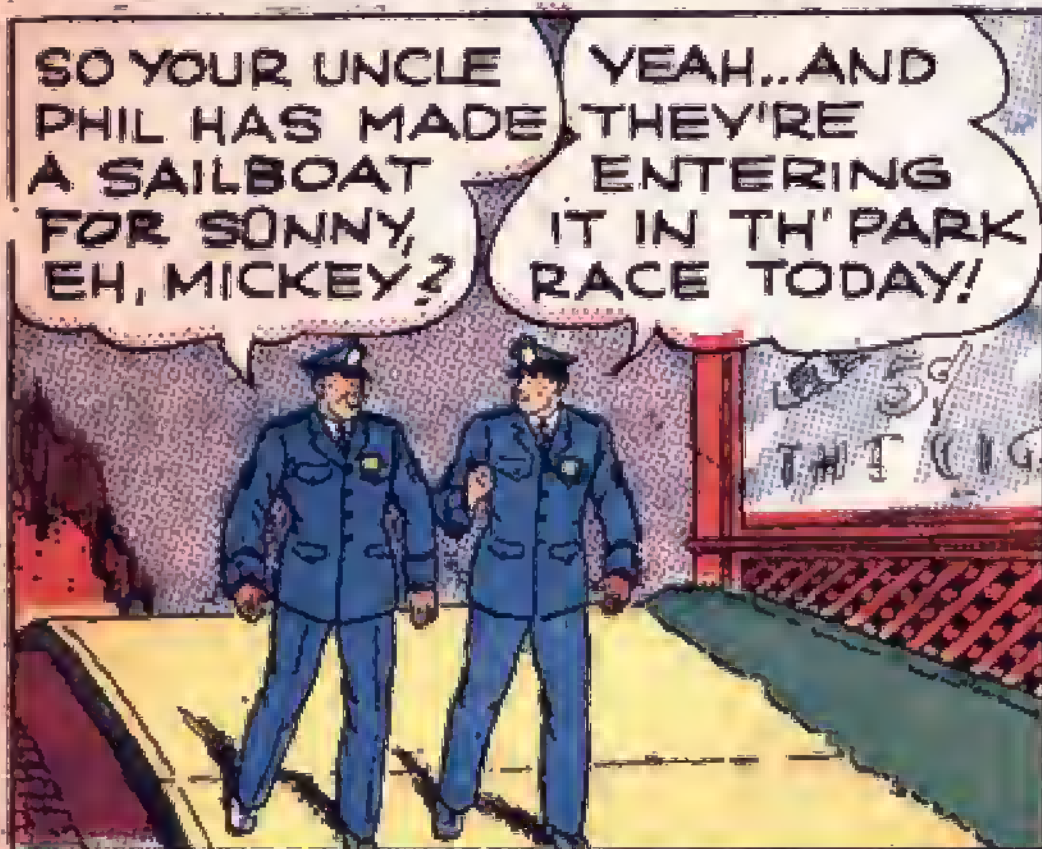
MORROW COASTER BRAKE

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION, Elmhurst, N. Y.



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

THERE'S THAT
KID YOU'RE
ALWAYS
TRYIN' TO
CATCH, NIPPIE!

YEAH, BUT
THIS TIME
I'LL CATCH
HIM!

CHEESE IT,
JOHNNY..HERE
COMES NIPPIE!

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

WHY DOES
UNCLE PHIL
ALWAYS GET
SO GROUCHY
ON TH' FOURTH
OF JULY, MA?

WELL IT WAS
ON THAT DAY
THAT HE LOST
THE ONLY GIRL
HE REALLY
LOVED..ROSIE
PLOTZMEYER!

IT WAS BACK IN 1906.. PHILIP
HAD TAKEN ROSIE TO A
PICNIC THAT HIS LODGE WAS
HAVING AT LAKE PAKASNACK

ROSIE AND THE GIRLS WERE
GETTING THE FOOD READY
WHILE PHILIP AND THE OTHER
YOUNG MEN ARRANGED THE
FIREWORKS THEY PLANNED TO
SET OFF..

PHILIP OF COURSE INSISTED
THAT HE KNEW ALL THERE WAS
TO KNOW ABOUT FIREWORKS
AND ELECTED HIMSELF TO
SET THEM OFF!

BUT AS YOU MIGHT SUPPOSE
THE VERY FIRST SKYROCKET
HE SET OFF WENT SHOOTING
ALONG THE GROUND INSTEAD
OF UP IN THE AIR AND HEAD-
ED STRAIGHT FOR...

..ROSIE! THE POOR GIRL WAS
THROWN FORWARD ON HER
FACE, RIGHT INTO A LEMON
CUSTARD PIE.. AND TO MAKE
MATTERS WORSE...

..THE FLIMSY WAIST CORSET
SHE WAS WEARING
CAUGHT FIRE..SHE DASHED
MADLY DOWN TO THE LAKE..

..FORGETTING THAT SHE
DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO SWIM
SHE JUMPED IN AND PROB-
ABLY WOULD HAVE DROWNED
IF...

ELMER FISHBACK WHO ALSO
LOVED HER HAD NOT DIVED
IN, GRABBED HER JUST AS
SHE WAS GOING DOWN FOR
A THIRD TIME..

NATURALLY, ROSIE LEFT NO
DOUBTS AS TO THE WAY SHE
FELT.. SIX MONTHS LATER
ROSIE AND ELMER FISHBACK
WERE MARRIED!

WELL, HE MAY
HAVE LOST
HIS GIRL, MA..
BUT I'LL
BET HE
LEARNED
A LESSON!

I'M AFRAID
HE DIDN'T
MICHAEL!

NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

NIPPIE

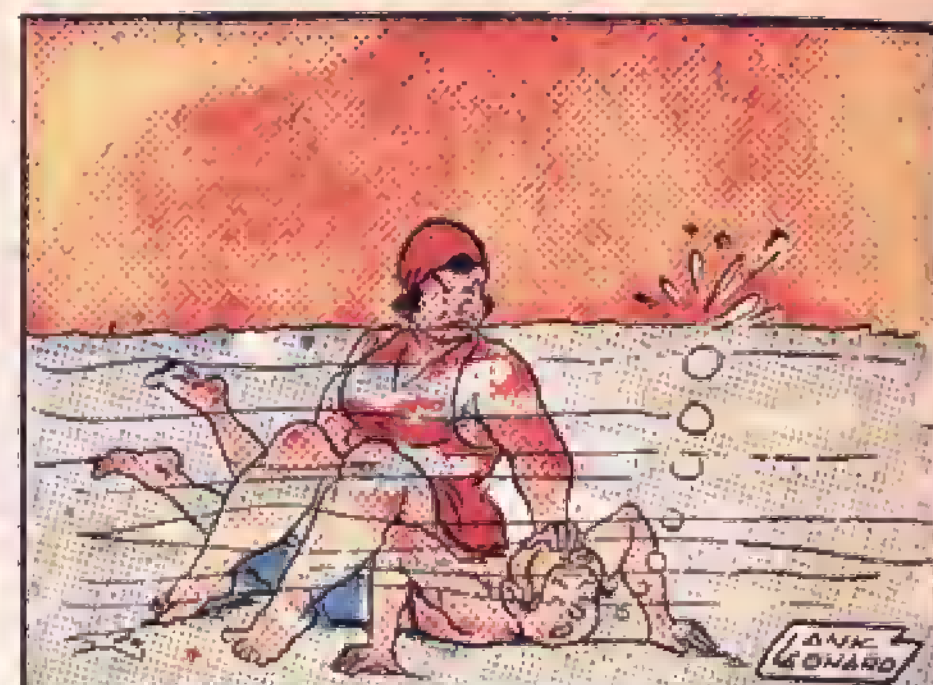
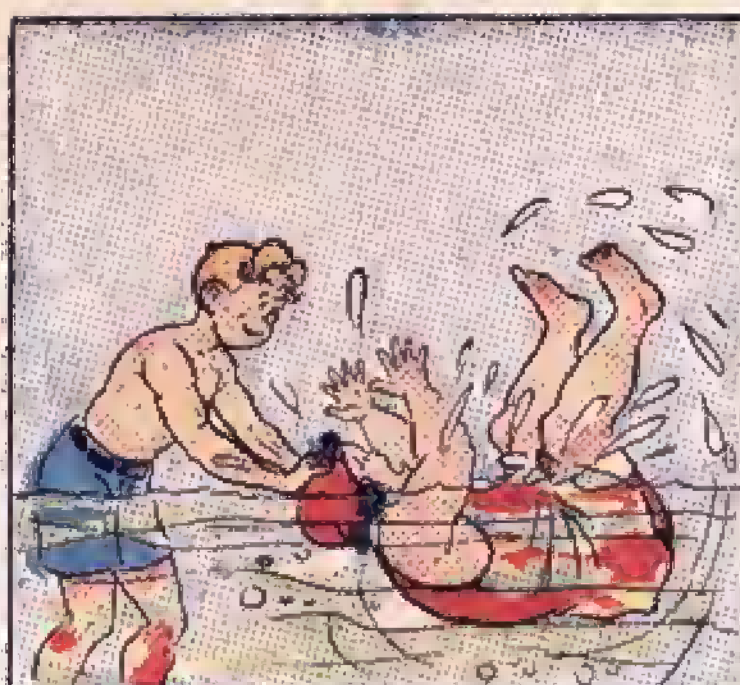
HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

YOU'D BETTER NOT TRY TO DUCK FAT EMMA, SHE WON'T TAKE ANY POOLING!

SHE'LL TAKE IT FROM ME!

YOU'D BETTER NOT TRY TO DUCK FAT EMMMA, SHE WON'T TAKE ANY POOLING!

SHE'LL TAKE IT FROM ME!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

HAS YOUR
UNCLE PHIL
SEEN UNCLE
OWNEY SINCE
HE MARRIED
FANNY BURNS?

NOT YET.. UNCLE
PHIL IS STILL
SORE BECAUSE
OWNEY STOLE
FANNY AWAY..
THEY'LL MEET
TONIGHT AT
TH' LODGE
DANCE!

HAS YOUR
UNCLE PHIL
SEEN UNCLE
OWNEY SINCE
HE MARRIED
FANNY BURNS?

NOT YET.. UNCLE
PHIL IS STILL
SORE BECAUSE
OWNEY STOLE
FANNY AWAY..
THEY'LL MEET
TONIGHT AT
TH' LODGE
DANCE!

HERE COMES
OWNEY AND FANNY,
PHIL..NOW
REMEMBER,WE
DONT WANT
ANY FIGHTING!

AW.. I
WOULDN'T
EVEN
SPEAK TO
THE
SNAKE!

HERE COMES
OWNEY AND FANNY,
PHIL..NOW
REMEMBER,WE
DONT WANT
ANY FIGHTING!

AW.. I
WOULDN'T
EVEN
SPEAK TO
THE
SNAKE!

LISTEN, CLANCY.. YEAH..
DID OWNEY I GUESS
JUST ASK FANNY ISN'T
YOU FOR LETTING HIM
SOME HANDLE HER
DOUGH? DOUGH LIKE
HE THOUGHT
SHE WOULD

LISTEN, CLANCY.. YEAH..
DID OWNEY I GUESS
JUST ASK FANNY ISN'T
YOU FOR LETTING HIM
SOME HANDLE HER
DOUGH? DOUGH LIKE
HE THOUGHT
SHE WOULD

?

BUT I WAS JUST HAVING GINGER ALE!

DON'T LIE TO ME! I TOLD YOU TO KEEP AWAY FROM THE BAR!

?

BUT I WAS JUST HAVING GINGER ALE!

DON'T LIE TO ME! I TOLD YOU TO KEEP AWAY FROM THE BAR!

A cartoon illustration of a card game. A man in a suit asks "WHAT'S TRUMP?", another man replies "NUTS!", and a woman in a red dress exclaims "OWNEY!" while pointing. The scene is set in a room with yellow walls and a red ceiling.

A cartoon illustration of a card game. A man in a suit asks "WHAT'S TRUMP?", another man replies "NUTS!", and a woman in a red dress exclaims "OWNEY!" while pointing. The scene is set in a room with yellow walls and a red ceiling.

A cartoon illustration of a card game. A man in a suit asks "WHAT'S TRUMP?", another man replies "NUTS!", and a woman in a red dress exclaims "OWNEY!" while pointing. The scene is set in a room with yellow walls and a red ceiling.

YOU'RE TH' MANICURIST
IN THE SAVOY
BARBER SHOP,
AREN'T YOU?

YES!

OWNEY!

YOU'RE TH' MANICURIST
IN THE SAVOY
BARBER SHOP,
AREN'T YOU?

YES!

OWNEY!

YOU'RE TH' MANICURIST
IN THE SAVOY
BARBER SHOP,
AREN'T YOU?

YES!

OWNEY!

A comic book panel with a red background. In the center, a man with a long white beard and a dark suit is shouting. To his right, a woman in a red dress and a white headscarf is also shouting. To the left, a man in a dark suit and glasses is looking on. Speech bubbles contain the text: "BUT I..." and "SHUT UP! WE'RE GOING HOME!".

BUT I...

SHUT UP!
WE'RE GOING HOME!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE NOT MAD AT UNCLE OWNEY ANYMORE?

I'LL SAY. I AIN'T, MICHAEL! HE DID ME A GREAT FAVOR!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE NOT MAD AT UNCLE OWNEY ANYMORE?

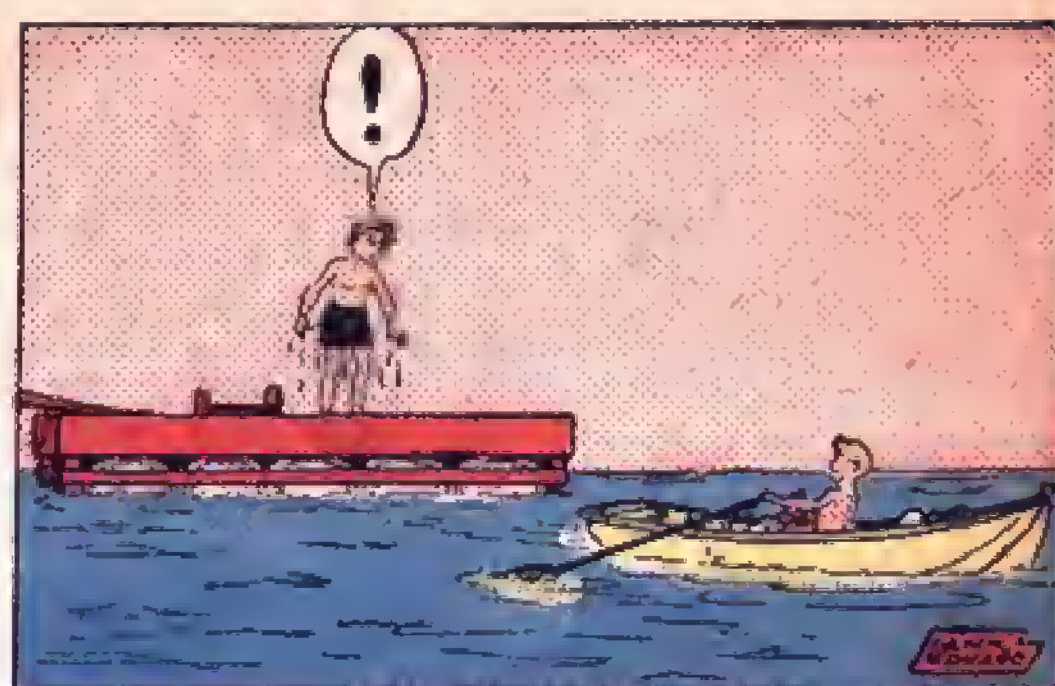
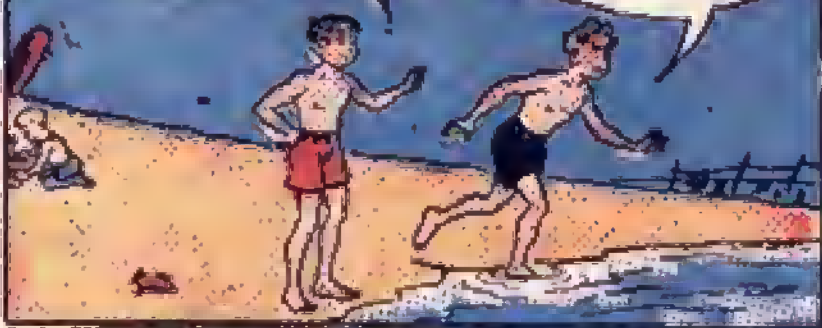
I'LL SAY. I AIN'T, MICHAEL! HE DID ME A GREAT FAVOR!

NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

LOOK, NIPPIE.. IT'S A
LITTLE
JOHNNY
CURTIS IS
ON TH' FLOAT
ALL ALONE!

IT'S A
LONG SWIM
BUT TO
CATCH
HIM IT'S
WORTH
IT!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

YOUR
UNCLE
PHIL HAS
PROMISED
NOT TO
LOSE HIS
TEMPER?

YUP..HE READ IN
A BOOK THAT
PEOPLE WHO FLY
INTO A RAGE
USUALLY HAVE
WEAK MINDS!



IT'S A GOOD
TIP, PHIL..I
JUST GOT IT
FROM TH'
JOCKEY'S
GRANDFATHER!

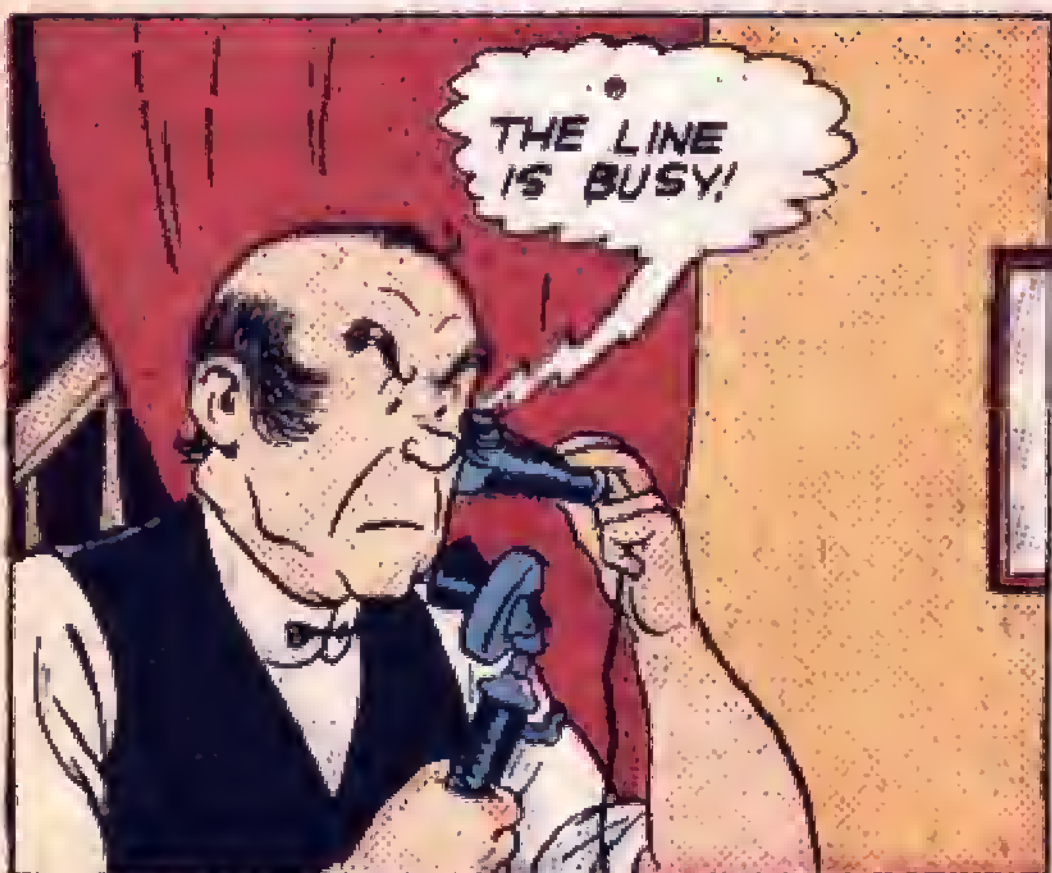
"MUDDIE", IN
TH' THIRD
RACE? I'LL
JUST HAVE
TIME TO
PHONE MY
BOOKIE!



OPERATOR! GET ME
GOOSEBERRY 5-6-9-5-5
QUICK!



THE LINE
IS BUSY!



GOOSEBERRY
5-6-9-5-5!

THE LINE
IS STILL
BUSY!!



LISTEN, OPERATOR
I'VE BEEN TRYIN'
TO GET THAT
NUMBER
FOR TEN
MINUTES!

I'M
SORRY
SIR, BUT
GOOSEBERRY
5-6-9-5-5 IS
STILL BUSY!



GOOSEBERRY
5-6-9-5-5!

THE LINE
IS STILL
BUSY..I WILL
CALL YOU!



GOOSEBERRY
5-6-9-5-5!
AND DON'T
TELL ME IT'S
STILL BUSY!

HERE'S
YOUR
PARTY,
SIR!



HELLO STEVE!
THIS IS PHIL FINN...
I WANTA BET FIVE
BUCKS ON MUDDIE
IN THE
THIRD!

YOU'RE
TOO
LATE..
THAT
RACE IS
OVER!

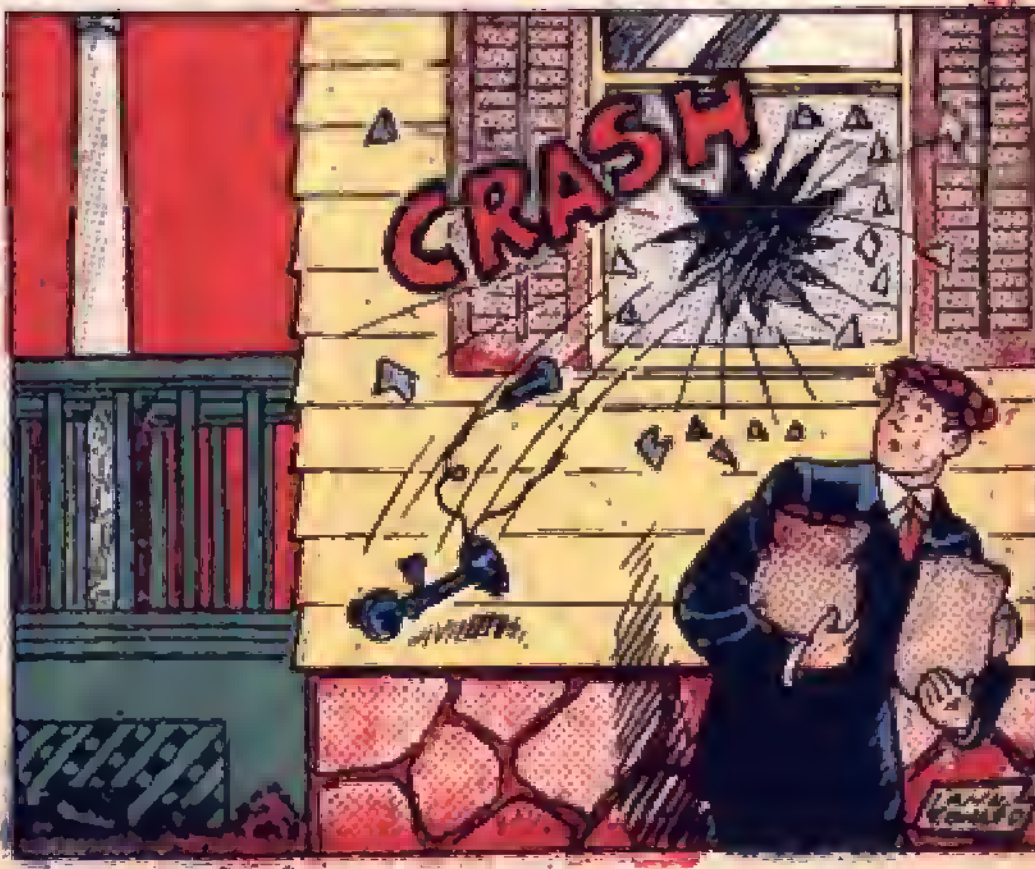


W-WHAT
HORSE
WON?

MUDDIE!
TOO BAD, PHIL..
YOUR FIVE
WOULDA WON
\$2,500!

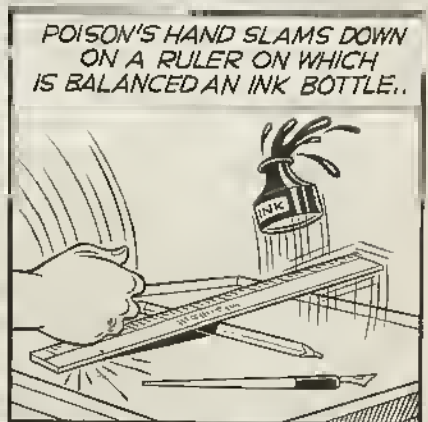
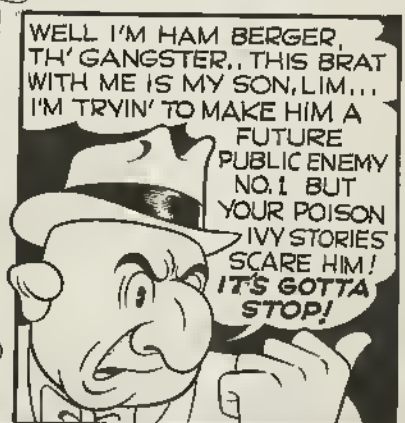
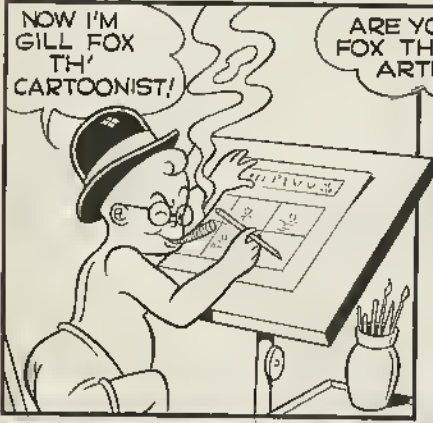
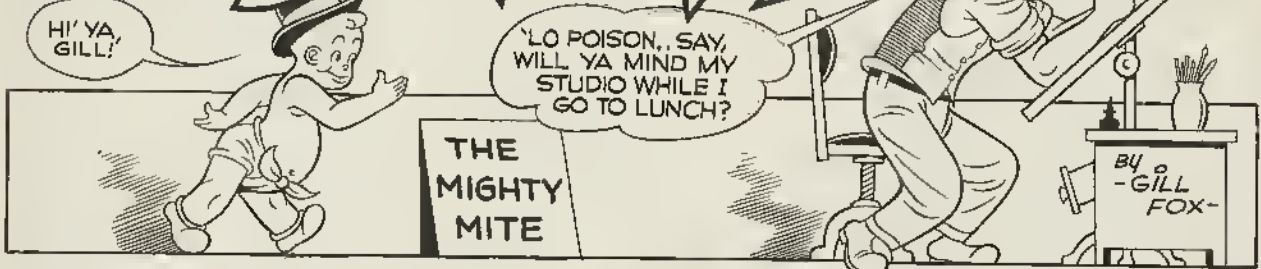


CRASH

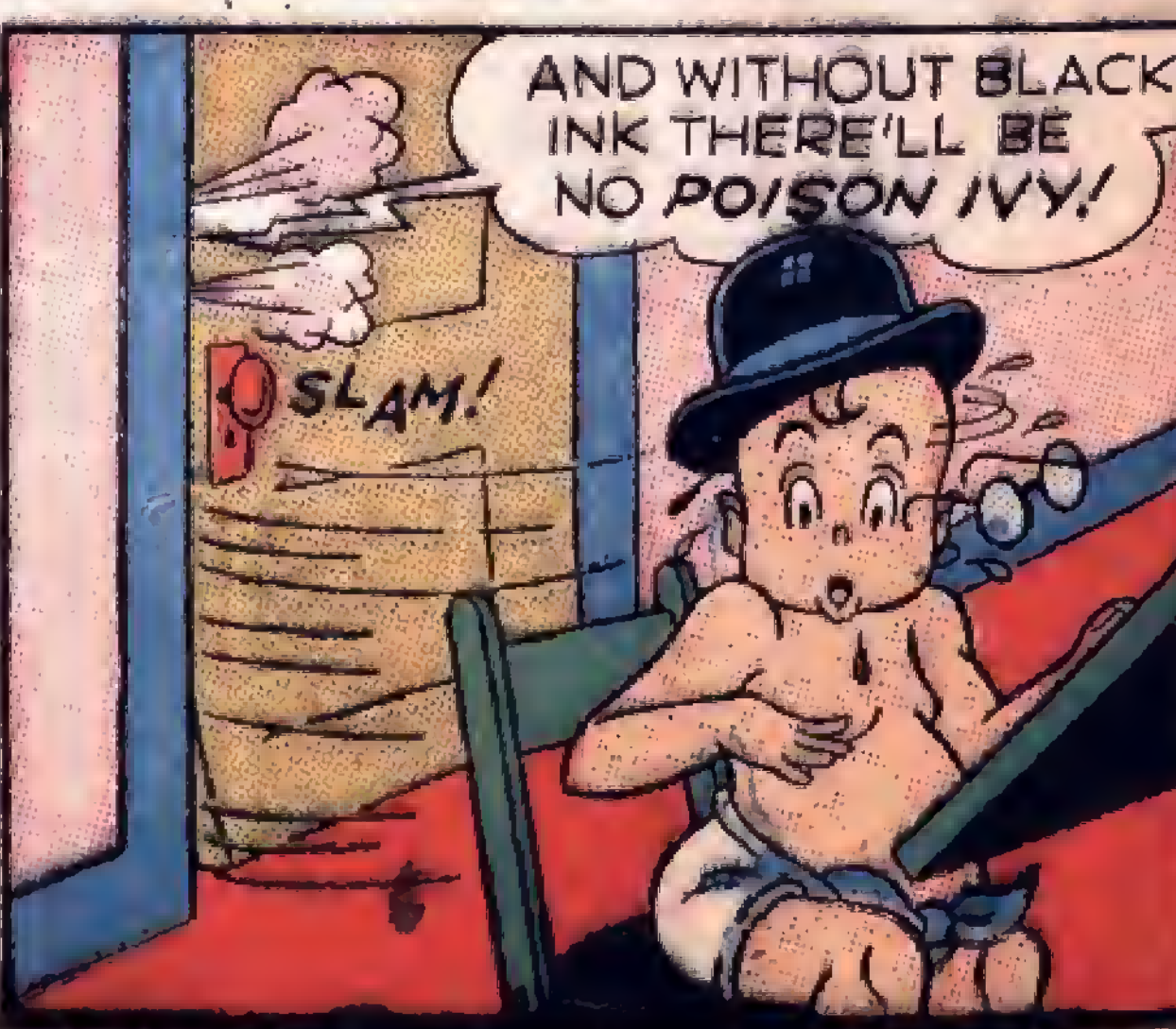
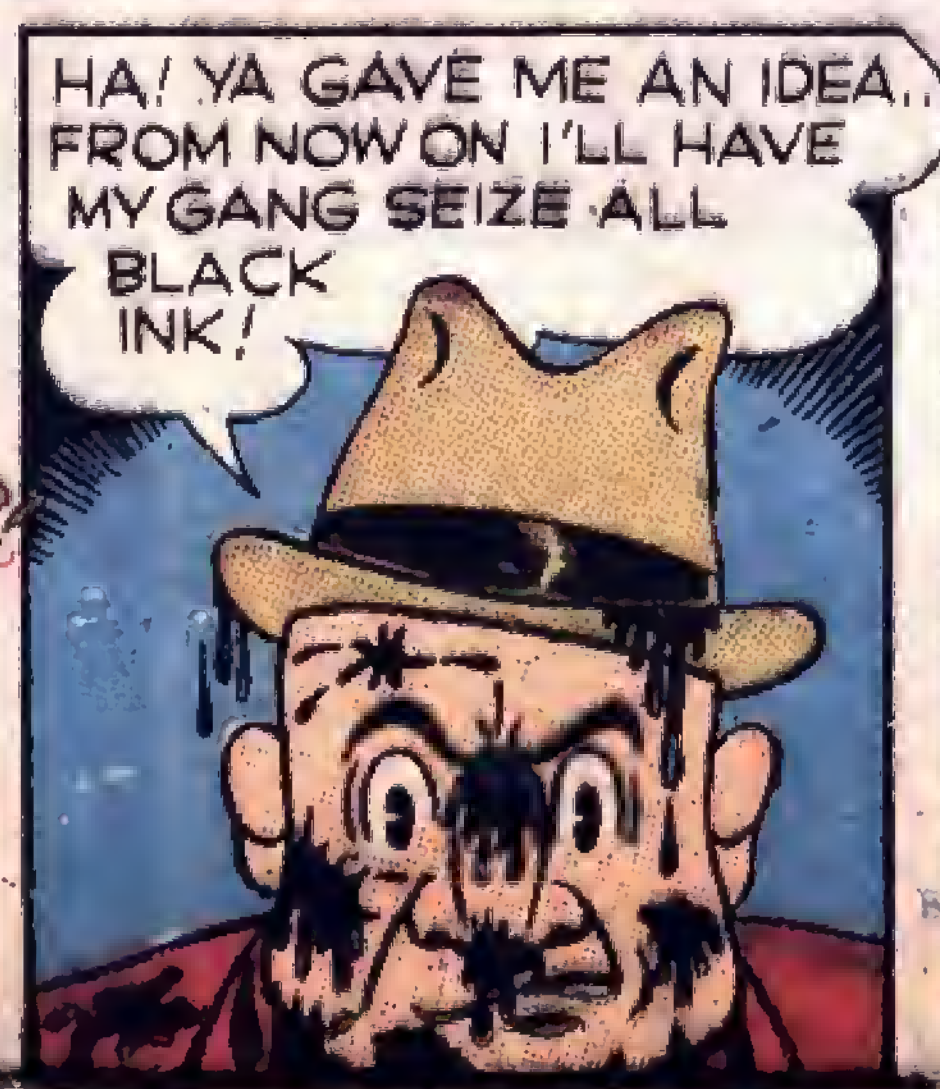
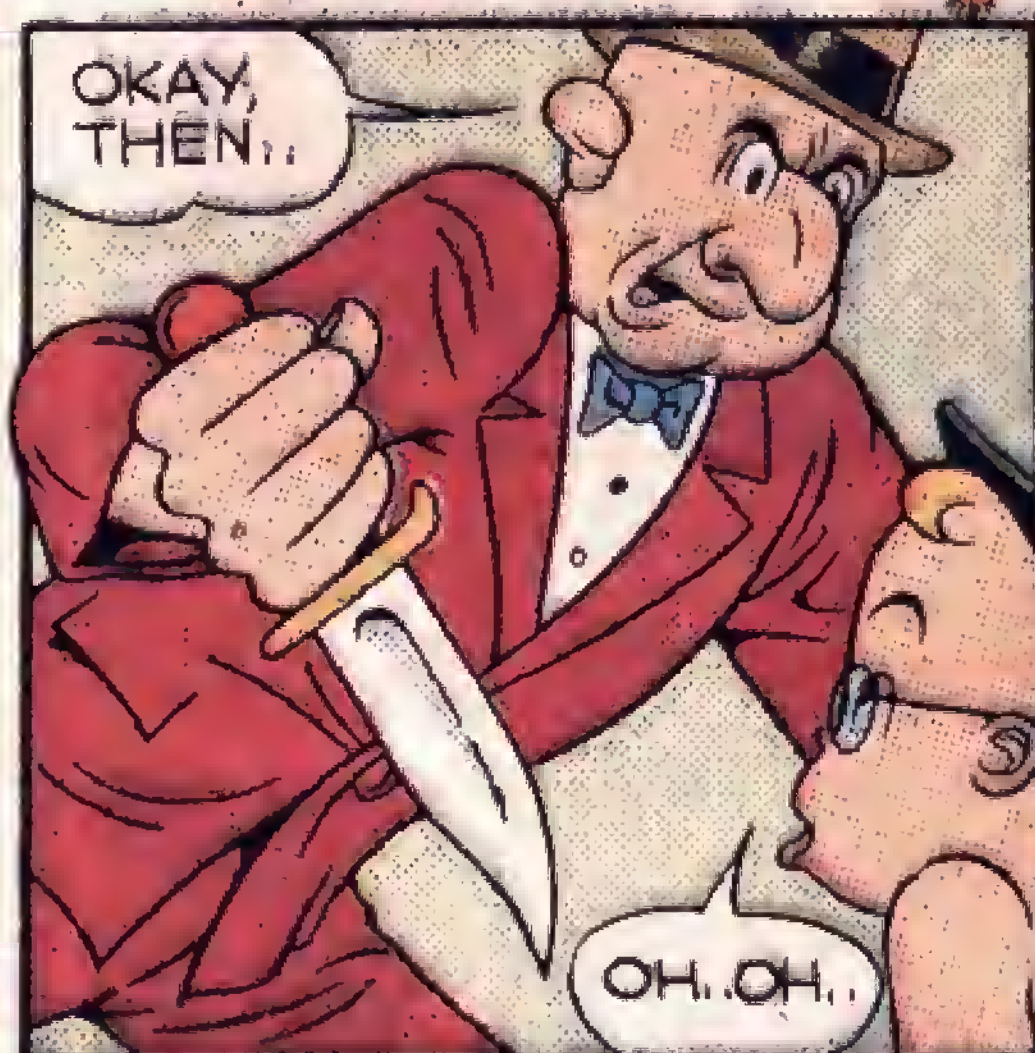
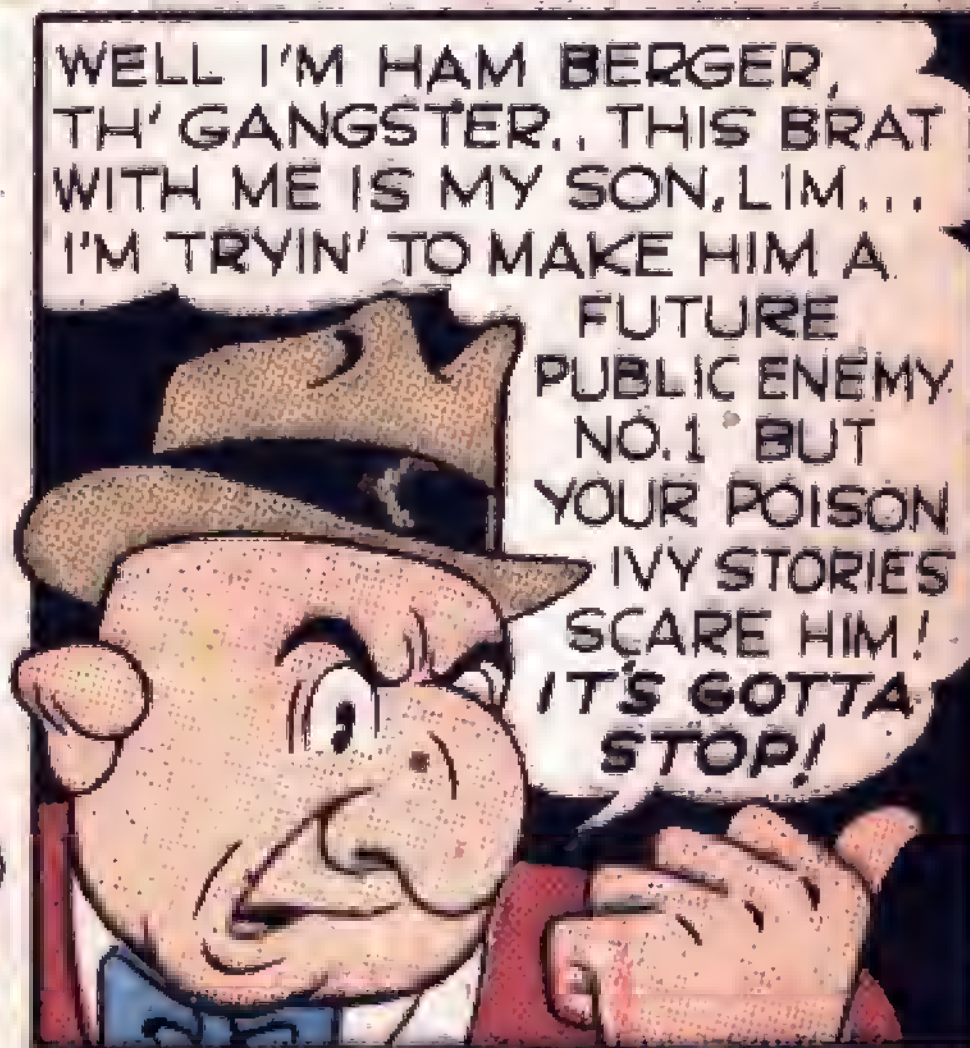
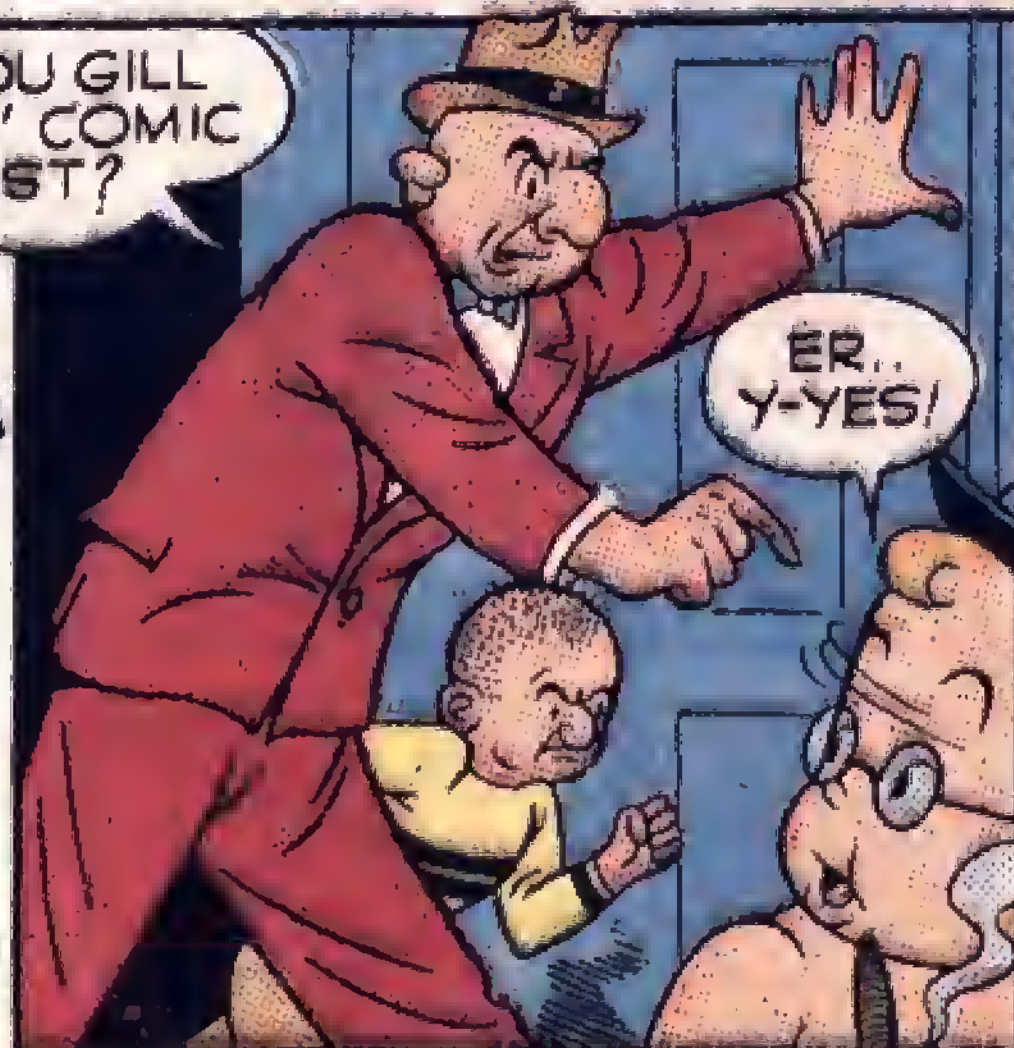
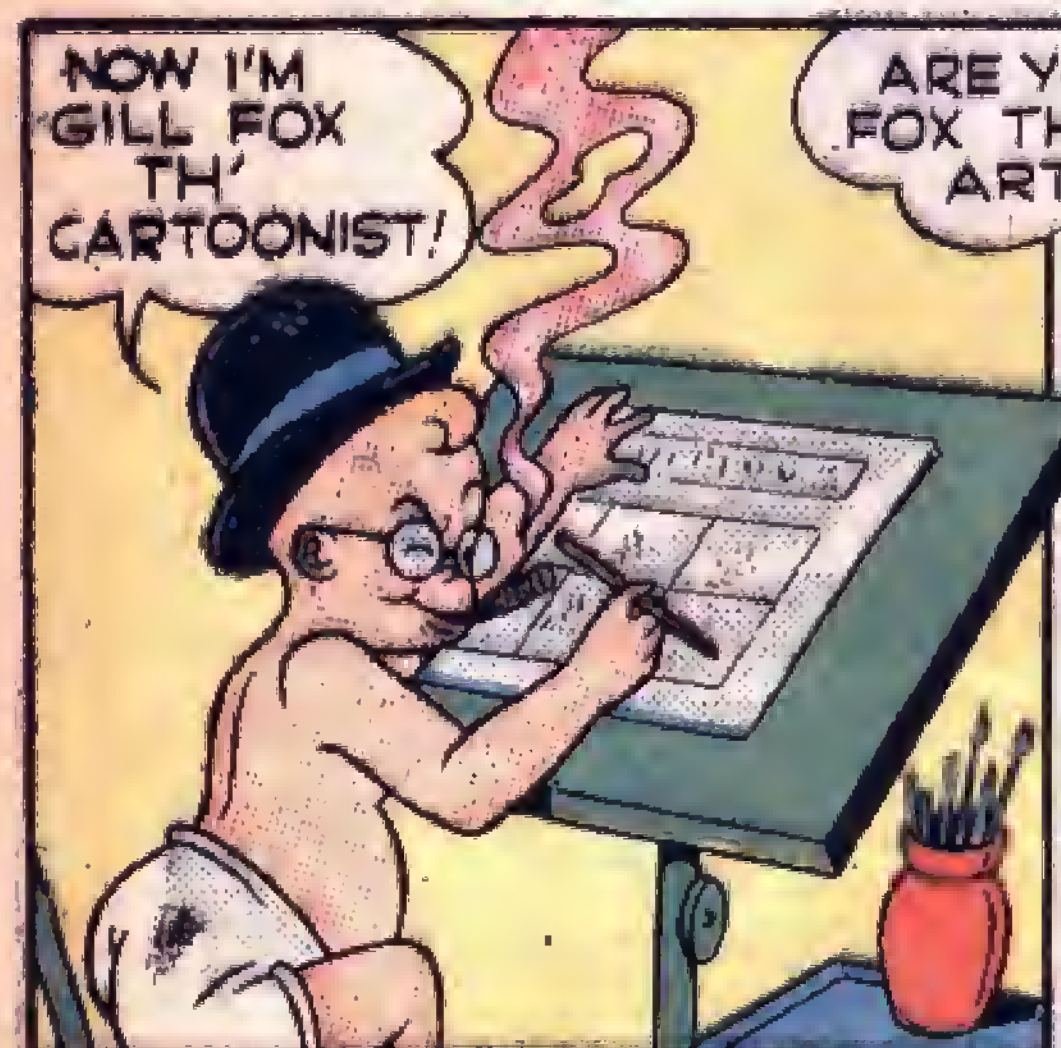
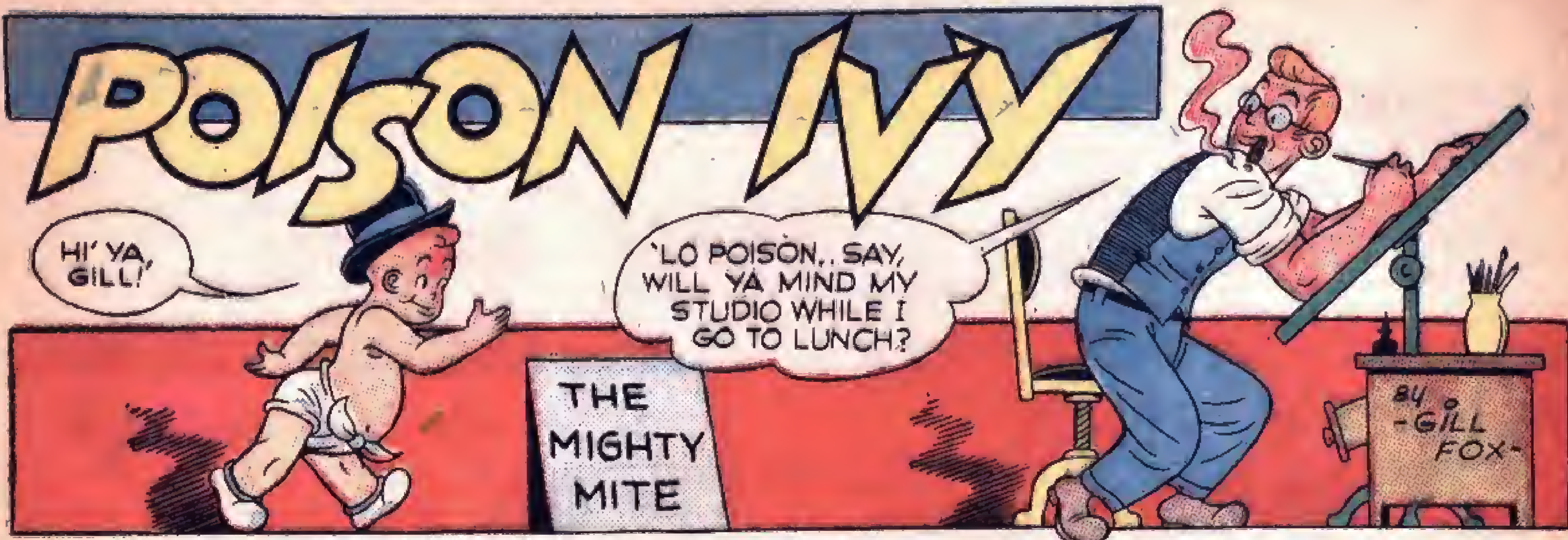


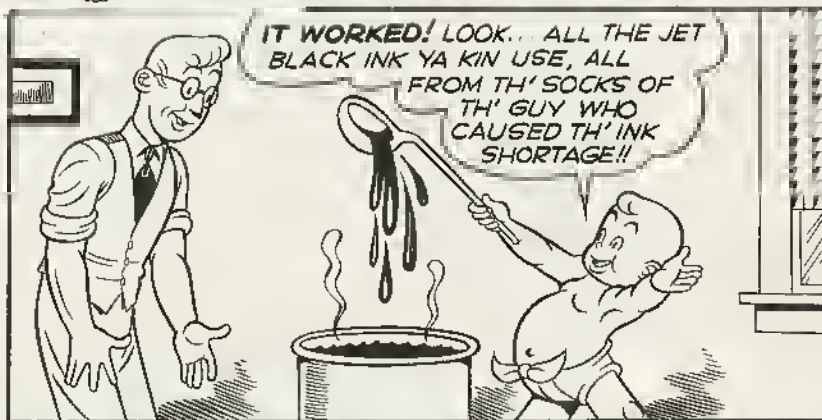
Enjoy Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS.

POISON IVY



POISON IVY







NEXT DAY, BERGER'S MEN START TO WRECK ALL BLACK INK!

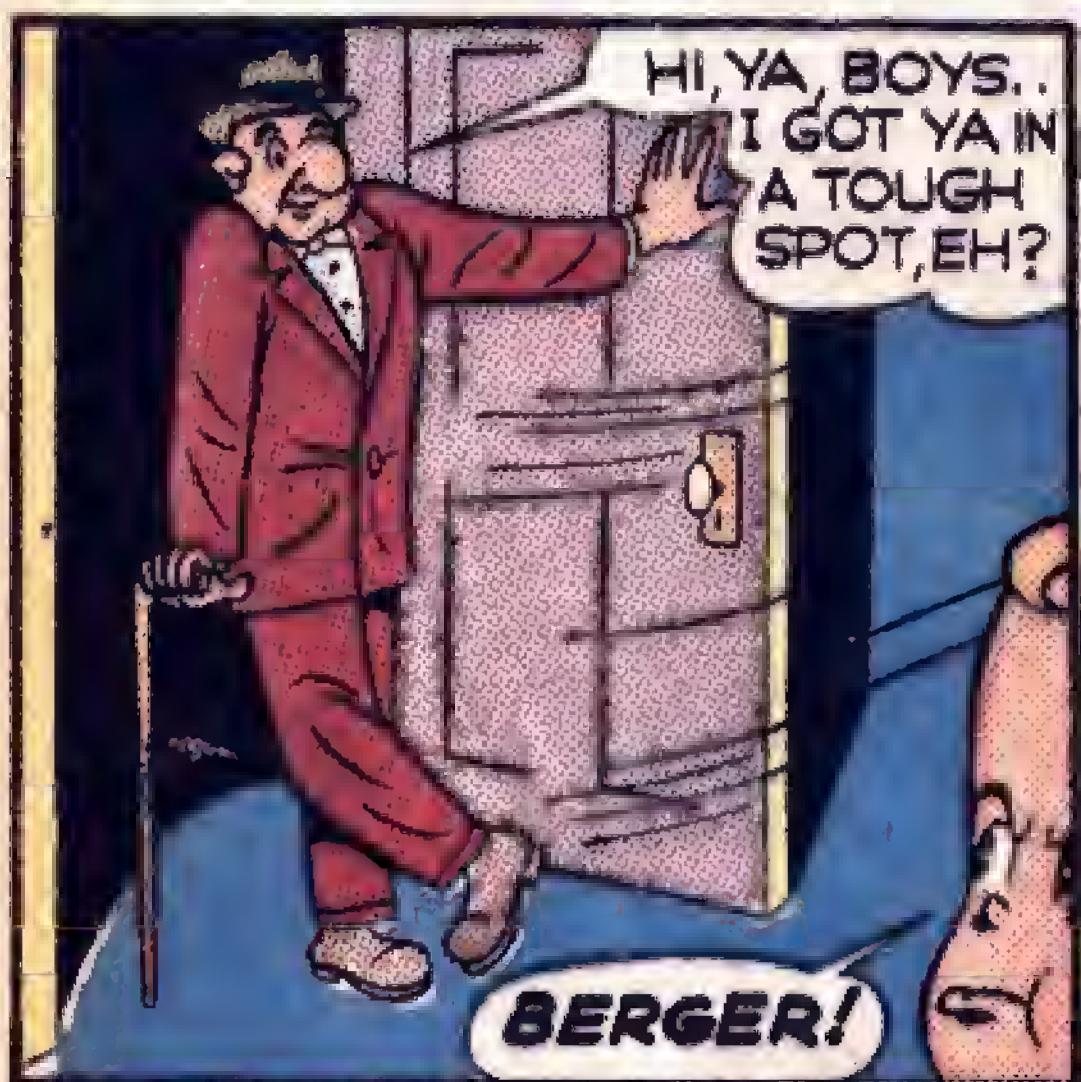


EVENING BURP EXTRA
BLACK INK FAMINE ON!
COMIC CHARACTERS DIE BY THOUSANDS
GONE!



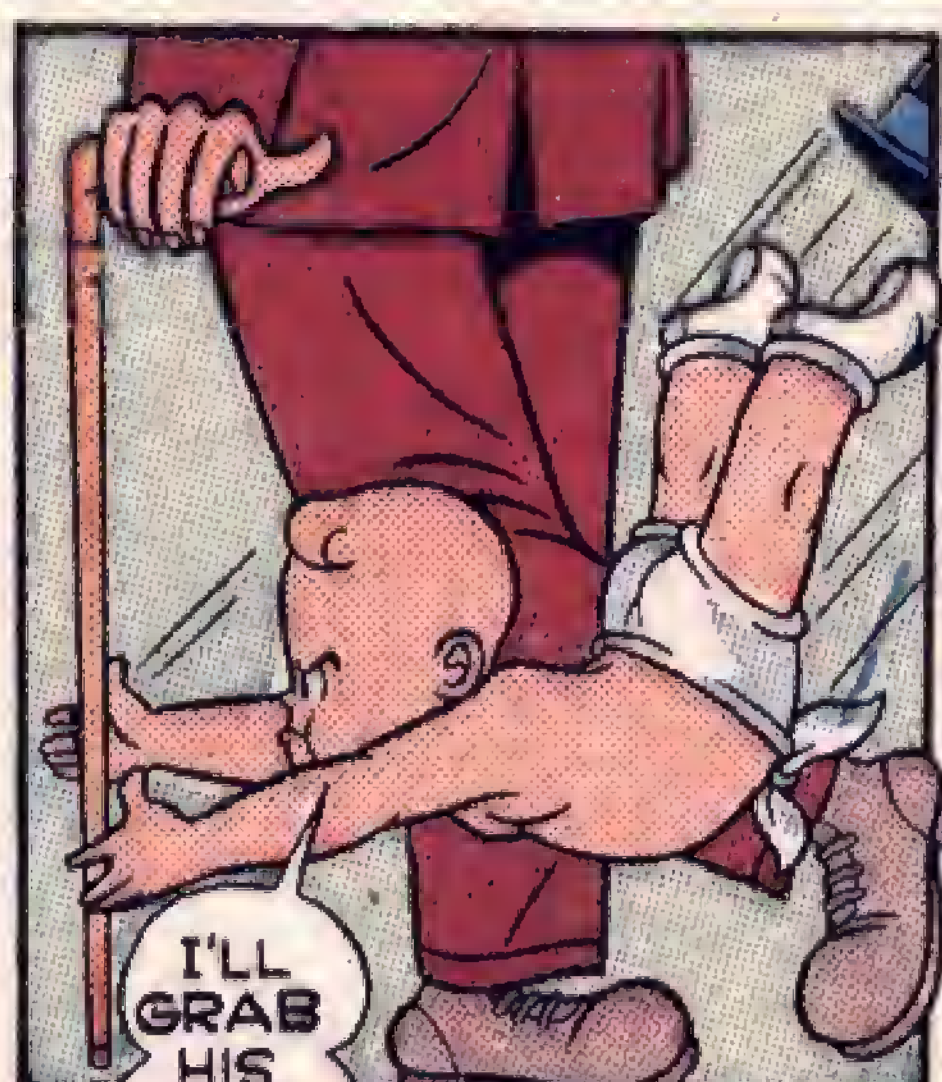
IT CERTAINLY LOOKS BAD, POISON... WITHOUT BLACK INK, I LOSE MY JOB AND WHEN THAT HAPPENS I CAN'T DRAW YOU ANYMORE!

WE AIN'T LICKED YET!

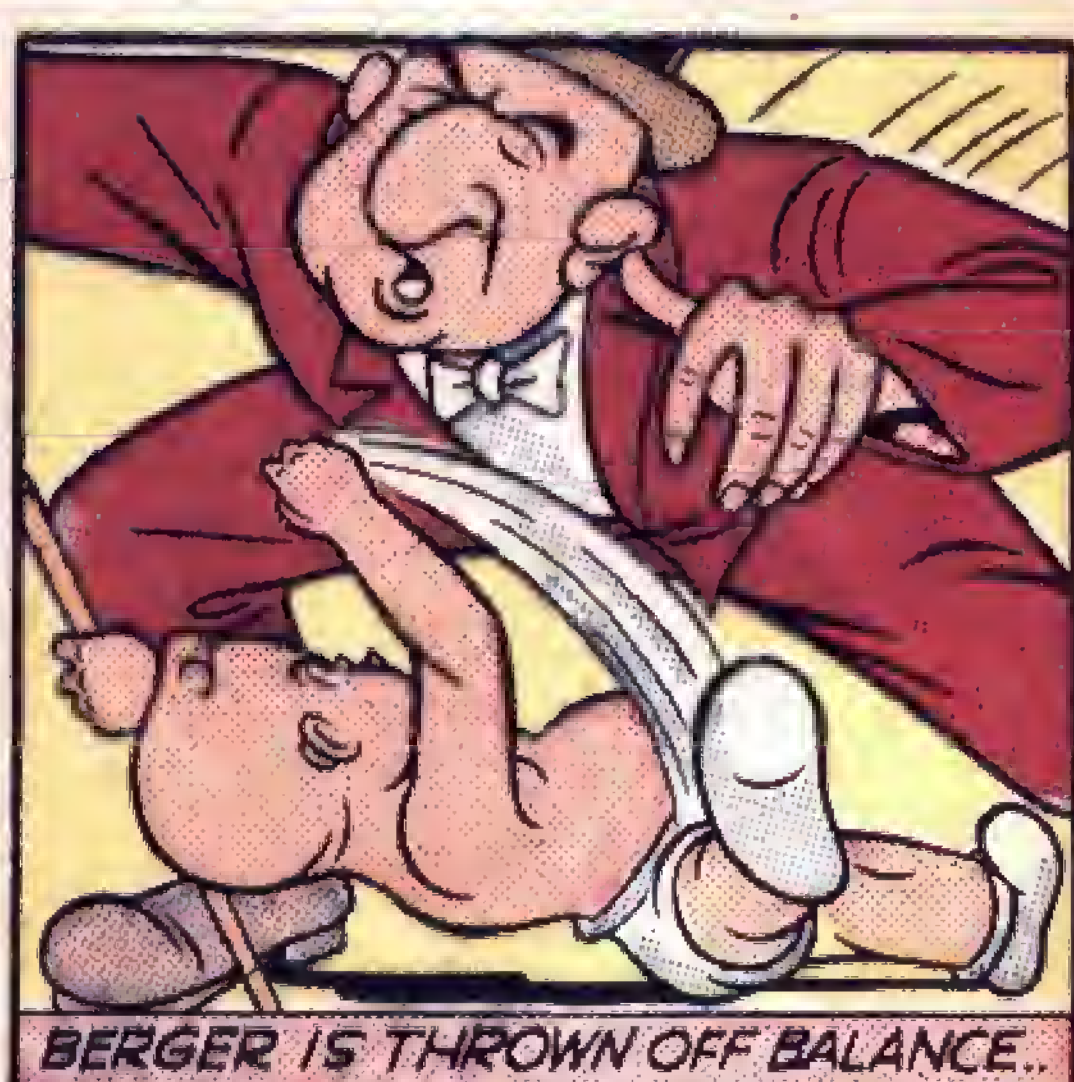


HI, YA, BOYS... I GOT YA IN A TOUGH SPOT, EH?

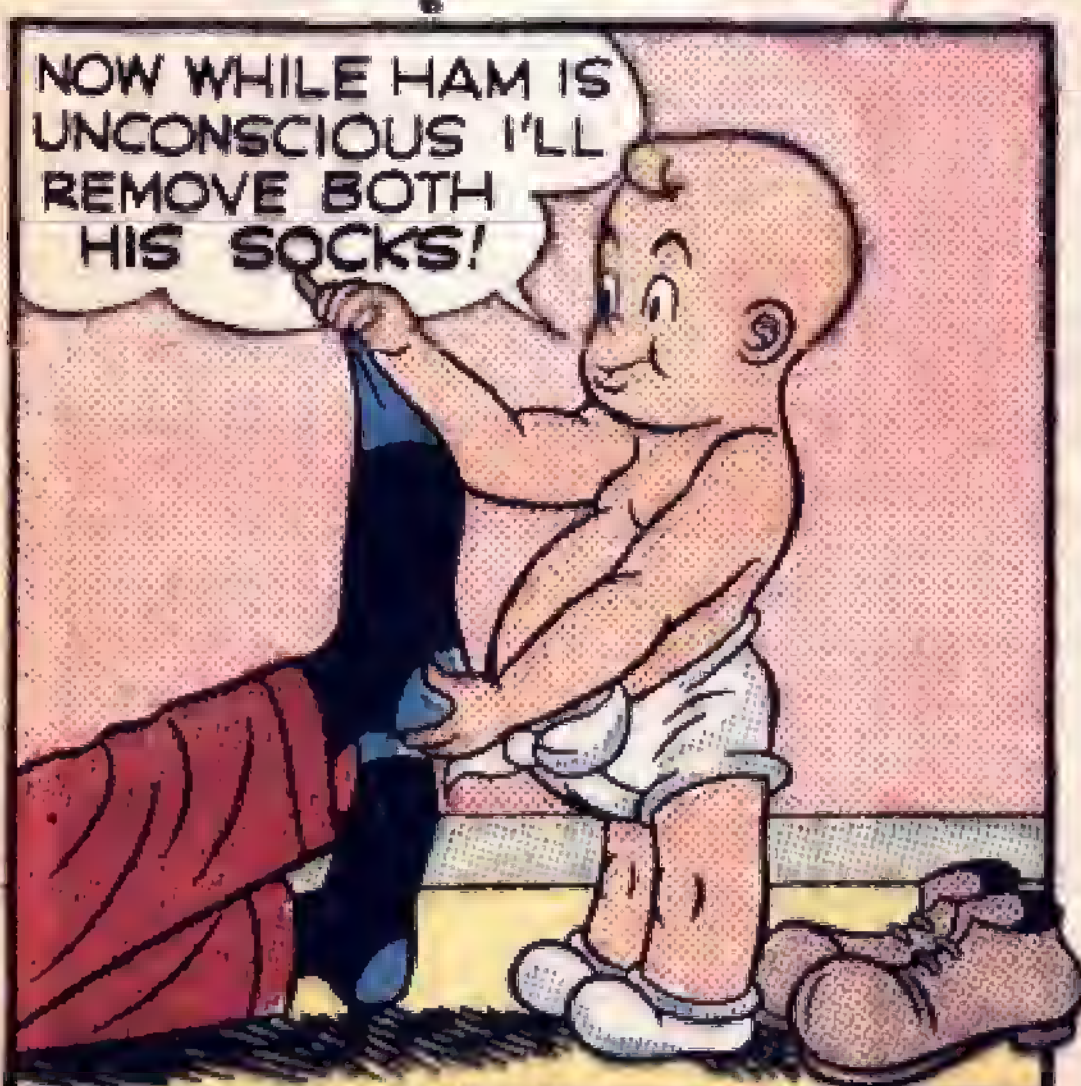
BERGER!



I'LL GRAB HIS CANE!



BERGER IS THROWN OFF BALANCE..



NOW WHILE HAM IS UNCONSCIOUS I'LL REMOVE BOTH HIS SOCKS!



OKAY, GILL.. NOW LET ME HAVE A BIG POT OF BOILING WATER!



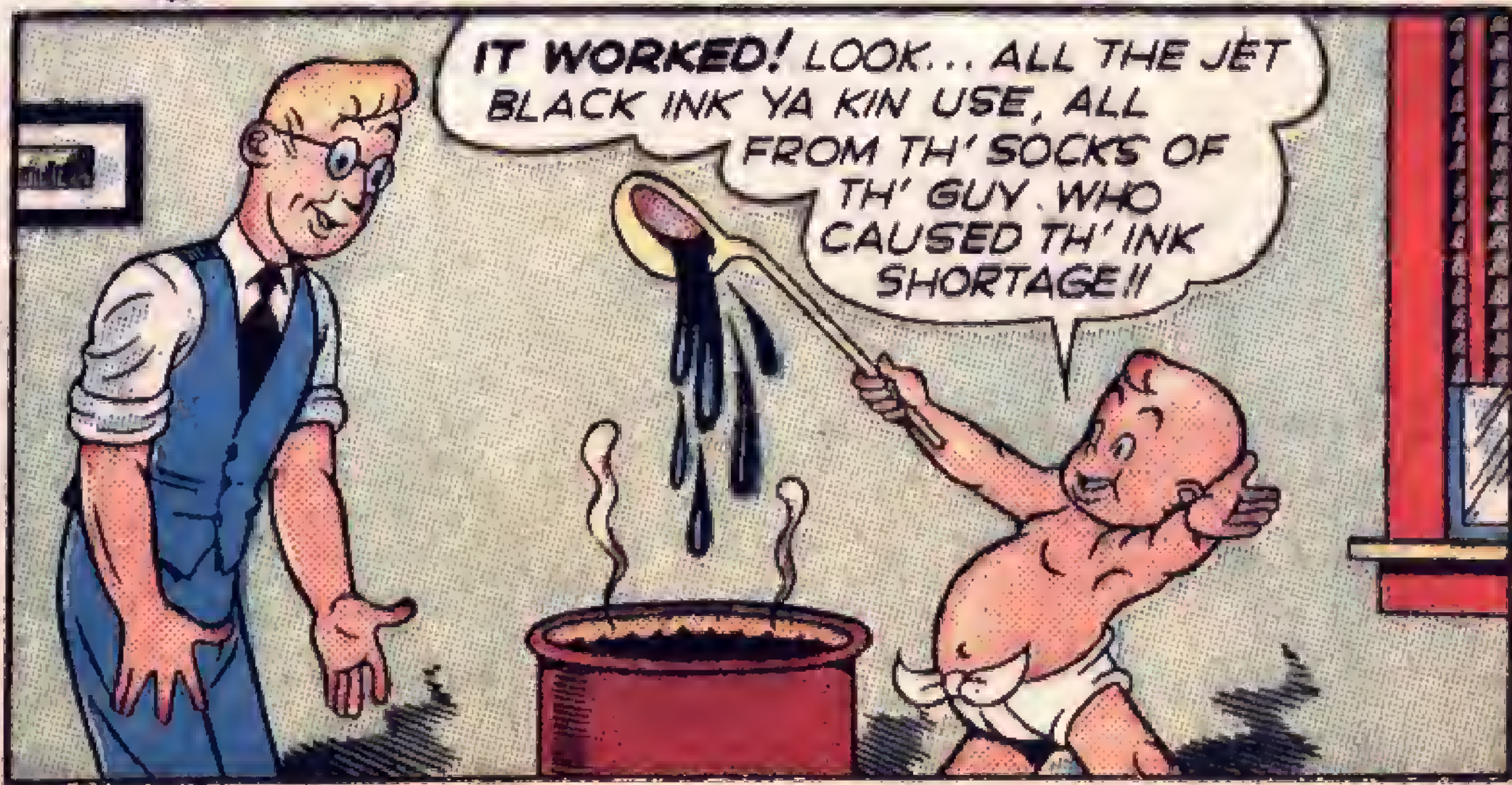
HERE'S TH' WATER, POISON!

NEXT, I TOSS BERGER'S SOCKS INTO TH' HOT WATER!



AFTER ALL, POISON!, I'M TH' GUY THAT DRAWS THIS STRIP SO HOW ABOUT LETTIN' ME IN ON TH' GAG!

WHEN I'M FINISHED STIRRING THIS, I'LL TELL YA!



IT WORKED! LOOK... ALL THE JET BLACK INK YA KIN USE, ALL FROM TH' SOCKS OF TH' GUY WHO CAUSED TH' INK SHORTAGE!!

RUSTY RYAN

and the BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS

by Paul Gustavson



PRESSED BY FOREIGN PROPOGANDA TRYING TO UNDERMINE THE YOUTH OF BOYVILLE, RUSTY RYAN FORMS THE BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS... SIX BOYS PLEDGED TO UPHOLD "THE AMERICAN WAY"!

A REFUGEE TEACHER FROM GERMANY IS CHOSEN TO FILL THE VACANCY IN THE MODERN HISTORY CLASS AT BOYVILLE

BOYS, THIS IS MR. ABRAMS

I AM NEW IN THE SCHOOL AND, AS YOU KNOW, IN THIS COUNTRY, I'LL BE ABLE TO TEACH YOU HISTORY, BUT YOU MUST TEACH ME YOUR WAYS OF DOING THINGS! I WOULD LIKE TO COUNT ON YOUR HELP IN MY NEW START IN LIFE!

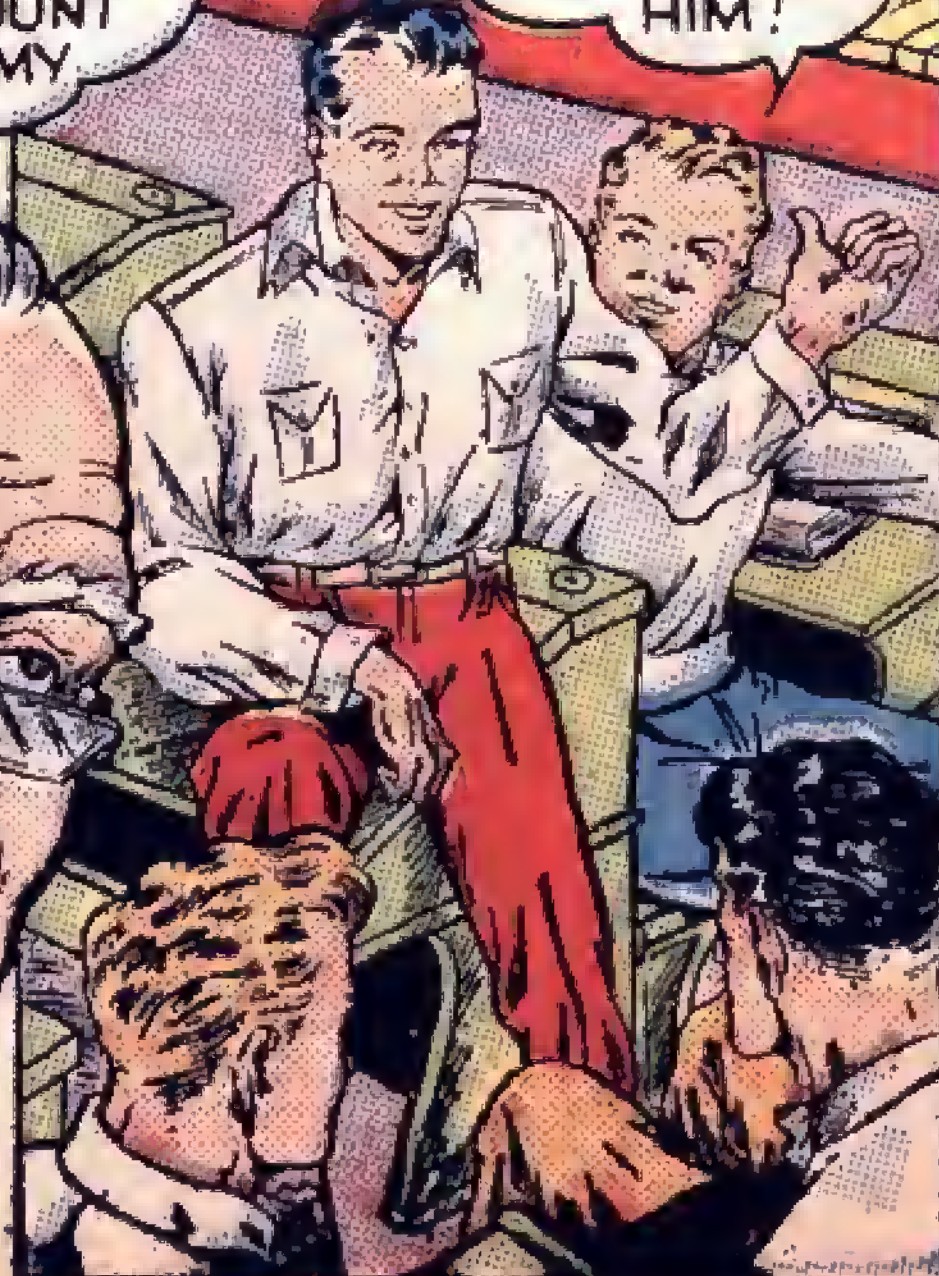
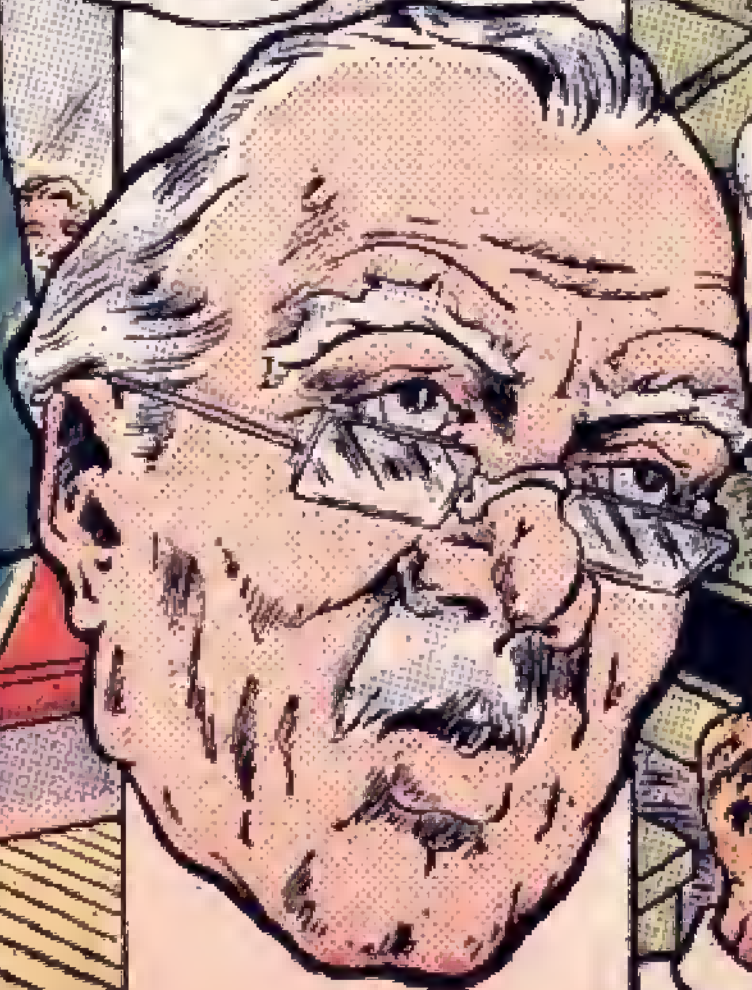
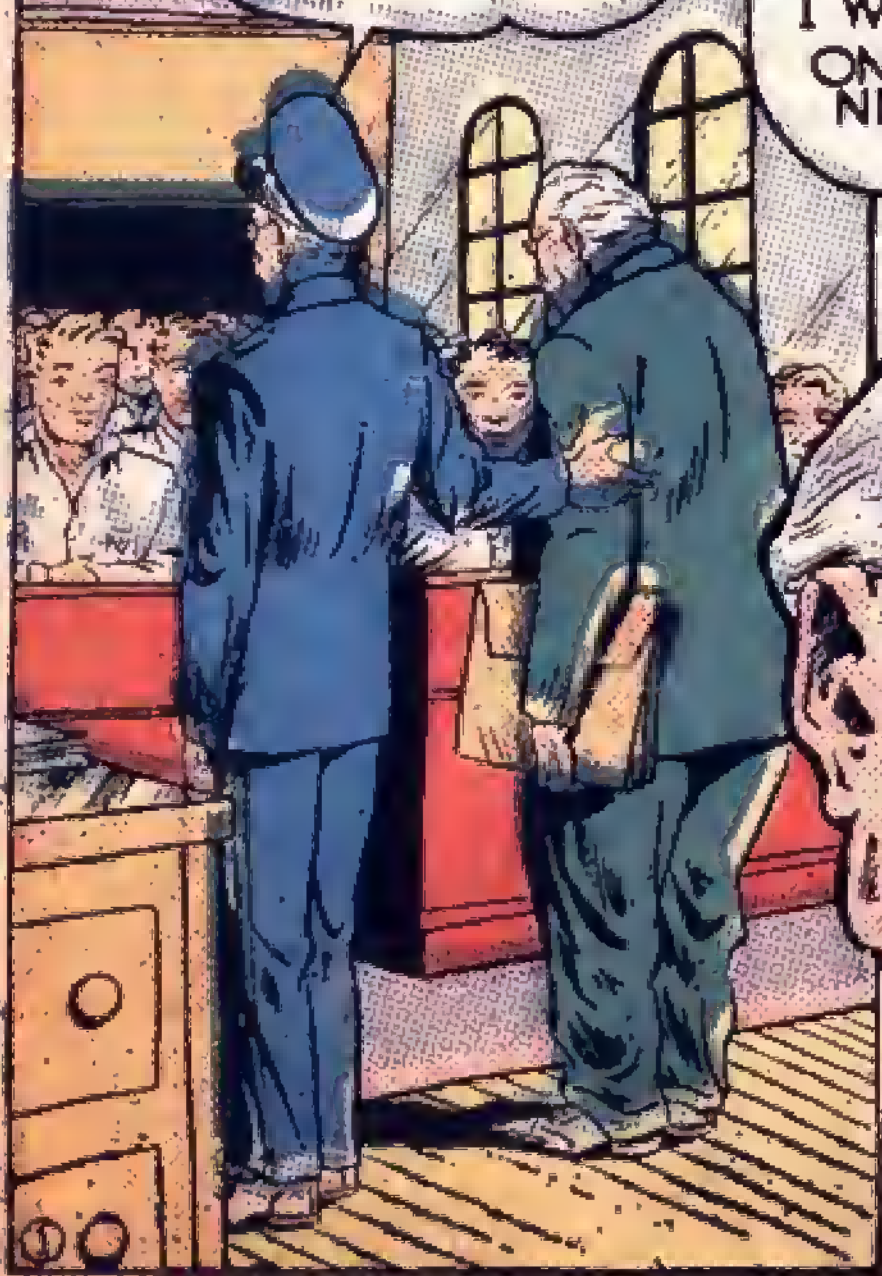
A WEEK PASSES.

THE NEW HISTORY TEACHER IS A SWELL GUY!

YOU SAID IT, NO ONE LIKE HIM!

ANOTHER WEEK PASSES

IN SURVEYING THE PROLETARIAT STATES OF EUROPE, WE CANNOT BUT ADMIRE THIS SUDDEN CHANGE! THOUGH YOU MAY DOUBT ME AT FIRST, I WILL TRY TO SHOW YOU THAT IT IS FAR BETTER THAN THE DEMOCRATIC FORM OF GOVERNMENT YOU HAVE HERE!



THE SUPREME RULE OF ONE RIGHT MAN IS FAR BETTER THAN THE TURMOIL OF HUNDREDS THROWN TOGETHER TRYING TO COME TO AN AGREEMENT!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER.....

Y'KNOW, MAYBE NAZI GERMANY ISN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL!

NOT FOR ME!

HOW ABOUT WHAT MR. ABRAMS SAID.. HE'S LIVED THERE!



ALL HE GIVES US IS A LOT OF HOOEY ABOUT HOW WONDERFUL DICTATORSHIPS ARE! I DON'T BELIEVE IT, BUT THE KIDS A LOT YOUNGER THAN ME, DO! IT'S GOT TO STOP!

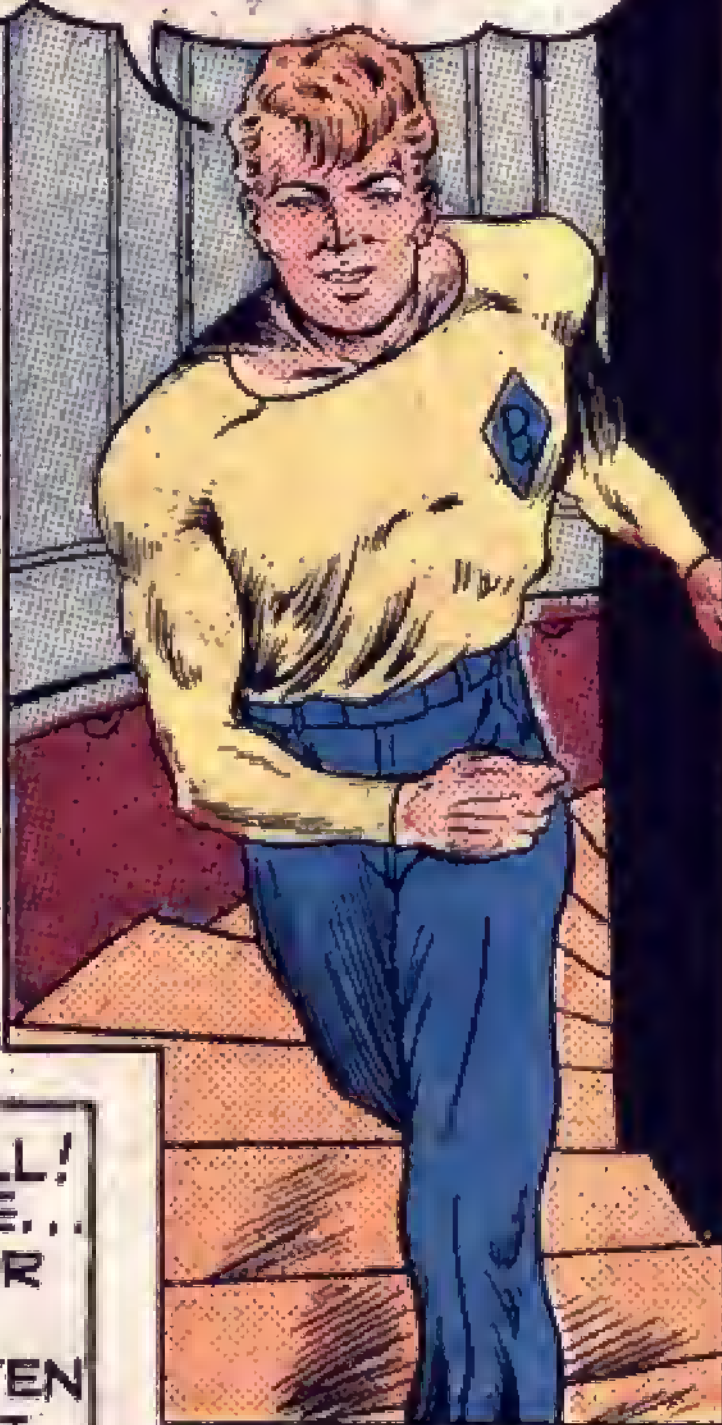


NOW, RUSTY.. YOU SHOULD BE BROADMINDED ENOUGH TO TAKE IT ALL AS HISTORY AND NOTHING ELSE! RUN ALONG AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT!

OH, OKAY!



IF CAPPY WON'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT THIS, I WILL... AND THE BRIGADIERS!



HELLO, RUSTY.. WHY THE SOUR PUSS?

IT'S THAT HISTORY TEACHER, CAPPY!

MODERN HISTORY!! I'VE HAD ENOUGH! THAT GUY IS NOTHING MORE THAN -A PROPOGANDIST! SOMETHING'S GOTTA BE DONE ABOUT HIM!



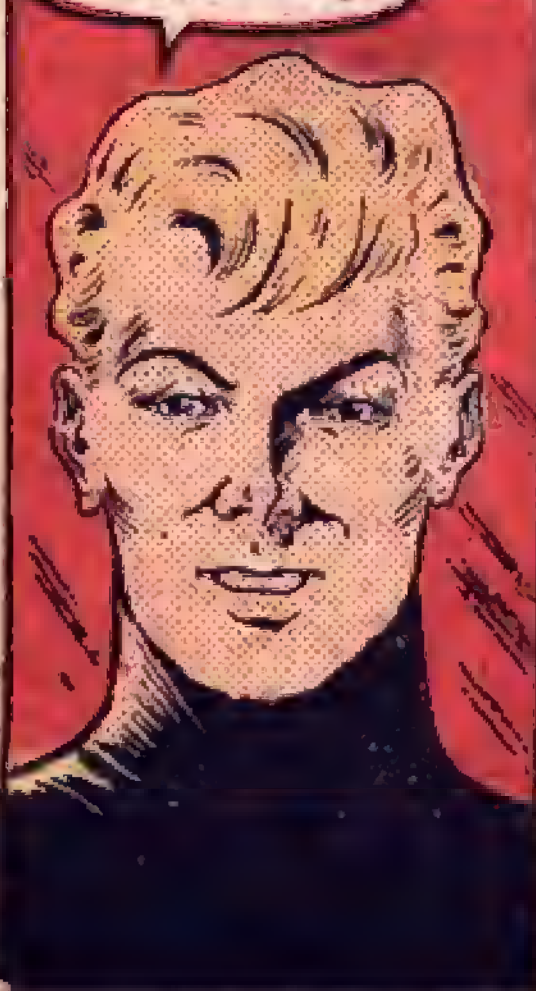
THAT NIGHT

WE'RE THE BRIGADIERS, MR. ABRAMS!

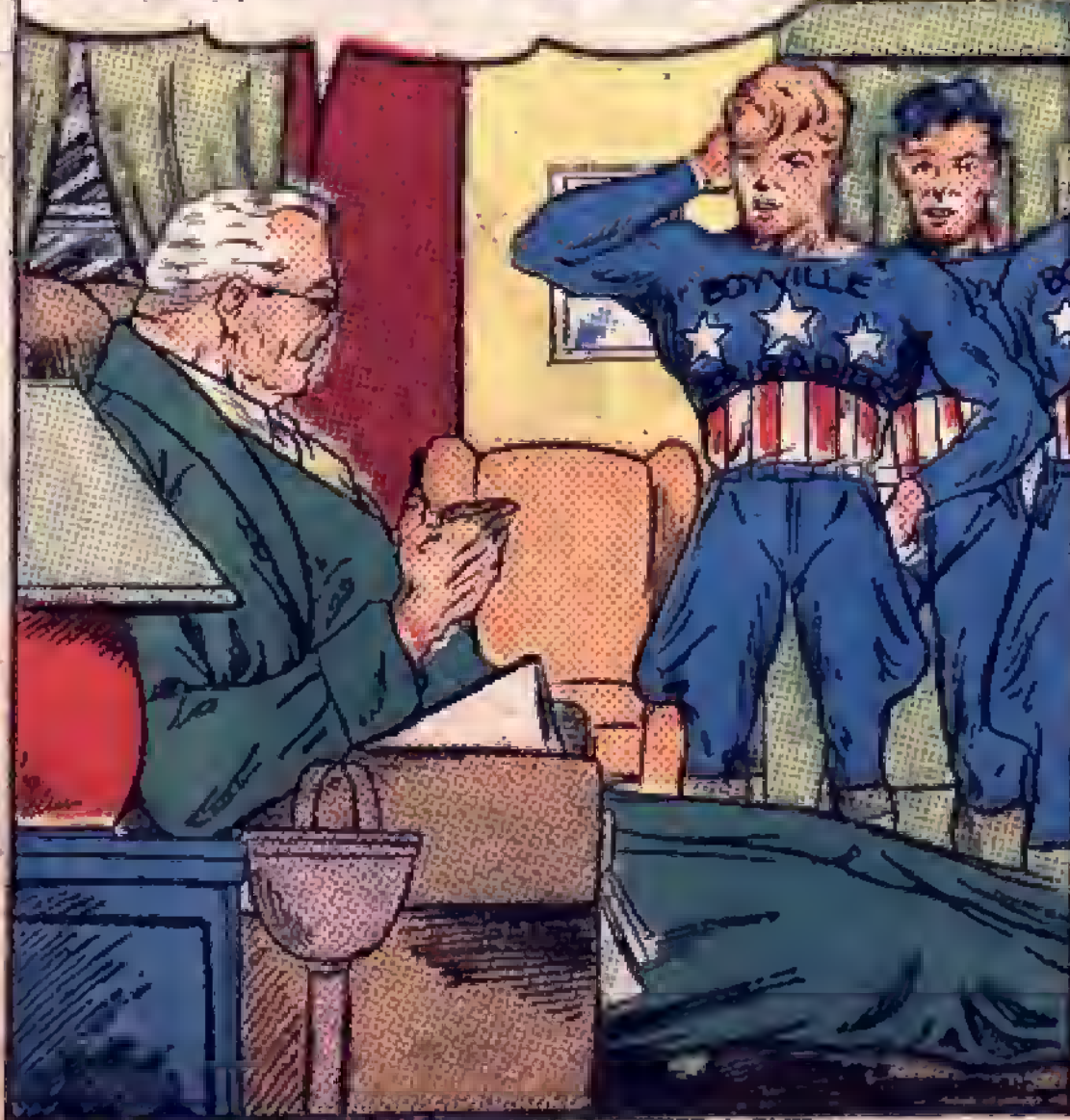
HELLO, RUSTY! WELL.. WHAT'S THIS??



WE WANT YOU TO STOP TALKING SO MUCH ABOUT HOW WONDERFUL DICTATORSHIPS ARE! IT ISN'T TRUE, AND YOU KNOW IT!



YES... I KNOW IT ONLY TOO WELL! BUT YOU MUST LET ME CONTINUE... NOT FOR MY OWN SAKE... BUT FOR SOMEONE VERY DEAR TO ME! TRUST ME, AND I WILL STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT... AND EXPLAIN A LOT OF THINGS YOU WOULDN'T THINK WERE POSSIBLE!

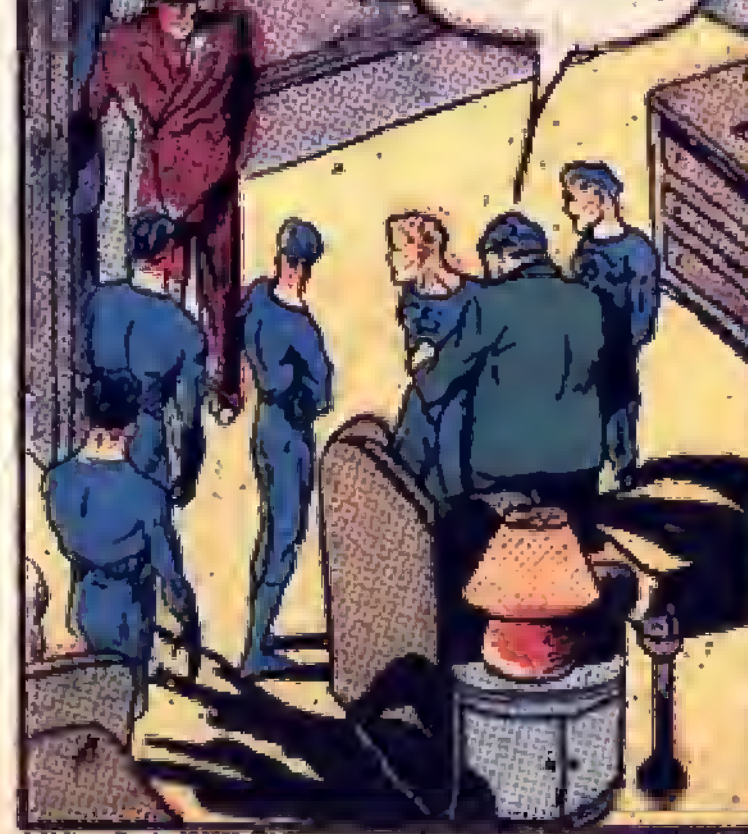


IF YOU'RE DOING IT FOR A REASON, MAYBE WE CAN HELP YOU! THAT'S THE WAY WE DO THINGS... HELP ONE ANOTHER!



BEFORE ABRAMS CAN ANSWER, A RAP ON THE DOOR BRINGS HIM TO HIS FEET.. AND THEN TWO MEN ENTER THE ROOM..

GOOD EVENING, MR. ABRAMS! UH, ER.. I THINK YOU BOYS HAD BETTER LEAVE!





ALL RIGHT, MR. ABRAMS. WE'LL SEE YOU LATER

HE'S IN TROUBLE OF SOME KIND WITH THESE MEN!

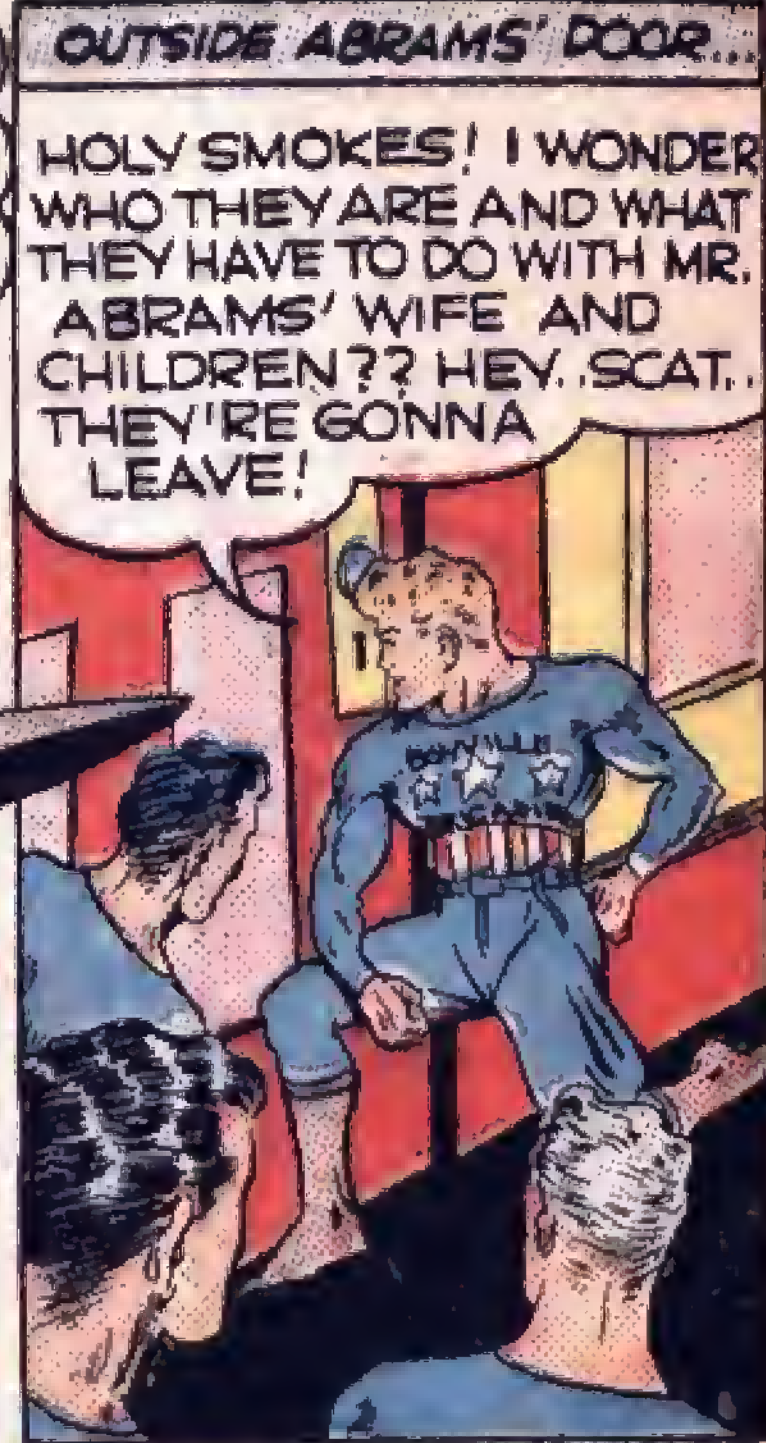


AS THE BRIGADIERS LEAVE...

WHAT DID THOSE KIDS WANT, ABRAMS?

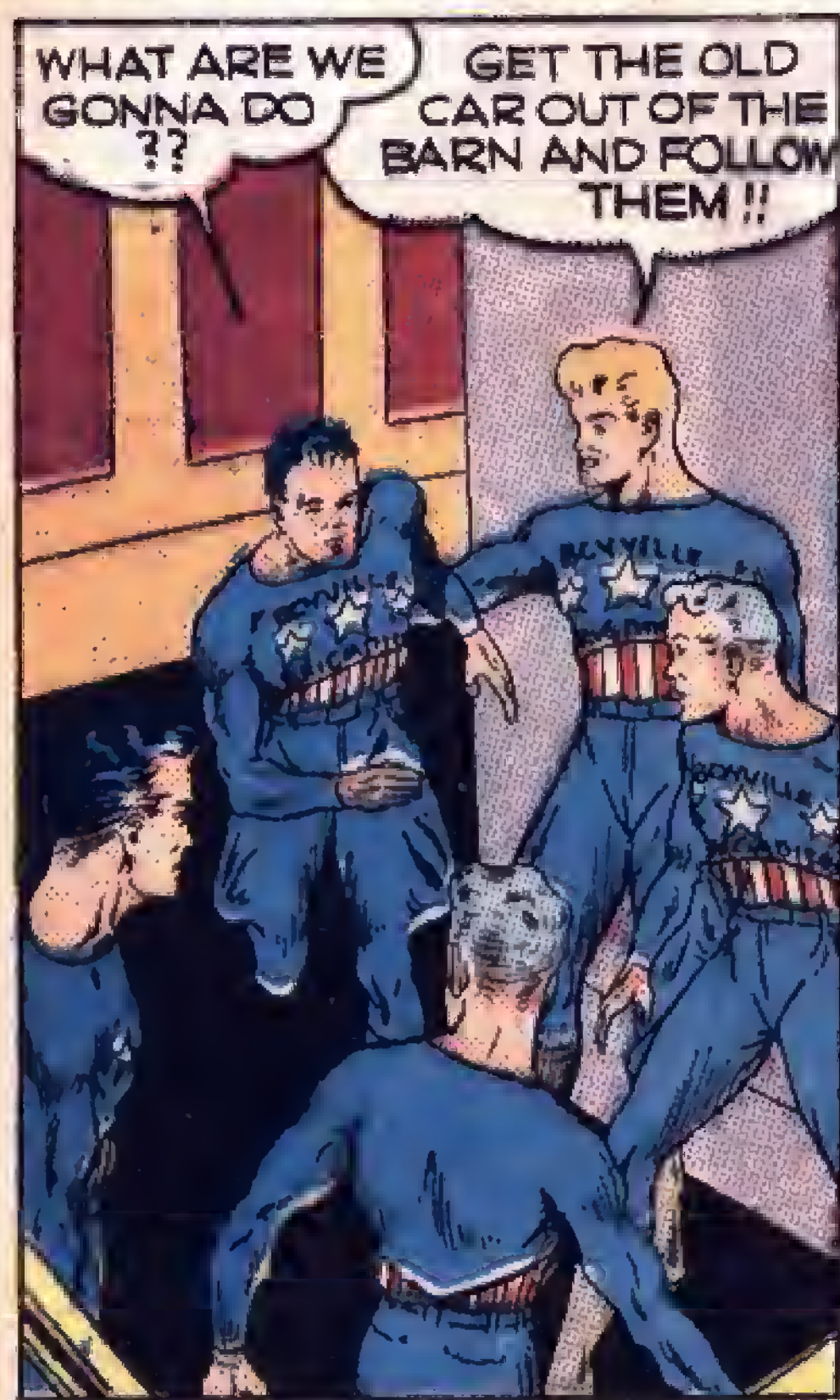
ER... NOTHING. J-JUST SOME POINTS ON HISTORY!

OKAY! WE'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU. YOU'RE DOING ALL RIGHT! KEEP IT UP AND YOU'LL SEE YOUR WIFE AND KIDS AGAIN!!



OUTSIDE ABRAMS' DOOR...

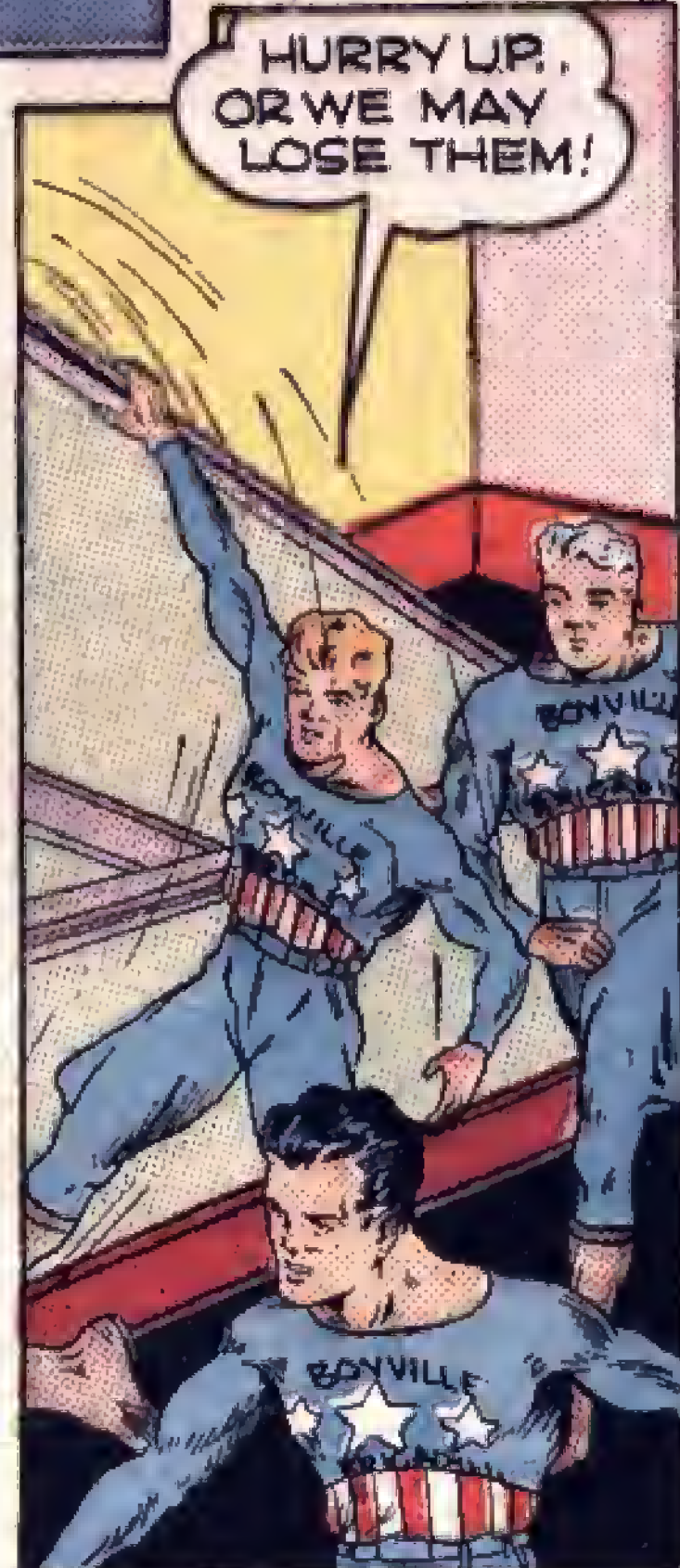
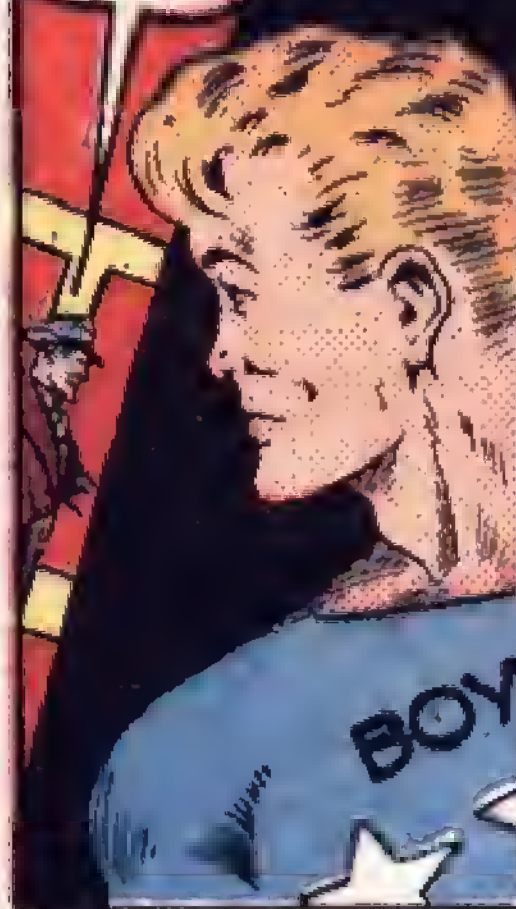
HOLY SMOKES! I WONDER WHO THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY HAVE TO DO WITH MR. ABRAMS' WIFE AND CHILDREN?? HEY, SCAT, THEY'RE GONNA LEAVE!



WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO ??

GET THE OLD CAR OUT OF THE BARN AND FOLLOW THEM !!

WE'LL LET YOU KNOW IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS WHEN YOUR WIFE WILL BE FREE, ABRAMS!



HURRY UP, OR WE MAY LOSE THEM!



A SHORT TIME LATER, THE BRIGADIERS FOLLOW THE TWO MEN...



TO AN OLD FARMHOUSE ON A LONELY WOODED ROAD...



C'MON!

THEY'RE GOING INSIDE!



AS THE BRIGADIER S REACH THE OLD HOUSE...

PSST.. THEY'RE NOT HERE!

HUH??



HEY.. A LIGHT JUST WENT ON IN THE CELLAR!!



A WIRELESS SET!
SAY... WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT??



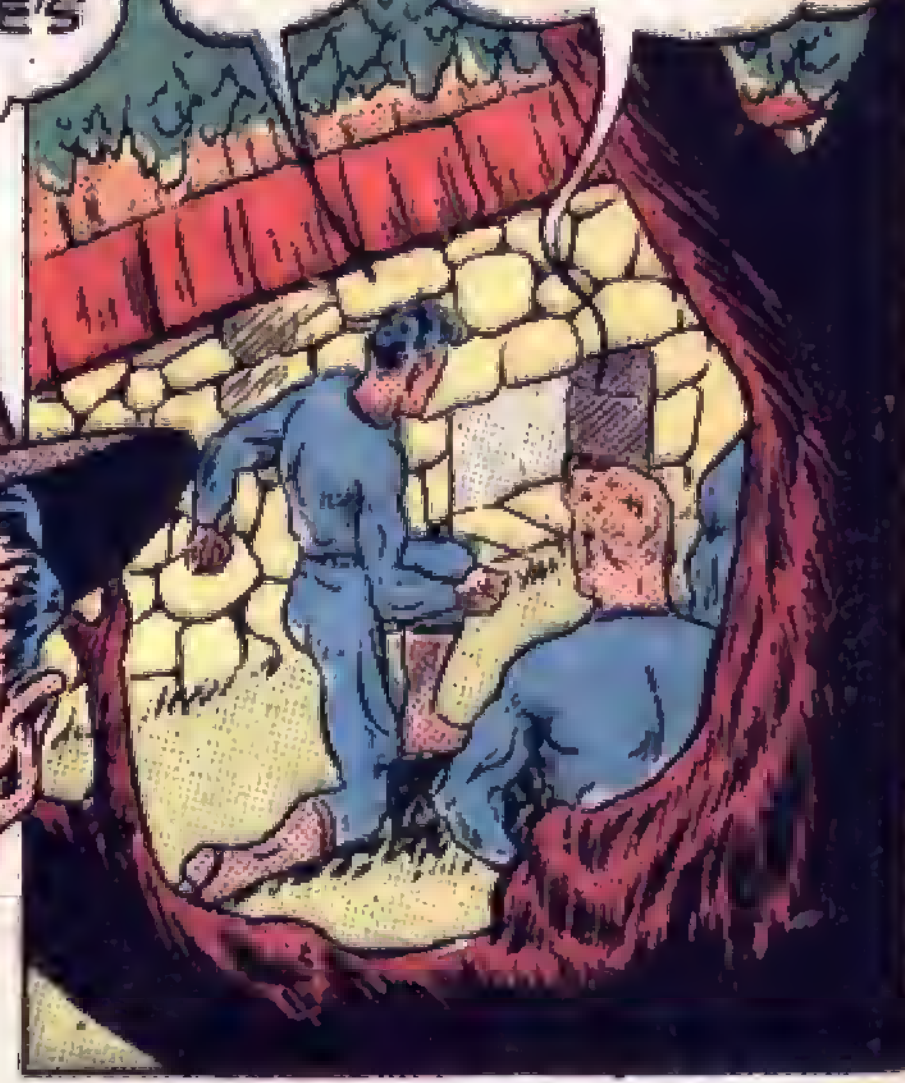
WHAT'S THE REPORT TO OUR LEADER HANS?

JUST THIS..

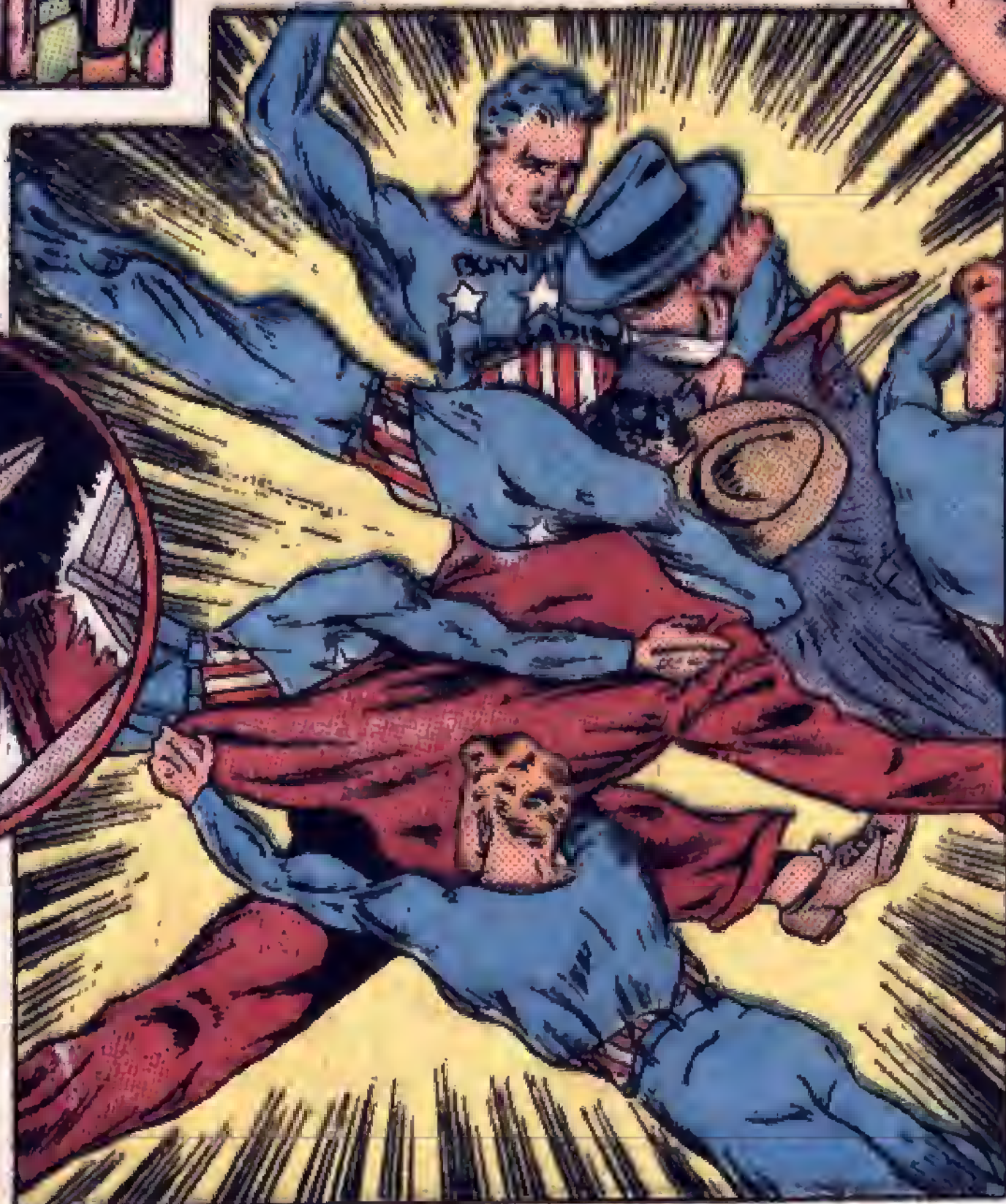
KEEP ABRAMS' WIFE AND CHILDREN IN CONCENTRATION CAMP ANOTHER TWO WEEKS, UNTIL WE ARE SURE HE WILL CONTINUE OUR ORDERS! HERE'S THE CODE BOOK!

WHY, THE NO-GOOD RATS! THE WHOLE LOT OF 'EM!

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT.. AS SOON AS THEY MAKE THE CONTACT!



BERLIN IS COMING IN NOW.. HEY, WHAT TH'!!



HERE'S THE CODE BOOK, RUSTY!

OKAY! KEEP THOSE RATS DOWN UNTIL I GET FINISHED WITH THAT WIRELESS!



WITH THE USE OF THE CODE BOOK, RUSTY FIGURES OUT A MESSAGE AND SENDS IT OVER THE WIRELESS..

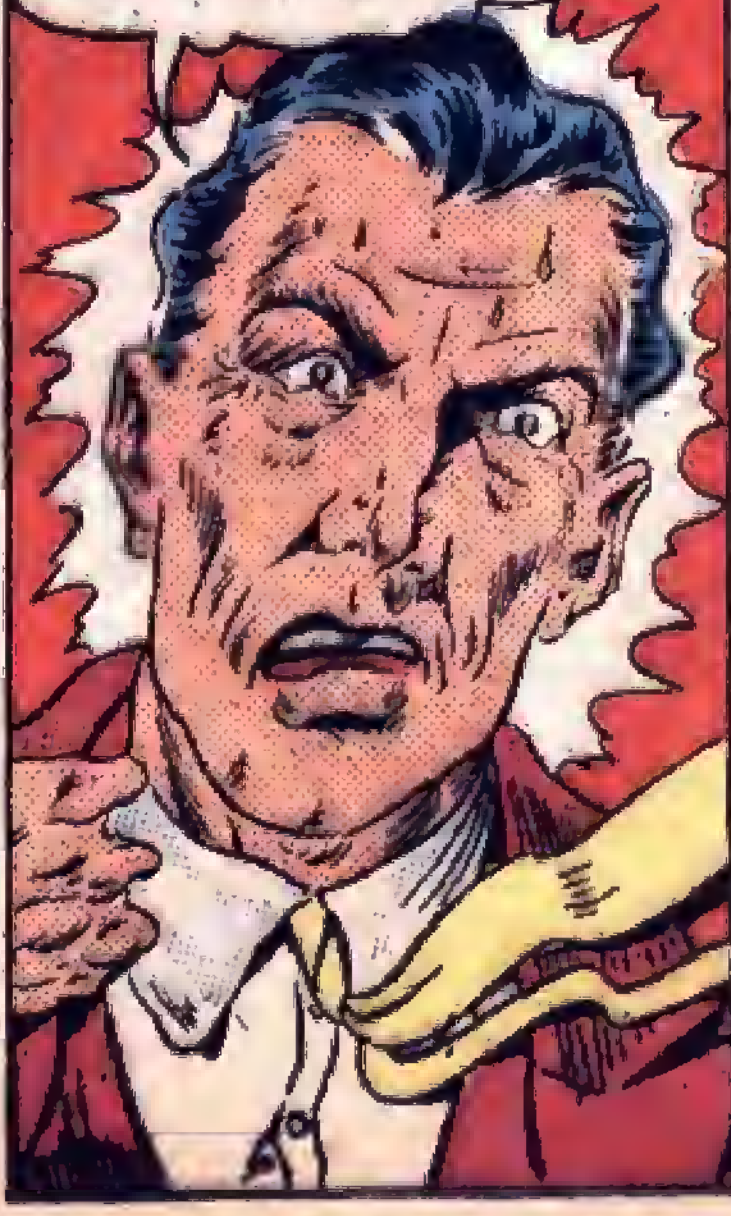
RELEASE ABRAMS' WIFE AND CHILDREN AT ONCE... MAKE CLIPPER AT LISBON... SPEED IMPERATIVE IN TRANSPORT.. ALL IS WELL!



HERE'S THEIR ANSWER, FELLAS! PLANE LEAVING FOR LISBON AT ONCE.. ABRAMS' WIFE AND CHILDREN WILL BE ON CLIPPER LEAVING IN THREE HOURS.. REPORT ARRIVAL.... THAT IS ALL!!

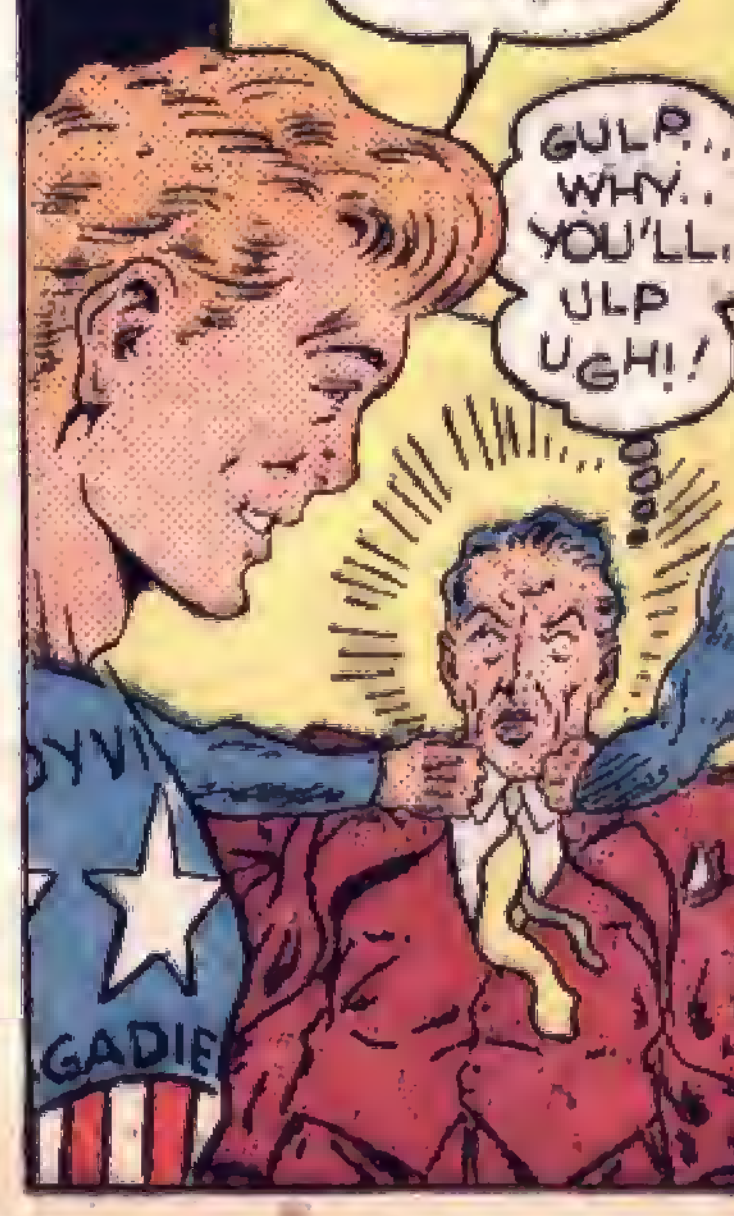


YOU CRAZY KIDS... DO YOU THINK YOU'LL GET AWAY WITH THIS??



SUCKER... WE DID!!

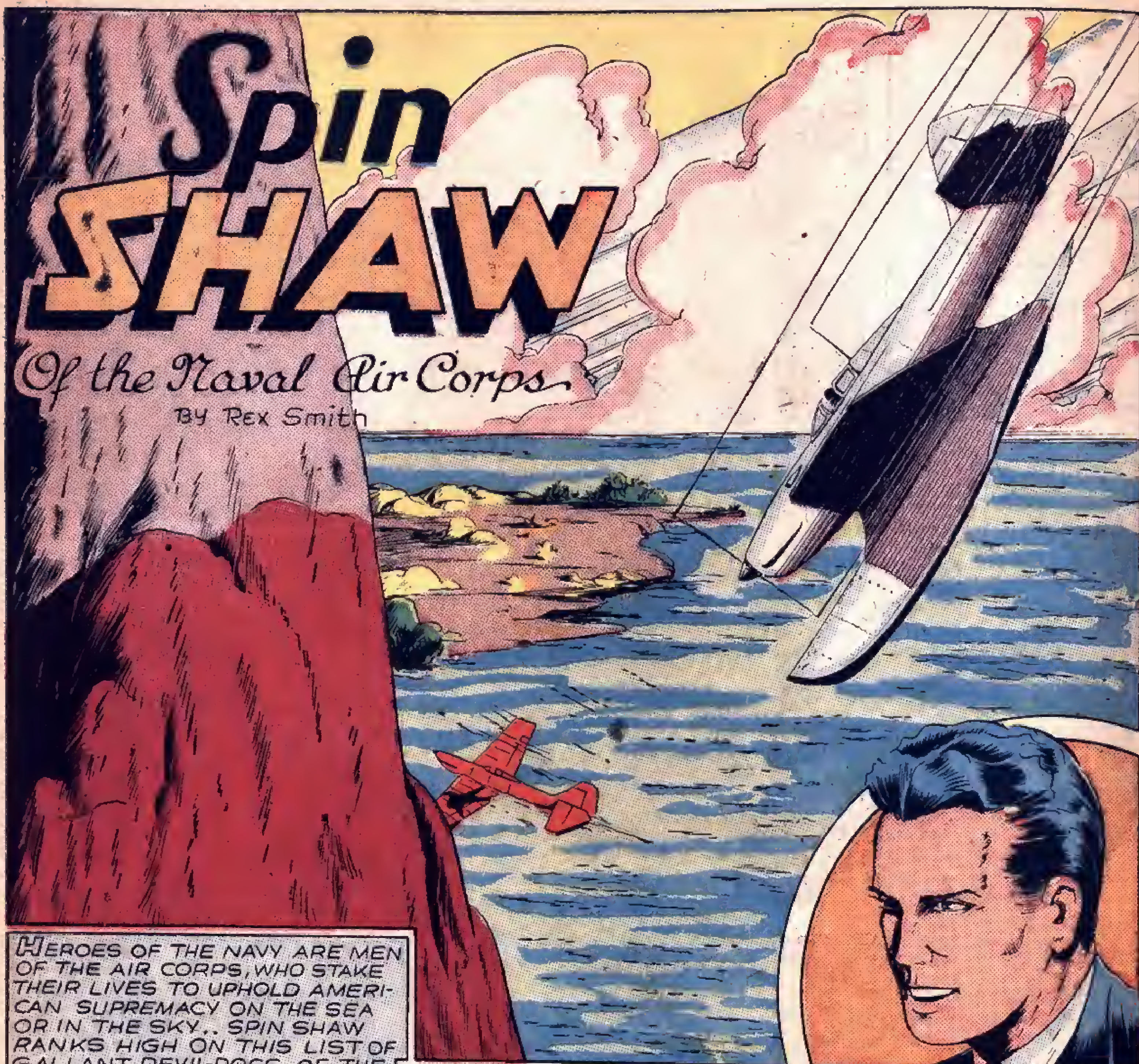
GULP... WHY.. YOU'LL.. ULP UGH!!



Spin SHAW

Of the Naval Air Corps

By Rex Smith

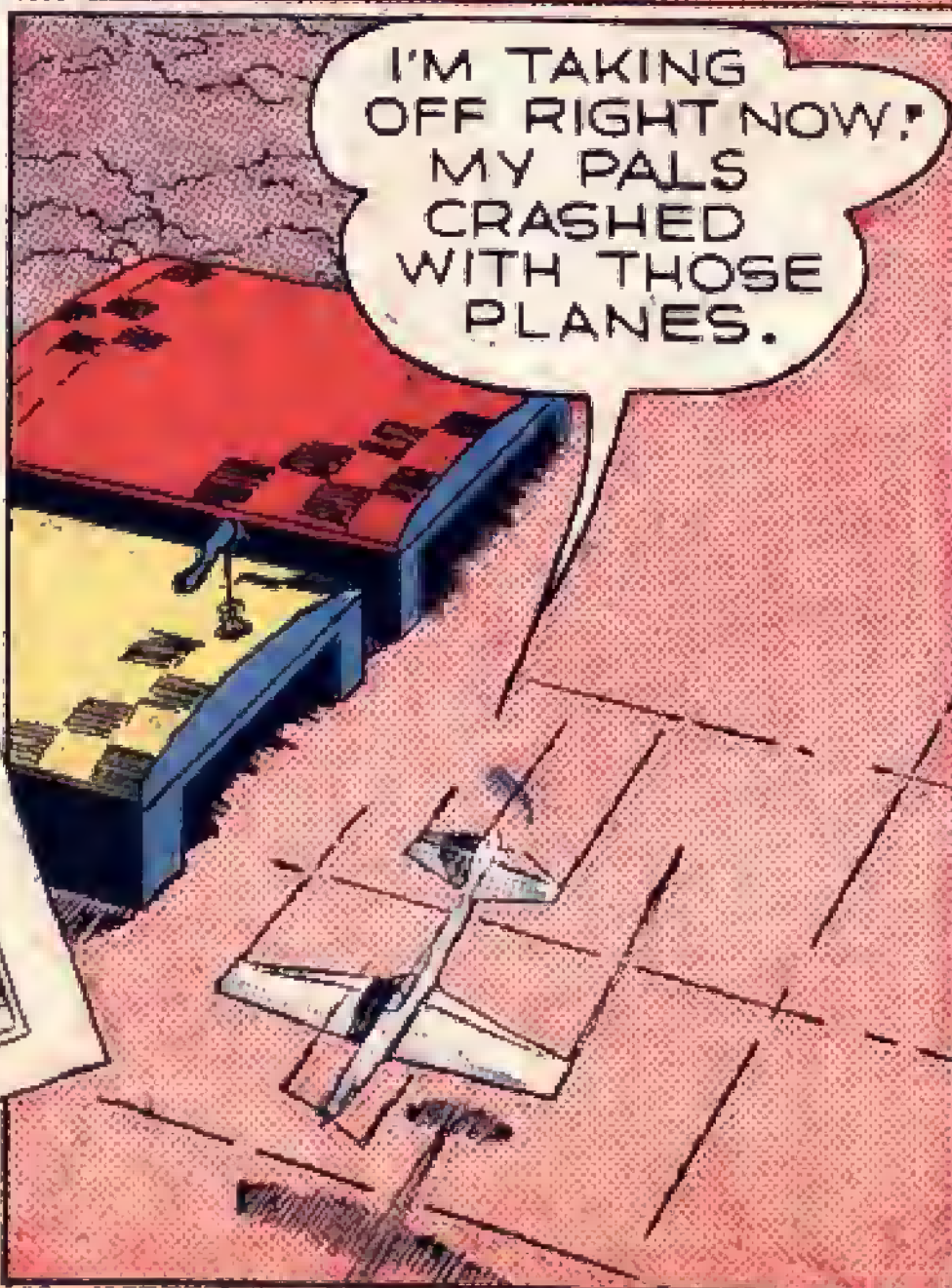


HEROES OF THE NAVY ARE MEN OF THE AIR CORPS, WHO STAKE THEIR LIVES TO UPHOLD AMERICAN SUPREMACY ON THE SEA OR IN THE SKY... SPIN SHAW RANKS HIGH ON THIS LIST OF GALLANT DEVIL-DOGS OF THE HEAVENS. . . .

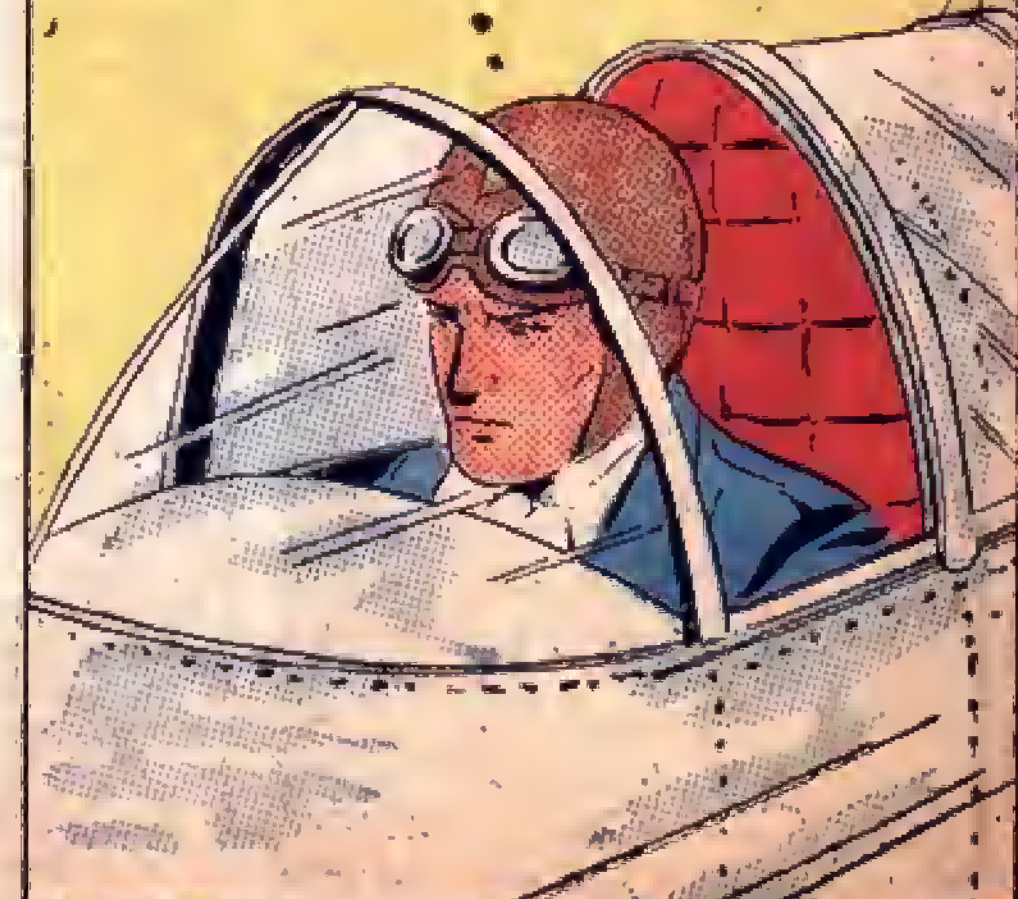
BEFORE THE EYES OF A STARTLED NATION FLASH TRAGIC HEADLINES.



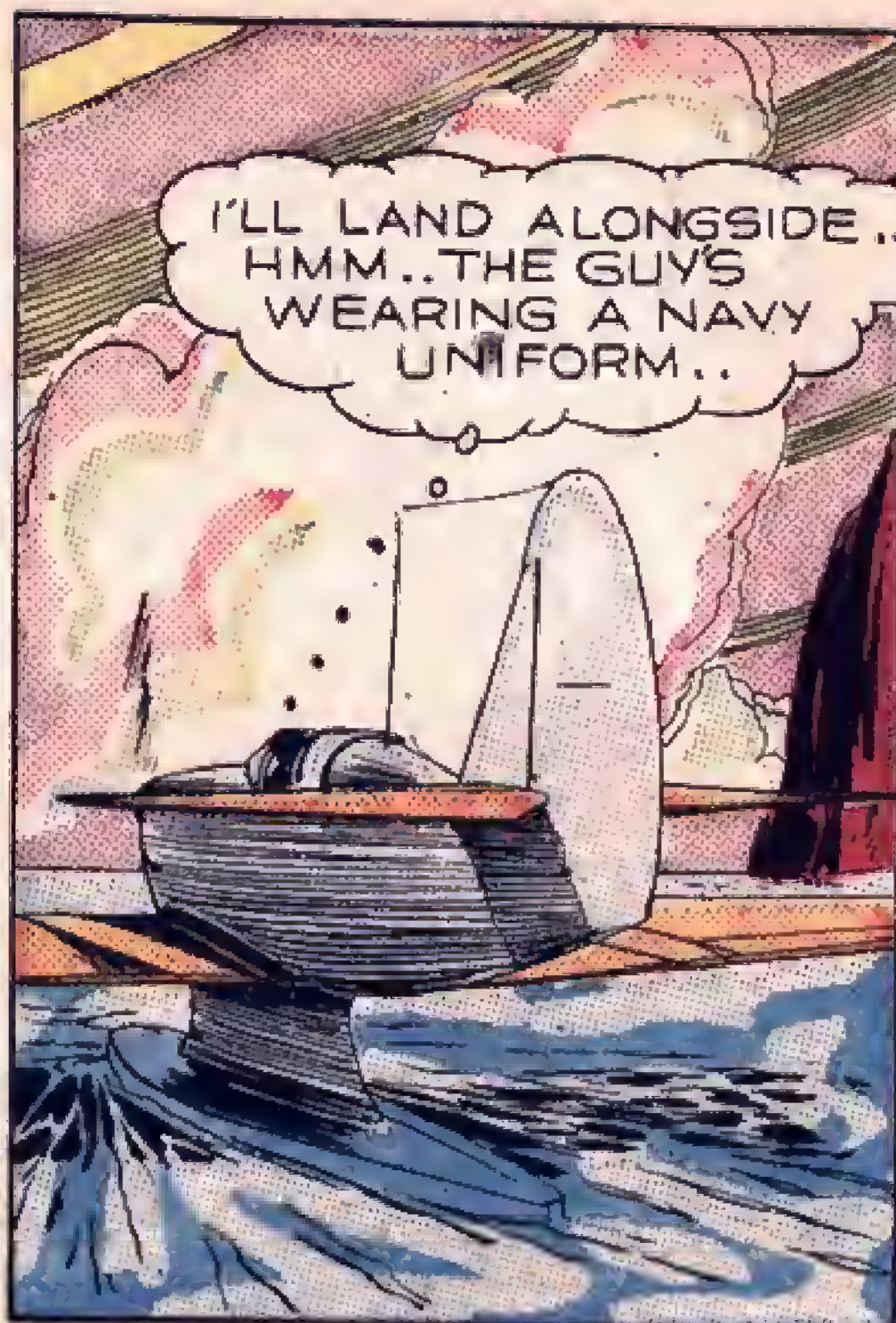
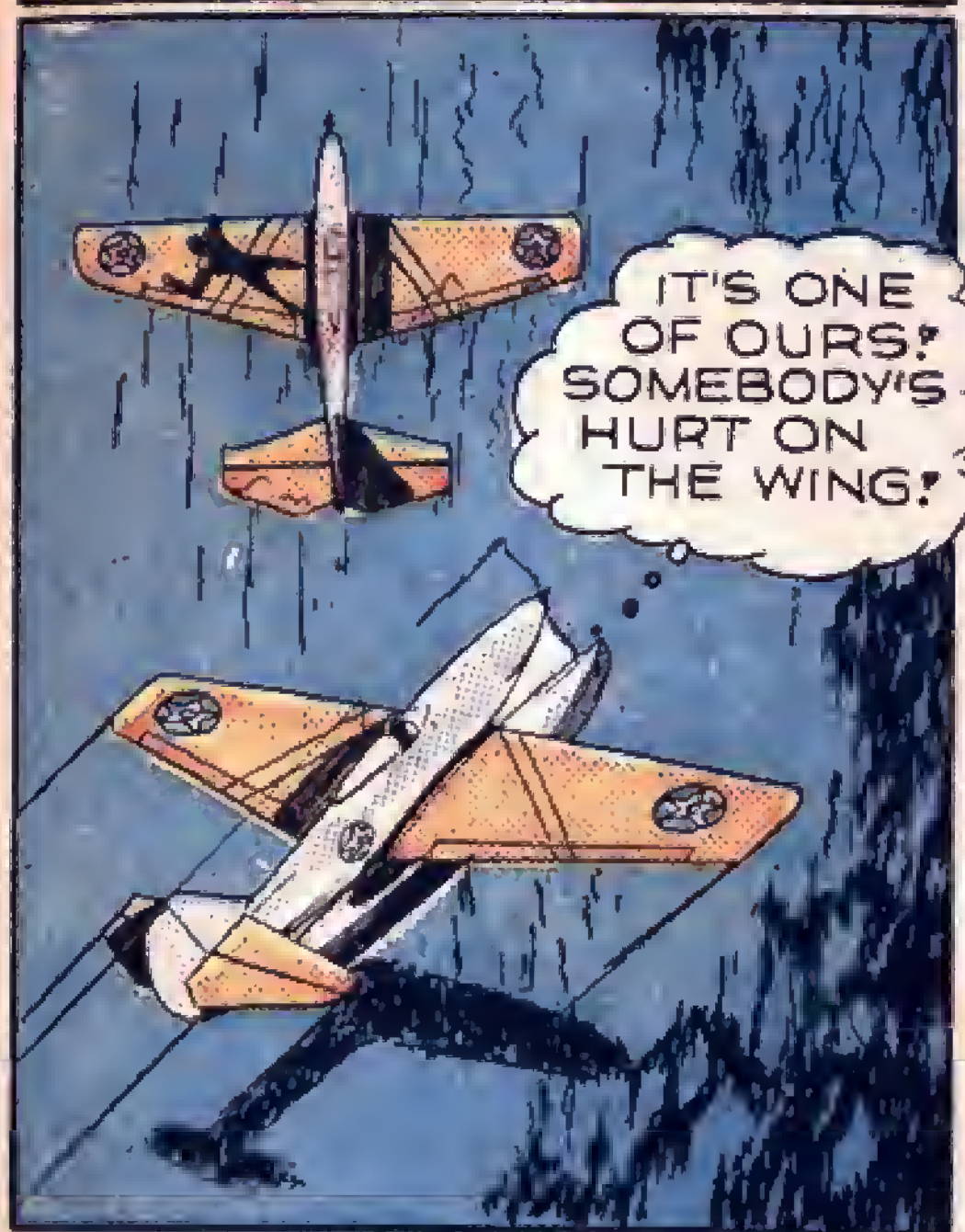
SPIN SHAW RECEIVES THE NEWS AT HIS AIR BASE.



AND I'M GOING AFTER 'EM! THINK I'LL TRY THE CARIBBEAN. THAT'S ALWAYS A SORE SPOT!



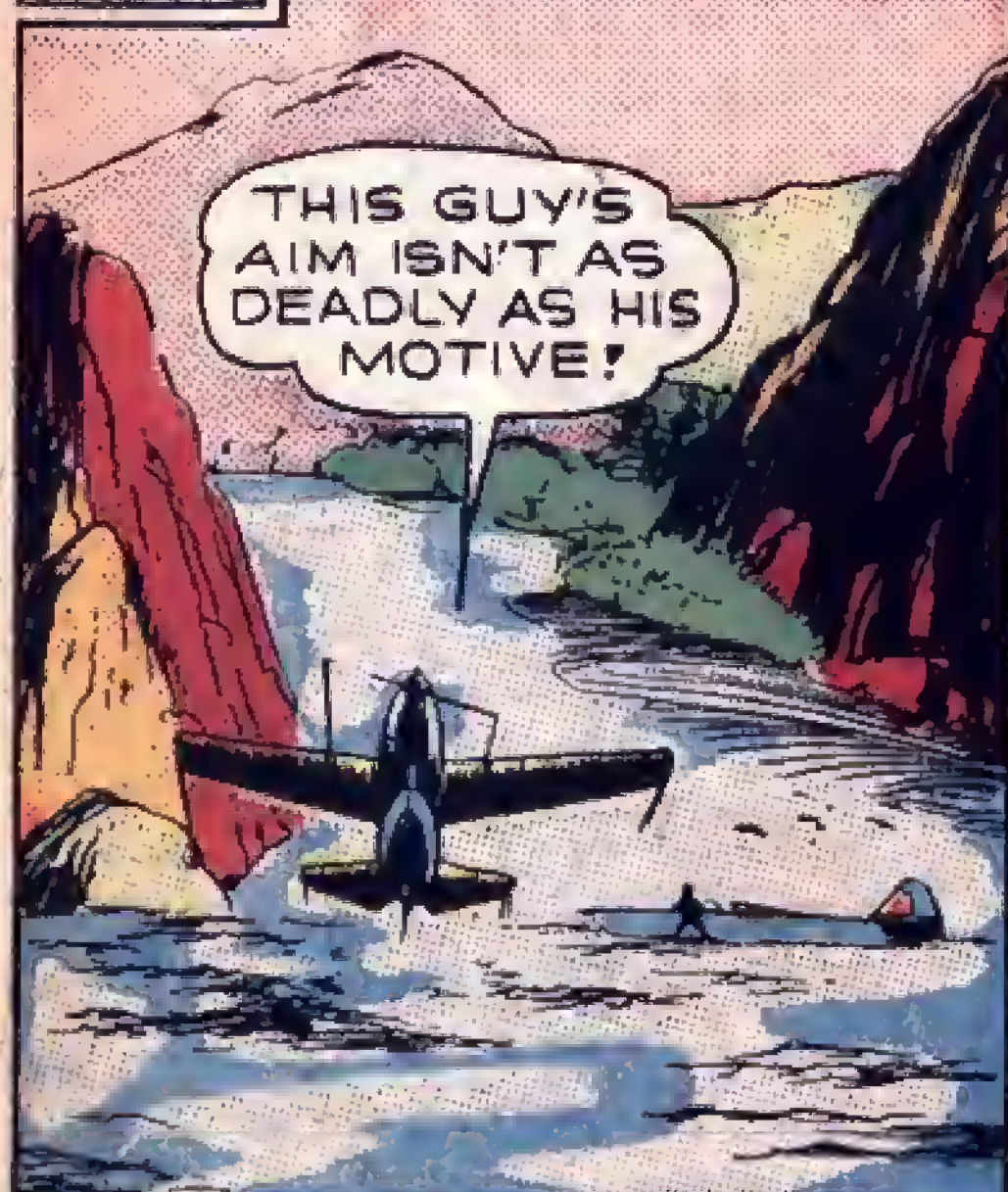
A FEW HOURS ELAPSE AND SPIN SIGHTS A CRASHED PLANE.



SUDDENLY THE FIGURE ON THE WING SPRINGS INTO ACTION.



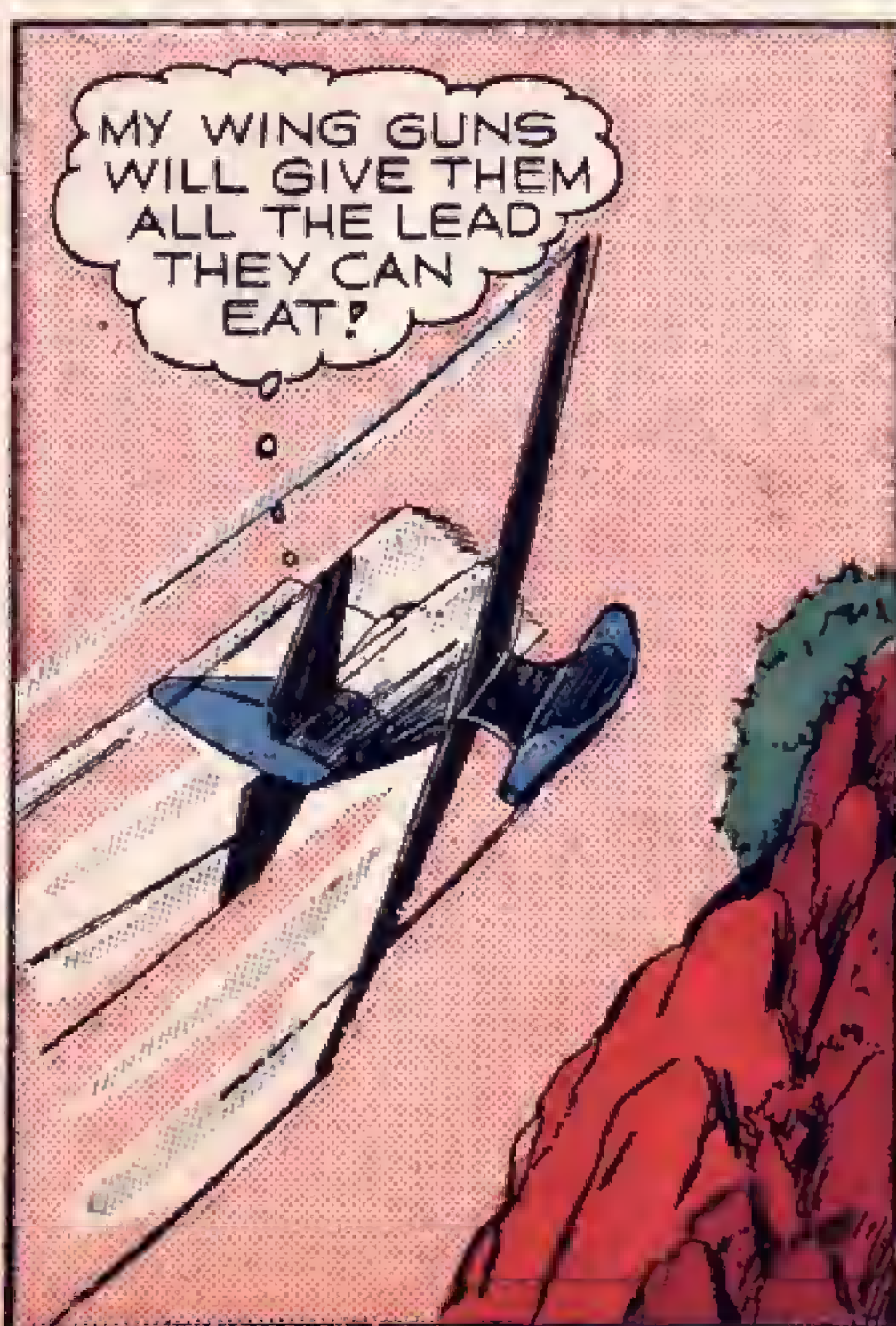
SPIN HASTILY GUNS HIS SHIP AND PULLS AWAY WITH A ROAR.



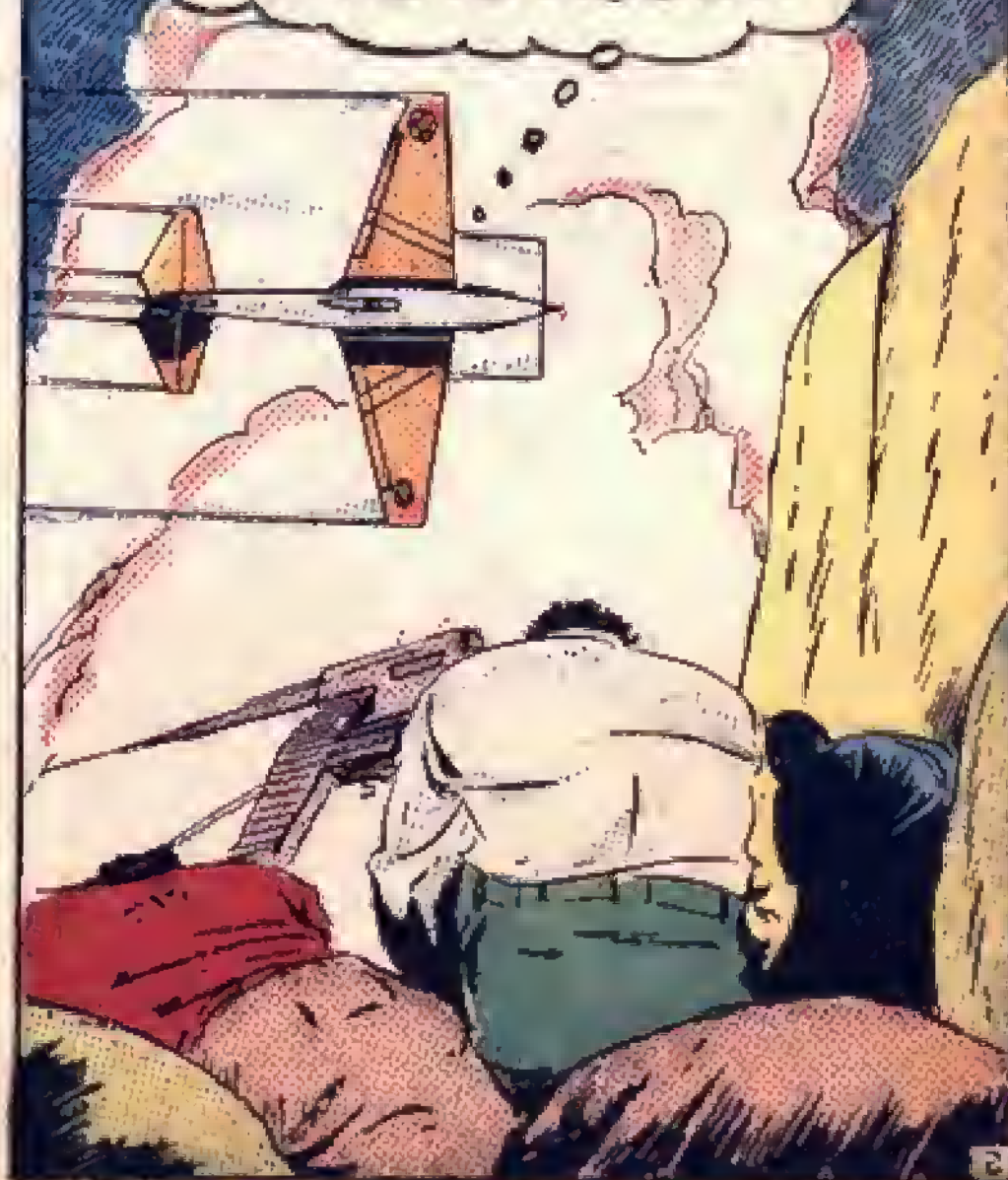
AS HE SOARS BY A CLIFF, A MACHINE GUN SPUTTERS FROM THE JAGGED TOP.



HE LOOPS BACK AND DIVES TOWARD THE MACHINE GUN NEST.



GUESS THEY'RE OUT. I'LL HEAD FOR THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND AND FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ABOUT.



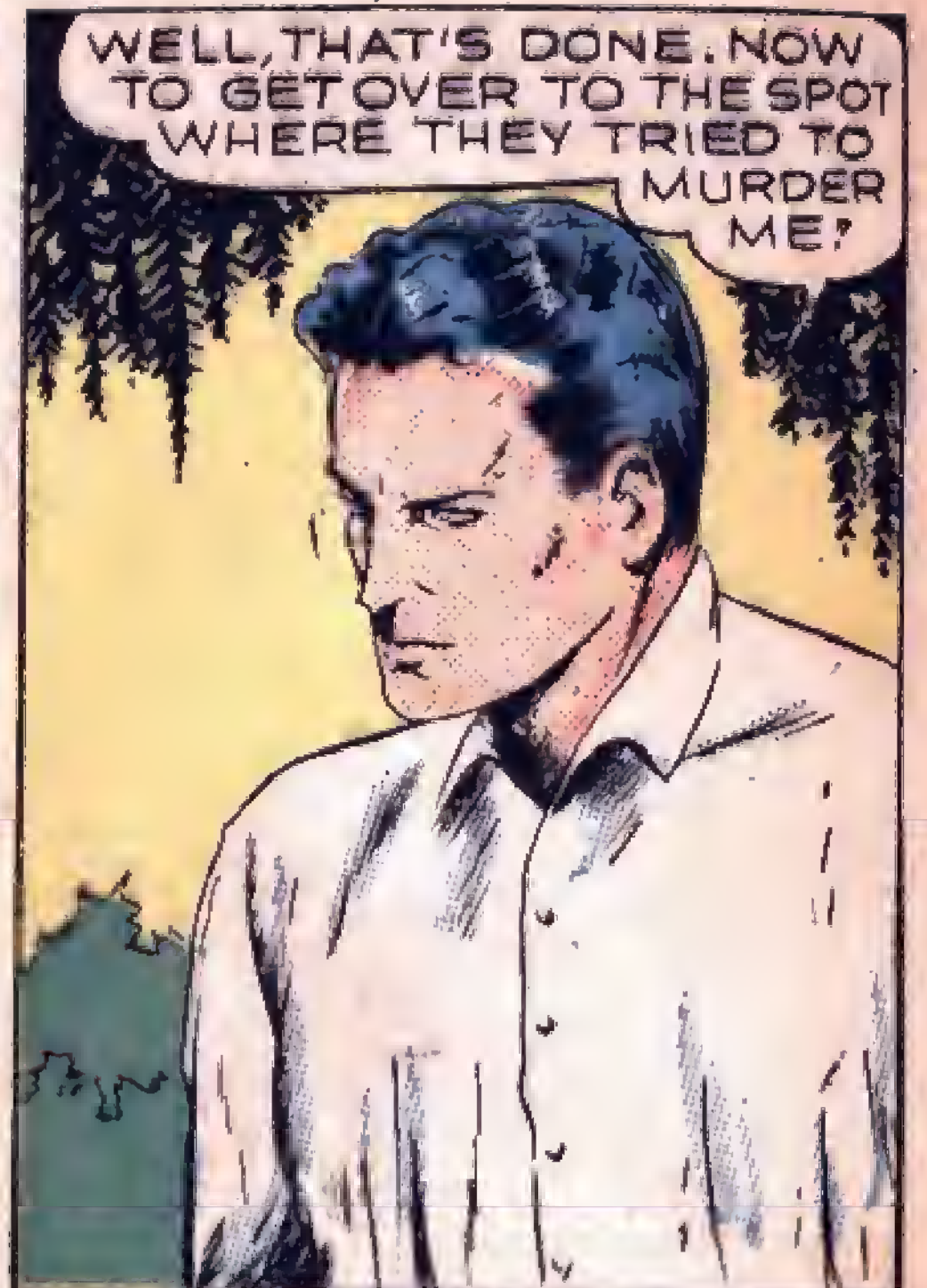
SPIN LANDS HIS SHIP AND PULLS IT ASHORE.



I'LL TAKE THESE PALM LEAVES AND COVER HER UP. NO ONE WILL FIND THE PLANE TILL I GET BACK!



WELL, THAT'S DONE. NOW TO GET OVER TO THE SPOT WHERE THEY TRIED TO MURDER ME!



HE REACHES THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND AFTER CRAWLING THROUGH THICK UNDERBRUSH.



A HUSKY NEGRO GUARD STANDS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE.



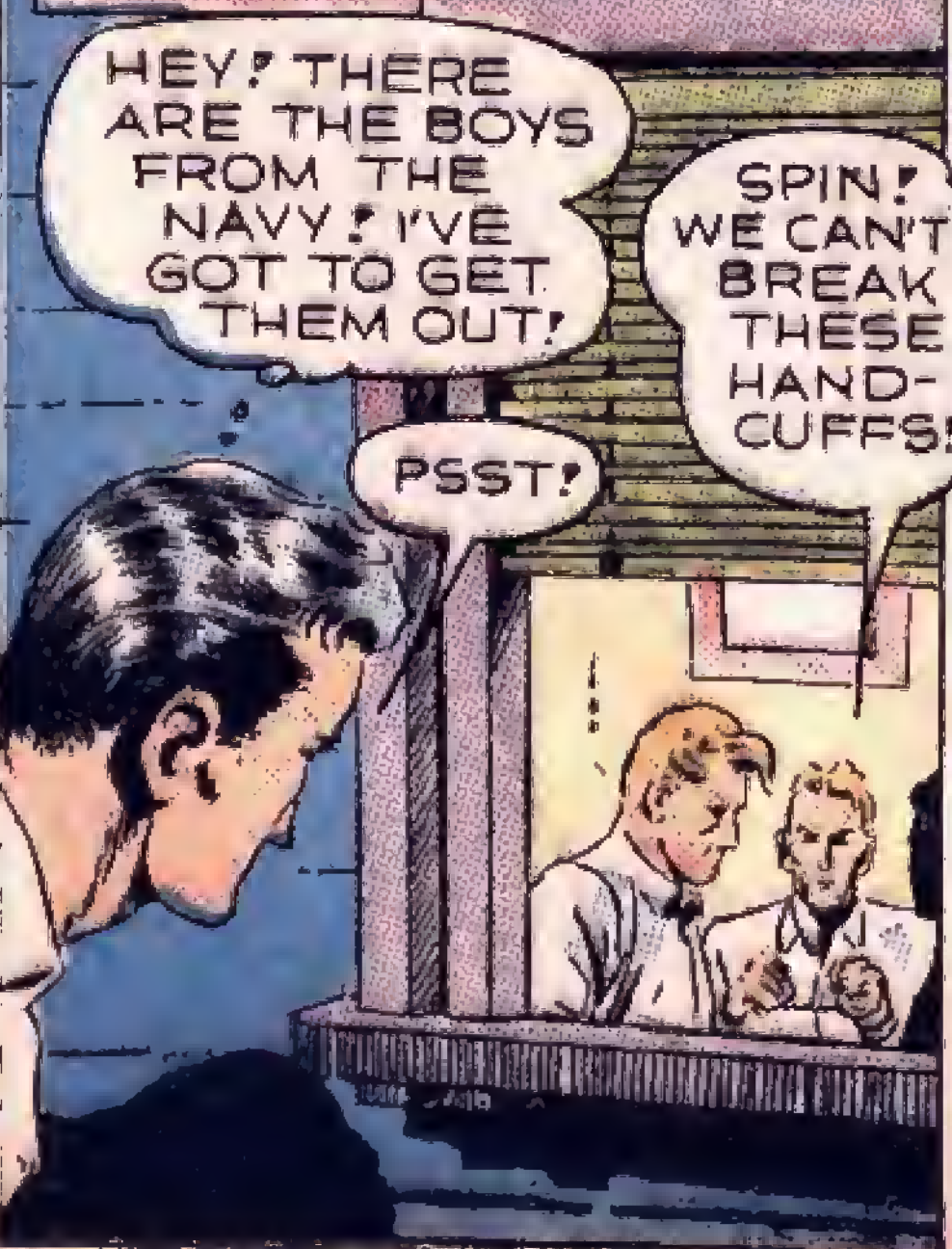
THE GUARD TURNS QUICKLY.



BUT BEFORE THE GUARD CAN ACT, SPIN TAKES THE OFFENSIVE...



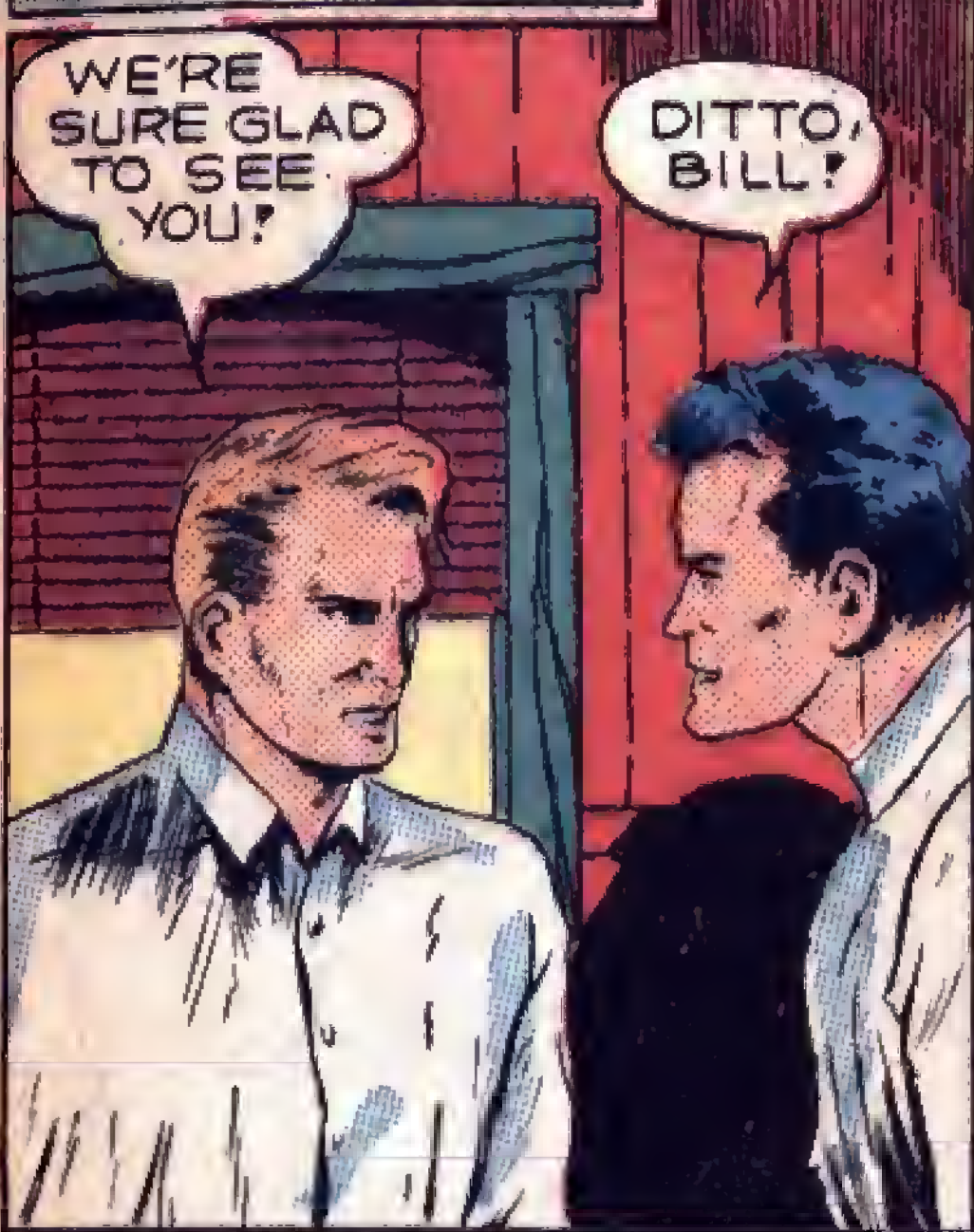
HE SENDS THE BLACK SPINNING AND THEN LOOKS THROUGH A SIDE WINDOW.



ENTERING THE HOUSE, HE FINDS THE GUARD ASLEEP.



TAKING THE KEYS FROM THE SLEEPING GUARD, SPIN RELEASES HIS PALS.



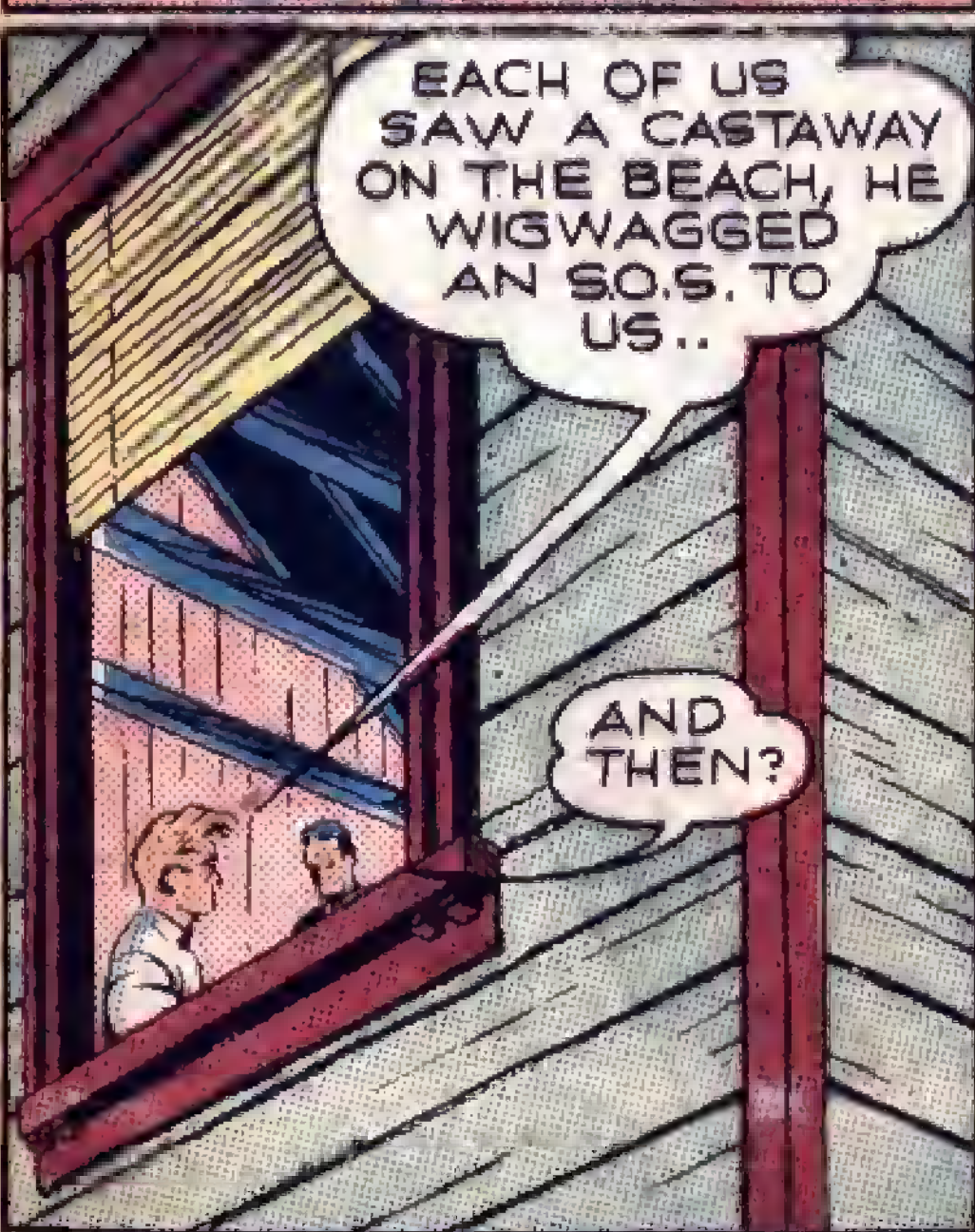
ANOTHER OF SPIN'S FRIENDS STRIDES ANGRILY TO THE GUARD.



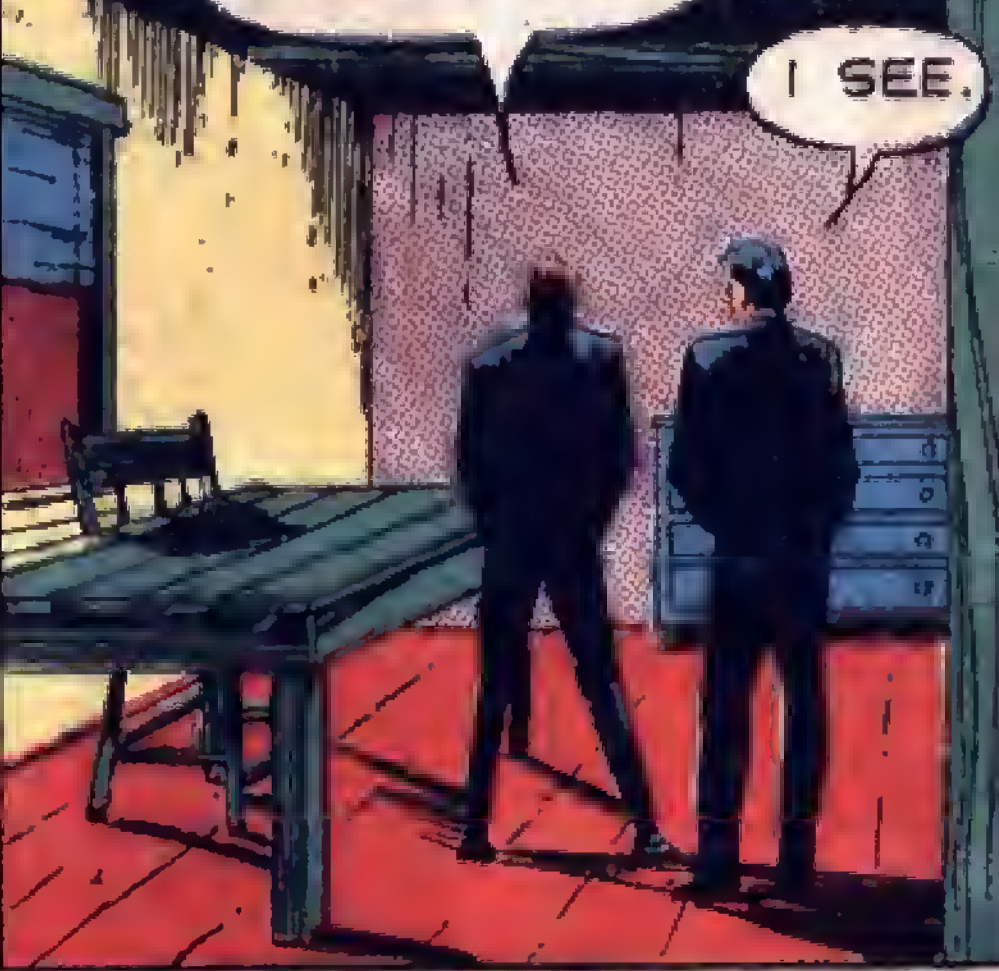
A HARD SLAP AND...



BILL EXPLAINS TO SPIN HOW THEY WERE CAPTURED.



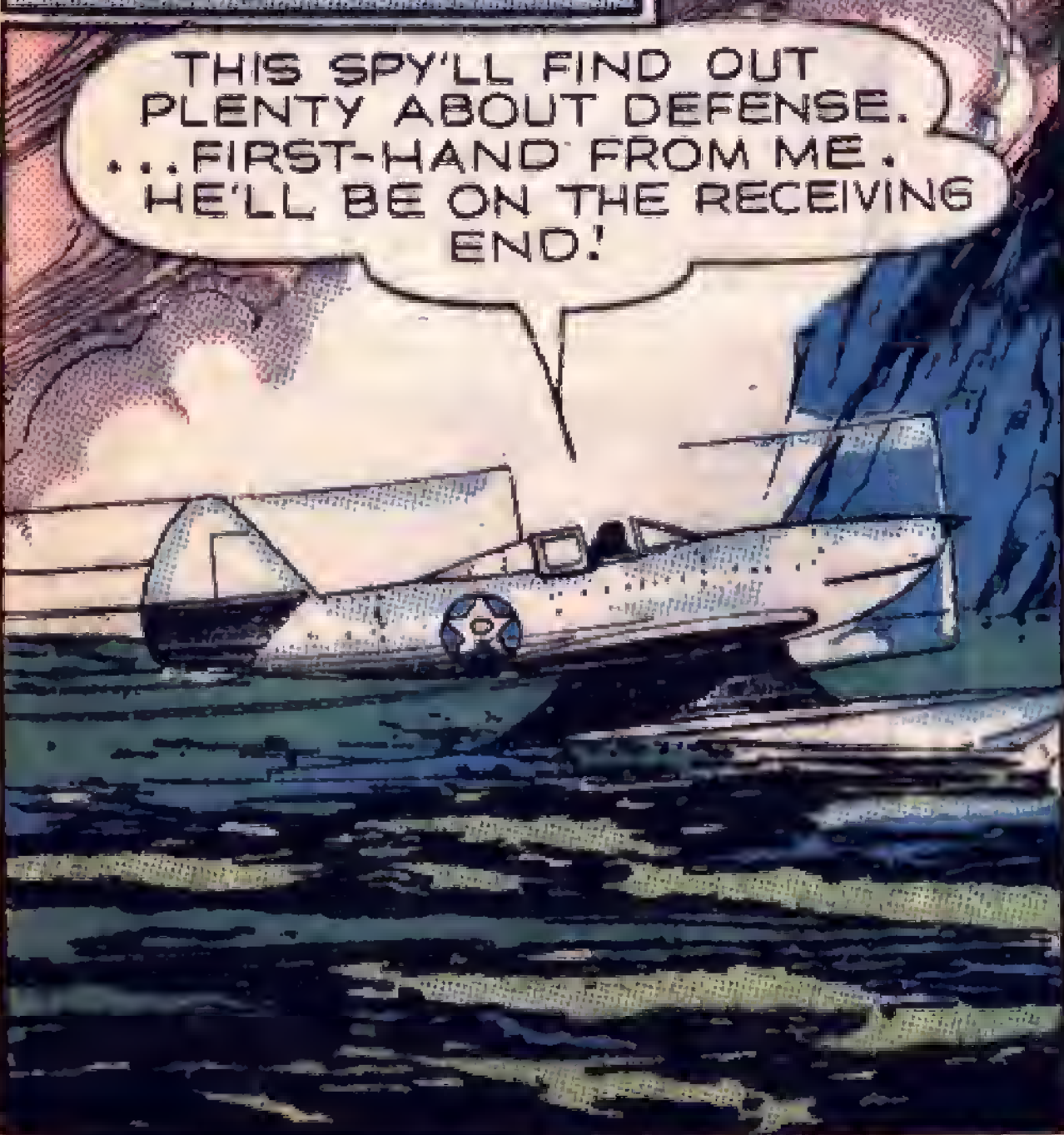
WHEN WE LANDED TO PICK HIM UP, WE WERE SURROUNDED BY THOSE NATIVES.. THEIR BOSS IS A SPY, WHO WANTS INFORMATION ABOUT OUR DEFENSES?



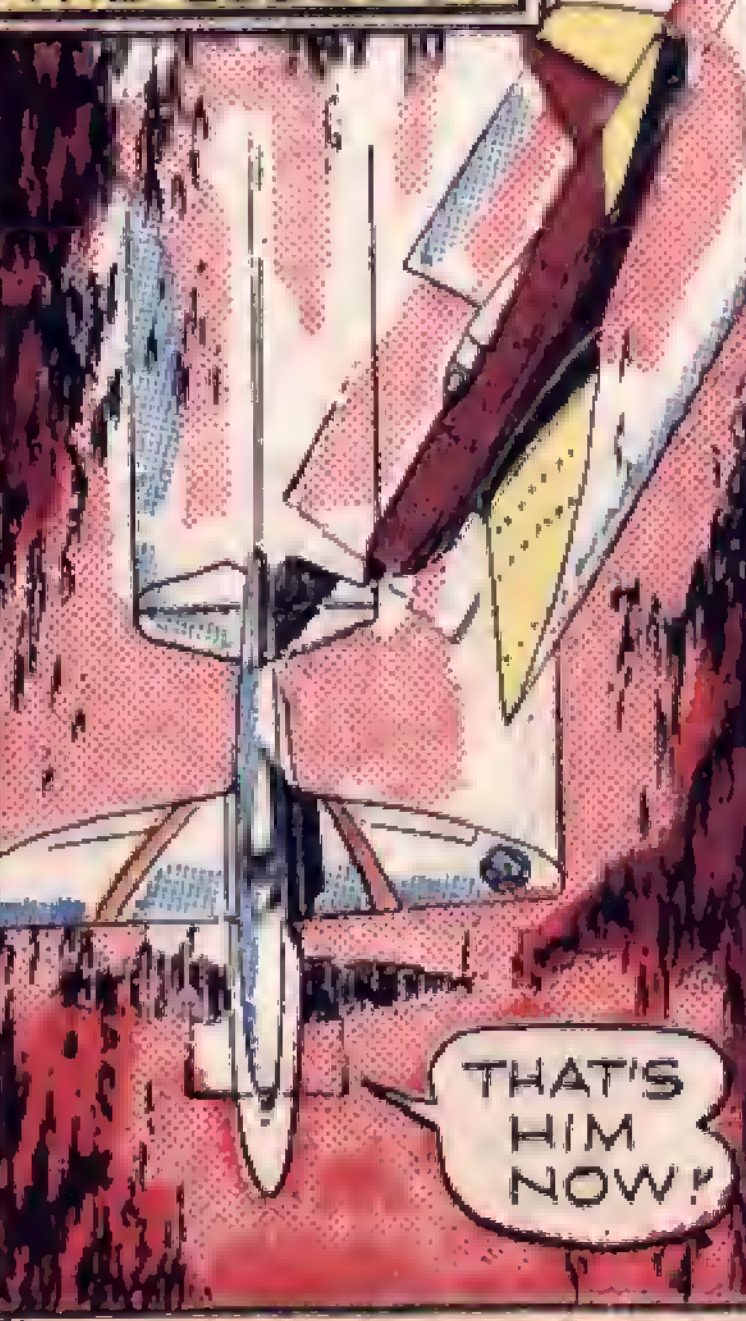
IF THAT SPY LEADER IS SUPPOSED TO LAND TODAY, I THINK I'LL GO UP AND MEET HIM.



HE SKIMS OVER THE WATER IN A GRACEFUL TAKEOFF.



JUST THEN THE FOREIGN AGENT ZOOMS OUT OF THE CLOUDS.



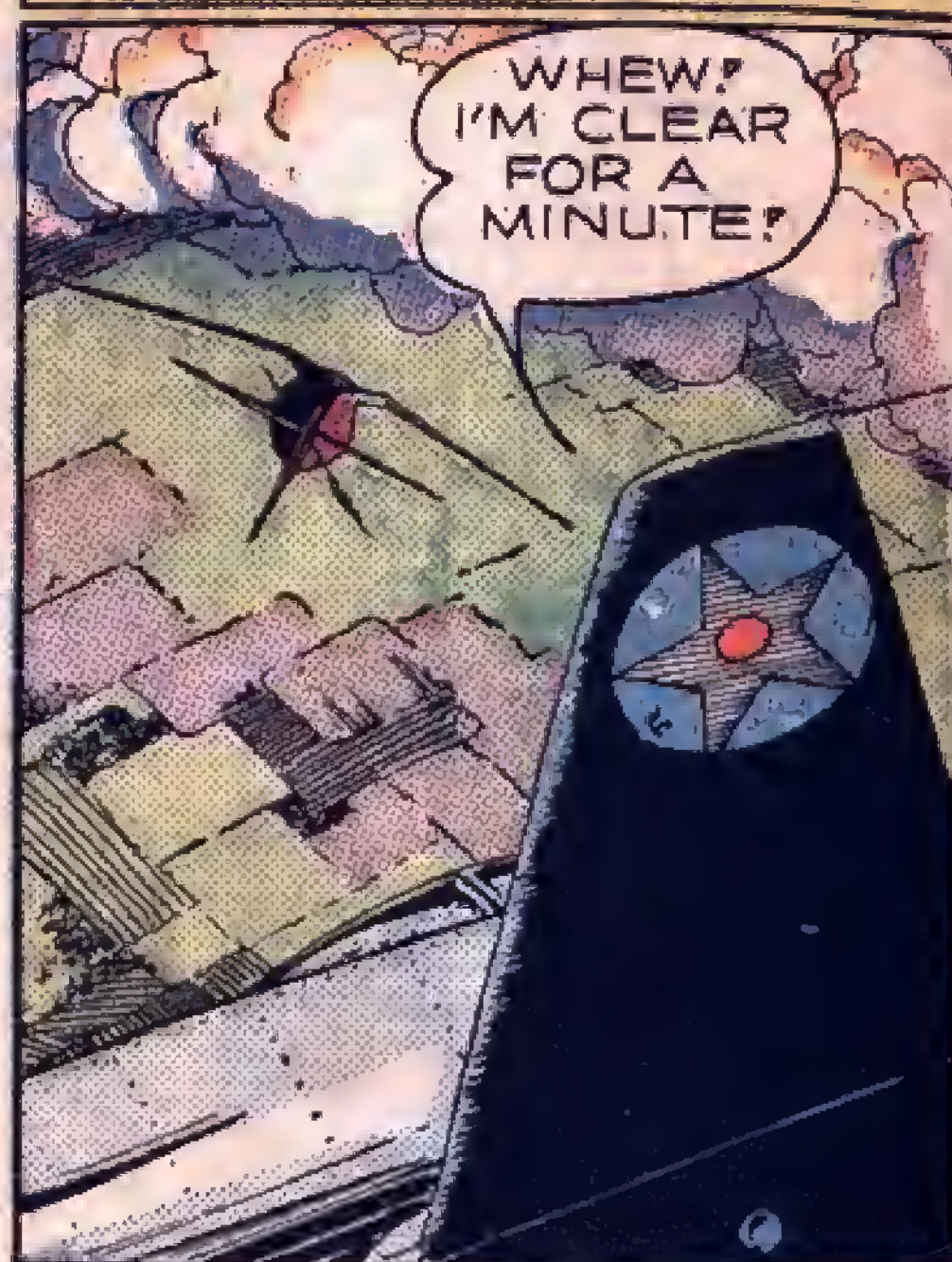
SPIN PULLS INTO A SHARP UPWARD BANK.



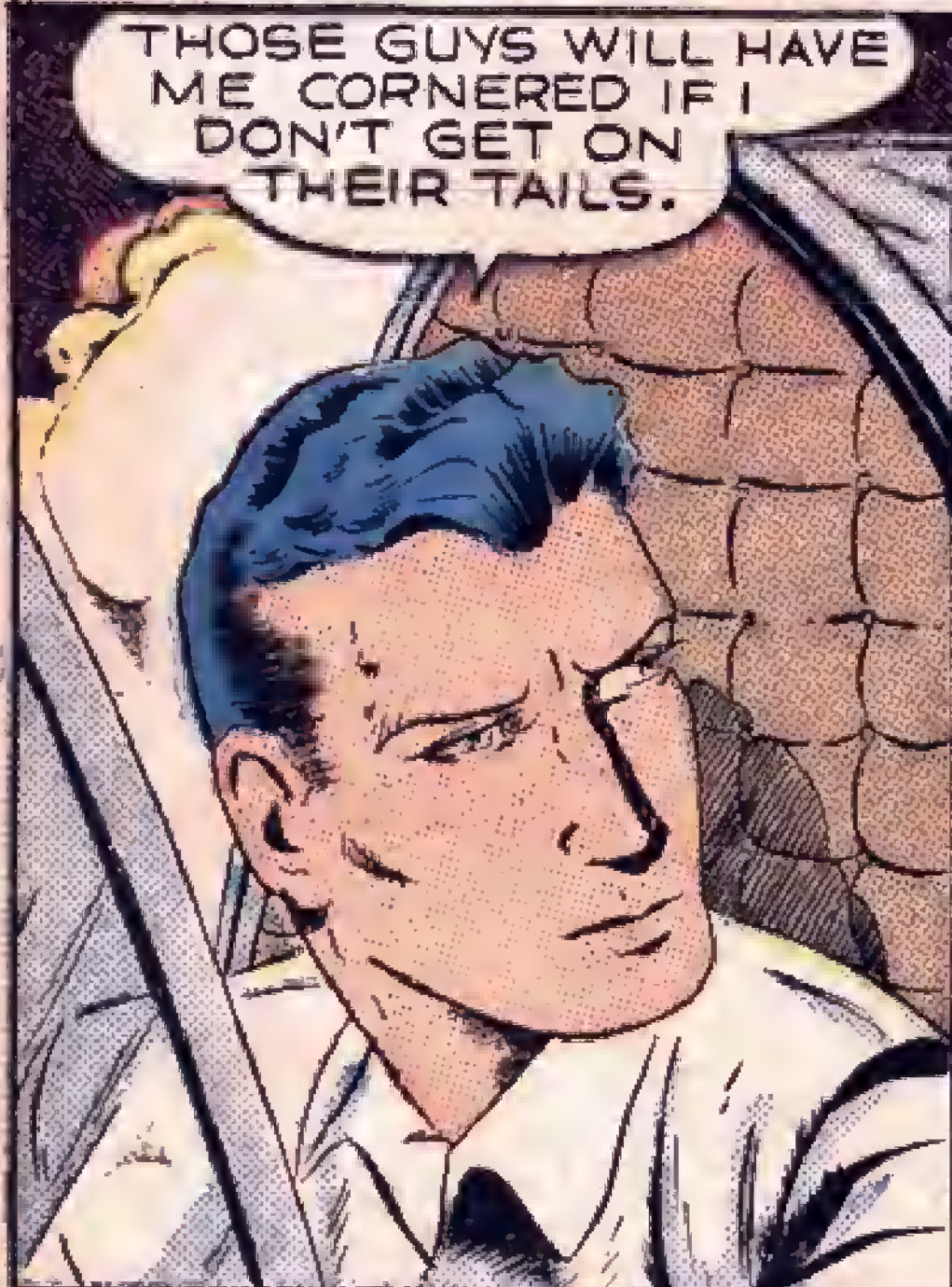
SUDDENLY A SECOND PLANE COMES TO ATTACK...VICIOUSLY, HE FIRES AT SPIN.



DESPERATELY, SPIN BANKS TO GET OUT OF THE TRAP.



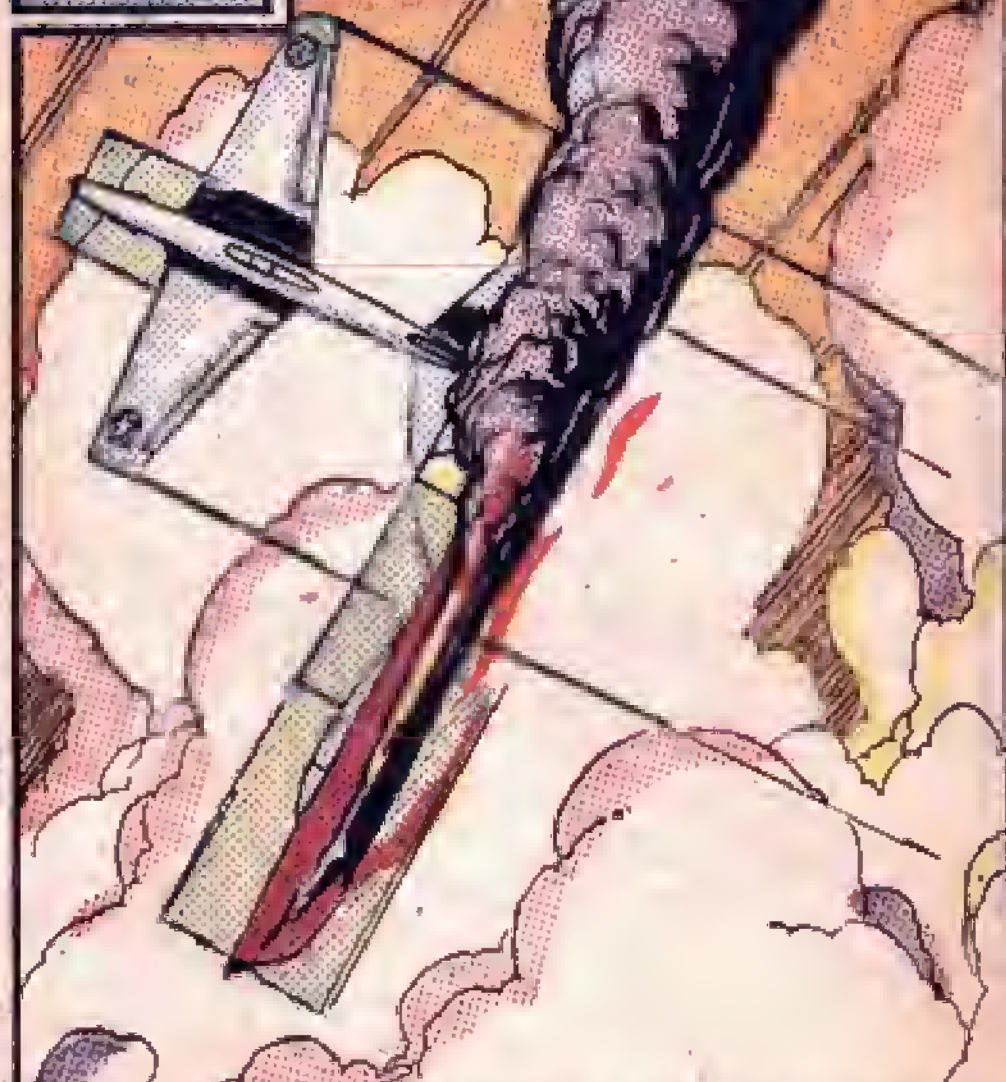
THOSE GUYS WILL HAVE ME CORNERED IF I DON'T GET ON THEIR TAILS.



SPIN MANEUVERS DEFTLY INTO POSITION.



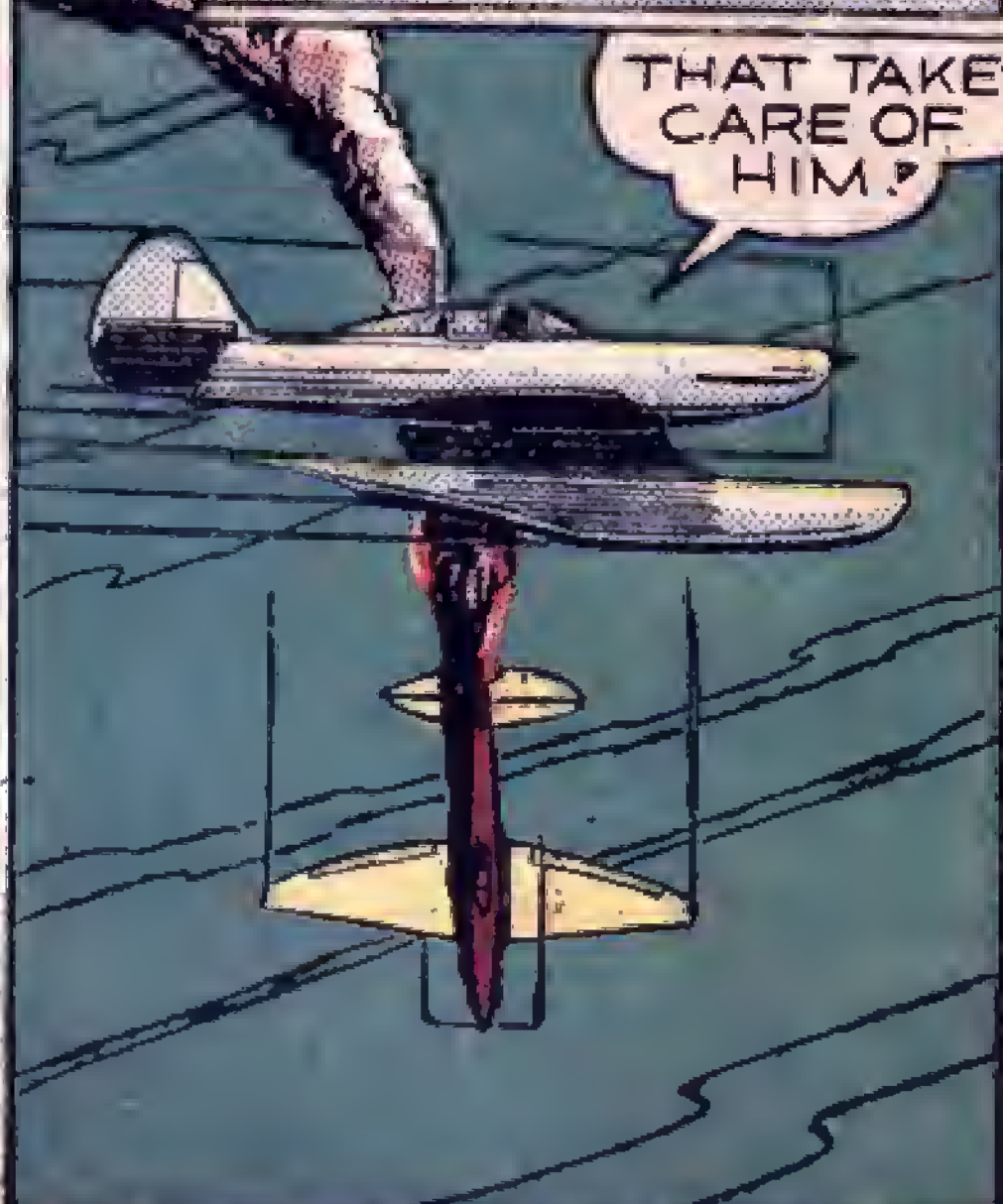
A BURST OF BULLETS SPURT FROM HIS GUNS AND HIS OPPONENT'S PLANE IS SET AFIRE.



HE'S CRASHING... NOW FOR THE OTHER ONE?



WITH NIMBLE DODGING, SPIN AIMS FOR THE PLANE'S GAS TANKS... LEAVING A TRAIL OF SMOKE, THE SHIP FALLS.



LATER... AT SPIN'S NAVAL STATION.

FINE WORK, SHAW... YOU SAVED US A LOT OF FUTURE SPY TROUBLE BY CLEANING UP THAT MOB... BUT NEXT TIME ASK BEFORE YOU TAKE OFF?



Follow the daring adventures of Spin Shaw in the October issue of **FEATURE COMICS**.

LISTEN FOR ORPHAN ANNIE'S RADIO ADVENTURES EARLY NEXT FALL!

Orphan Annie says—"BOYS and GIRLS!— TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE SWELL GIFTS FREE WITH SPARKIES GUARANTEE SEALS"!

... BUT HURRY!
THIS OFFER IS GOOD FOR
A LIMITED TIME ONLY!

IT'S THE OFFICIAL
"WRIGHT PURSUIT"!

GIRLS! Get this NURSE OUTFIT!

**CAP
FREE**
With
5 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 10c



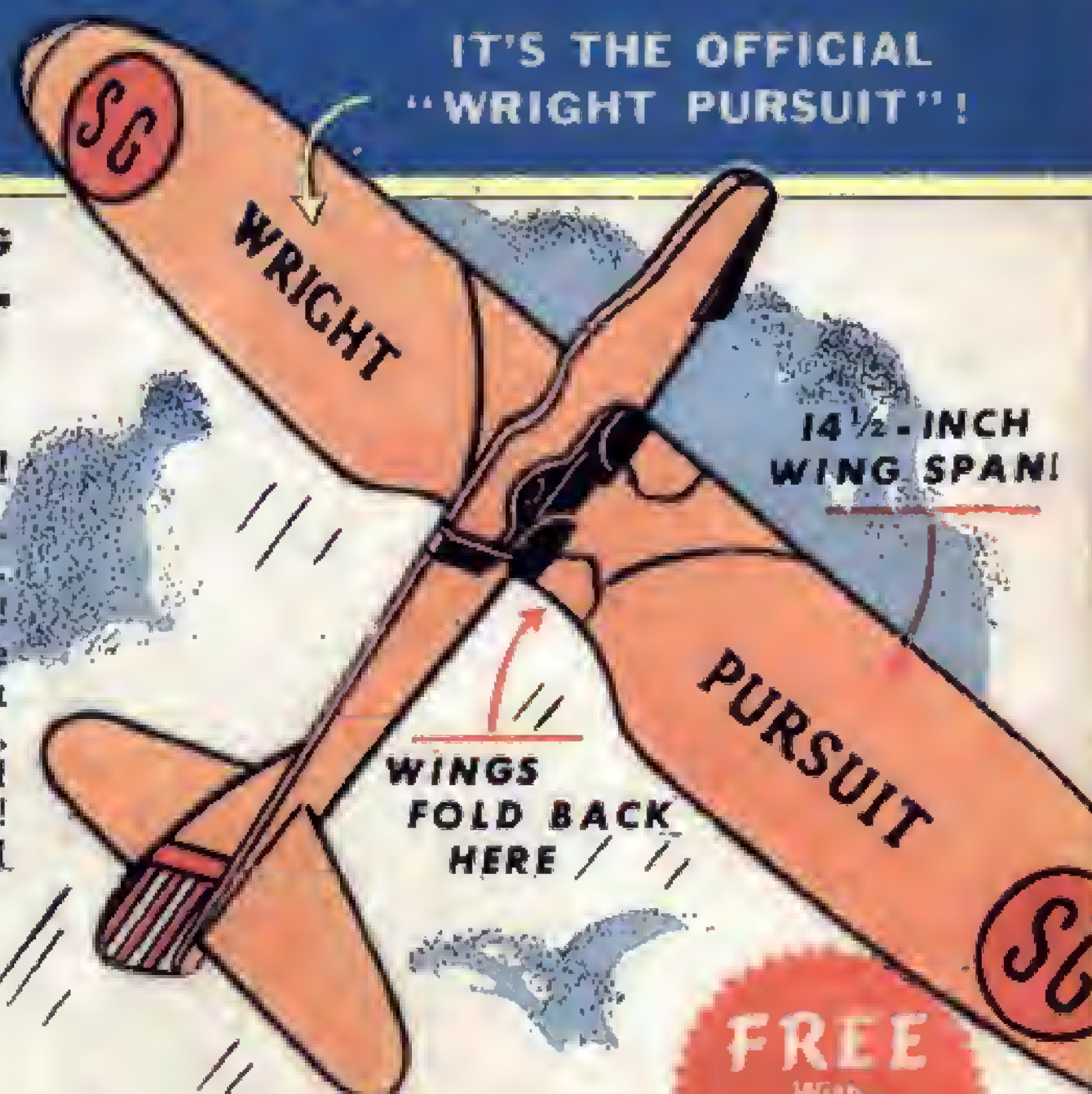
Here's your chance to get in on things when the fellows are playing "defense"—they'll ask you to play, when you get for your very own, this beautiful snow-white cloth Cap and Bib Apron that look like a real nurse's! The good-looking apron ties in back—the official shape Cap pins around your head. And right on the front of both, you'll see the brilliant red official Secret Guard Insignia! Don't miss out on this—send in now!

**APRON
FREE**
With
5 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 10c

AMAZING FOLDING-WING CATAPULT PLANE

Like a Navy
Fighter Plane!

New-principle plane with automatic folding wings to give it extra height and speed going up! Works on catapult principle, like a battleship's fighter planes. At top of flight, wings snap open, plane banks, stunts, glides and comes to a perfect spot landing! Built of bubble-light special Balsa wood with "tilt" device for folding wings. It's a wonder!



FORM A SQUADRON

Let your friends in on this—because it's not for sale in stores! These special Catapult Planes are just for Annie's friends! Form a Squadron, play defense games, have fun with "endurance flight" contests!

FREE
With
6 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c



HI-SPEEDERS! YOU NEED AVIATOR GOGGLES

Every quick, active fellow and girl wants these swell official-shaped goggles to protect keen sight when bike riding, racing, etc.! Unbreakable lenses, rimmed with soft plush for snug, comfortable fit. Adjusts to fit your head!

FREE
With
6 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c



AMAZING "SILENT WHISTLE"

Like Used for Training Movie Dogs!

Mysterious, startling high-frequency whistle can be heard by dogs and cats, but not by human beings! Train your dog to respond to it—amaze your friends and family! Solid bronze whistle also adjusts to blow piercing G-Man Whistle and to play easy tunes!

FREE
With
7 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c

FREE
With
6 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c



GIANT NINE-INCH PERISCOPE

Three times as much fun as ordinary periscopes because it works three ways! Lets you see around corners without being seen—lets you see in back of you without turning around—lets you see the whole world upside down, crazy as anything. Don't miss this fun!

EAT DELICIOUS SPARKIES* AND GET MARVELOUS FREE GIFTS AND HEALTHFUL "Vitamin Rain*" BESIDES!

ORPHAN ANNIE, BOX L, DEPT. 35, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I've told my Mother how "Vitamin Rain" adds vitamins B₁, D and G to swell-tasting Sparkies, so when I eat Sparkies with fruit and a glass of milk I get almost half my minimum daily need of vitamins A, B₁, C, D and G to help me be a leader. Now my Mother lets me enjoy Sparkies every day, so I'm sending in the valuable Guarantee Seals for the gifts I have marked. I enclose..... Guarantee Seals (or..... Seals and.....c).

☐ CATAPULT PLANE
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)

☐ NURSE CAP
5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c)

☐ NURSE APRON
5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c)

☐ AVIATOR GOGGLES
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)

☐ "SILENT" DOG WHISTLE
7 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)

☐ GIANT PERISCOPE
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(This Offer Expires October 31, 1941)

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Boy! The Bike Keds I am wearing
were built for fast starts



Bike Keds

Missed me by a mile!
Good footwork is a
cinch with Stride Keds



Stride Keds

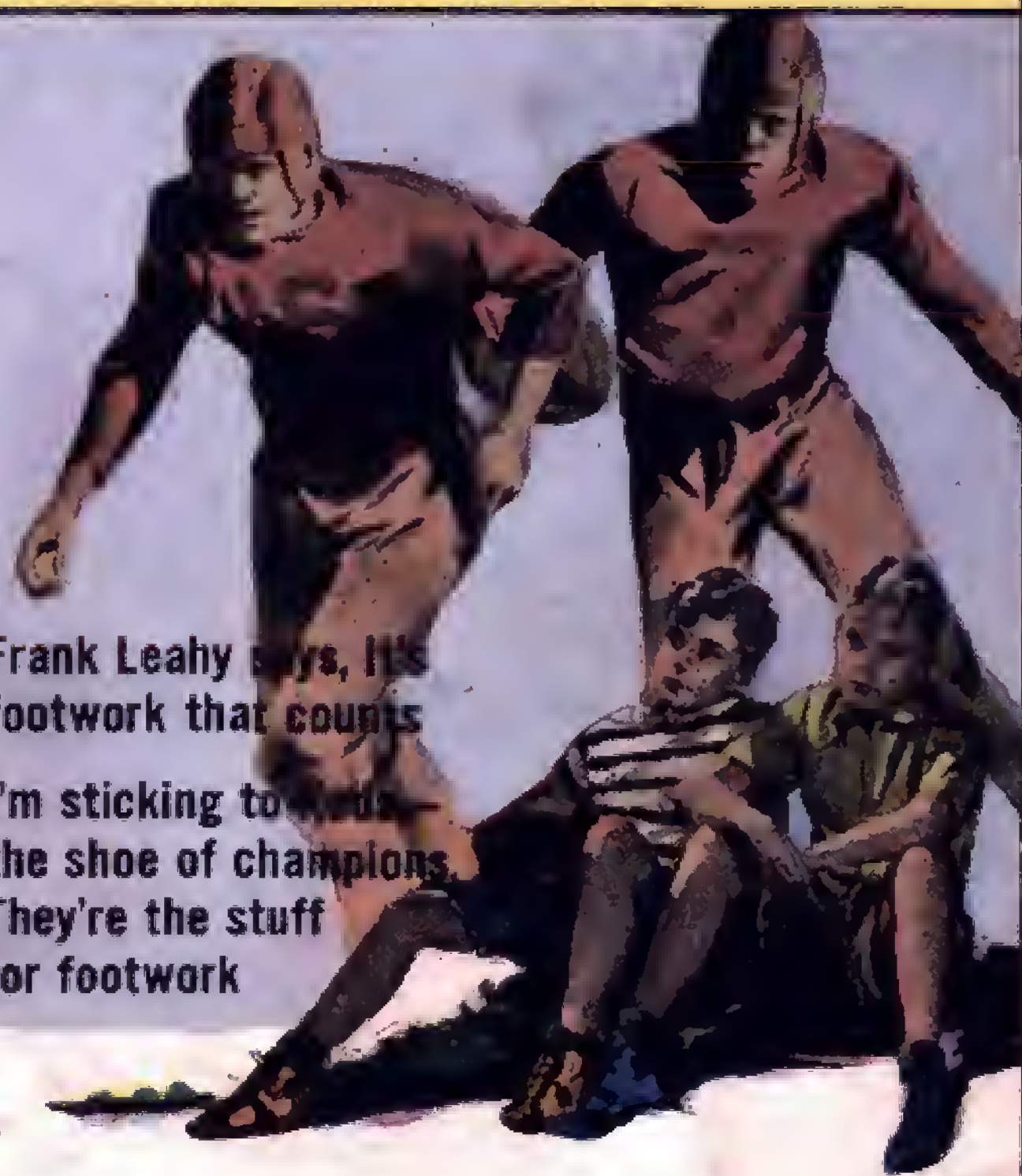


Keds Blue
Supreme Oxford

These Blue Supreme
Oxford Keds
make the tough ones
easy to get

BOB: Frank Leahy says, it's
footwork that counts

NED: I'm sticking to Keds—
the shoe of champions.
They're the stuff
for footwork



*Footwork
makes the Athlete*
Frank Leahy



FREE

For Better Footwork

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Keds

the Shoe of Champions

● Frank Leahy's book on football is written especially for
future champions. To get your free copy send your name
and address to Keds, Department C, United States Rubber
Company, 1230 Sixth Ave., Rockefeller Center, New York.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

1230 Sixth Avenue • Rockefeller Center, New York





POISON IVY



ZERO



BIG BRUCE



HO REYNOLDS
OF THE MOUNTED



CUSTY DANE



BIG TOP



RUSTY RYAN

FEATURE

COMICS

SEPTEMBER

Starring
THE
DOLL
MAN



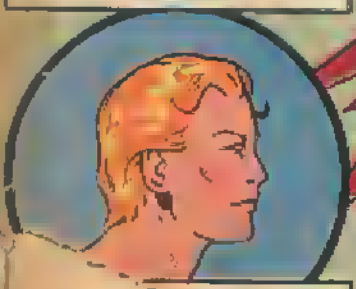
SPIN SHAW



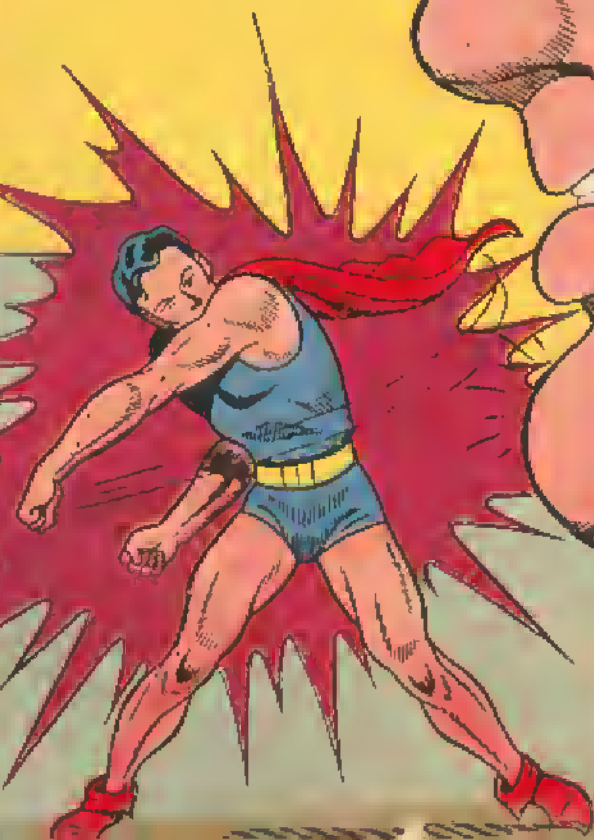
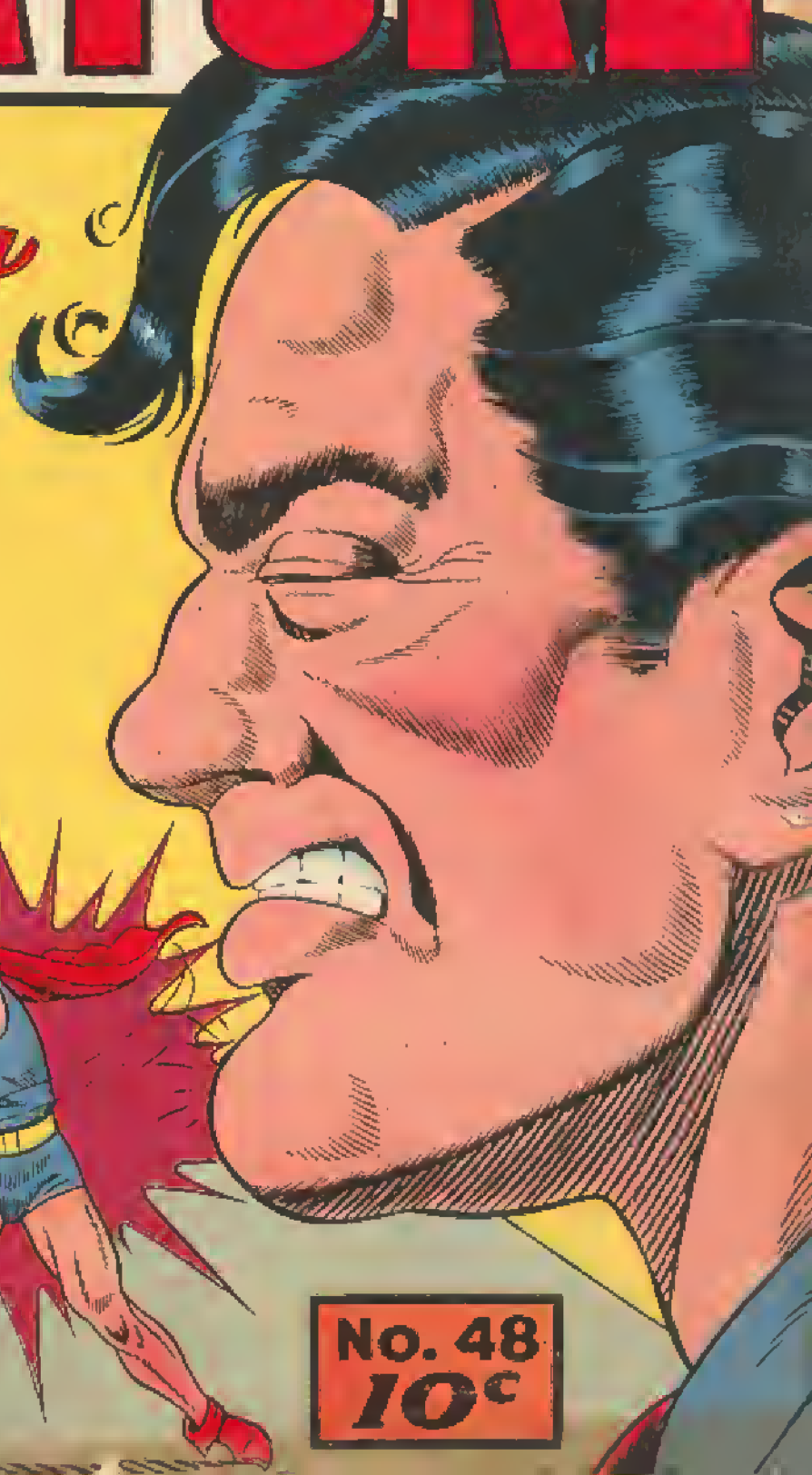
LALA PALOOZA



MICKEY FINN



AR



No. 48
10¢



NEW

SEND NO MONEY

LIMITED OFFER!

Big New PRINTING PRESS

A Marvelous Money-Maker for Bright Boys

IF YOU are ambitious and work you can quickly build a business, establish an enterprise. And, who knows what this activity may lead to? Many famous printers, publishers, advertising men, got started the same way.

HOW TO GET GOING—Go to the owner of your nearest Grocery or Drug Store and tell him you can set small cost print postcards having **WEEK-END SPECIALS**. Keep the type standing . . . make changes from week to week . . . arrange one run this week, another next, etc. You now have a regular job every Friday. Next, set a Funeral Home. Memorial cards with dates are now a part of every service. This is profitable work, non-competitive and pays 500% profit.

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY—B. Franklin, America's first great printer, originated this type of business. Now, modernized, simplified, streamlined, and built, set out at a time, hot on a production basis with parts stamped out like auto bodies—lighter, stronger and cheaper than castings—the idea that makes possible this

sensational LOW price. All the savings of this scientific method are passed on to you. You get an unbelieveably big value for your money. Double toggle action provides multiple force impression. Clean. Sharp. Speed, 1000 an hour.

SPECIALIZE—With an high overhauled the whole field of small job printing is open to you. Tags, tickets, billheads, office and shop records . . .

BUSINESS CARDS . . . MOVIE TITLES
PRINTING DEALER'S NAMES

Church & Lodge tickets, meeting notices, menus, dinner programs, slips, price lists, envelopes, special labels, blotters, line art, election, business blocks, course record callbooks, simple ruler work.

SEND NO MONEY unless you wish. Mail order today brings steel price advance. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**, 7 day trial. If ordered P.O.D. give bank references or check 12; balance on delivery. Parts Lock factory.

BOYS

FOR THE FIRST TIME
a few dollars
makes you proprietor of
a one-man print shop

* As proprietor you enjoy profits equal to three times labor, and once you acquire the art of making money . . . the world is yours.

THE CROWN
CHASE 2 1/2 x 5 1/2
SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE
Only \$5.85

Heavy gauge, all steel construction with girder cross beams. Double toggle high-pressure handle. Stands 11 in. Pure latex ink roller for all year-round service. Automatic revolving ink plate. Metal chase with lock-up screws. Two boxes 12pt Standard foundry metal Copperplate Gothic, spaces, riglets, etc. Adjustable back plate simplifies make ready. Ink and try sheets. Step-by-step instructions.

PONY KIT \$4.95

Consists of 2 boxes 12pt Copperplate Gothic, font of small Gothic (8pt on 12), 24pt Outline, pkg 12pt quads & spaces, wood type case, tweezers, 1/4 lb, black ink, 50 Xmas cards or announcements with envelopes. Reg. val. \$6.85. Special with press \$4.95

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

If you are not more than satisfied with your press and the bus. is provided, back comes your money, without question. Return in reliable condition. Used type bought at men's low prices.

PECK BROTHERS *Atmt. Enc. &*
2985 Whitney Ave., Mt. Carmel, Conn.

Please send the following:

Crown Press \$5.85	Pony Kit \$4.95
--------------------	-----------------

Name _____

Address _____

PECK BROTHERS, 2985 Whitney Ave., Mt. Carmel, Conn.

BY
WILLIAM
ERWIN
MAXWELL

DOLL MAN

The

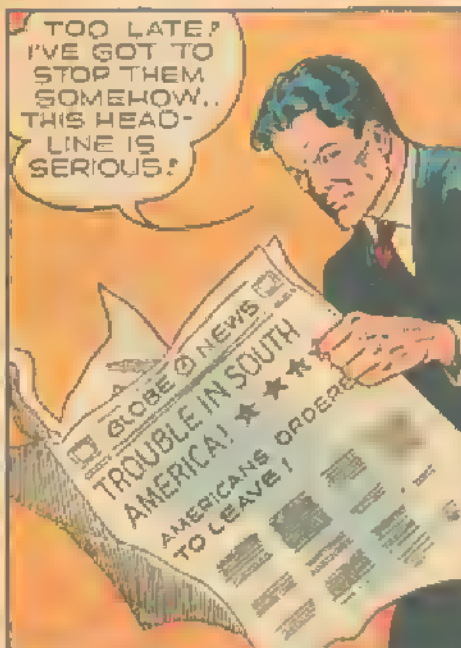
DARREL DANE,
YOUNG SCIENTIST
FRIEND OF DOCTOR
ROBERTS, CAN AT
WILL TRANSFORM
HIMSELF INTO THE
DOLL MAN, A MINI-
ATURE WHIRLWIND
OF ACTION, FEARED
BY CRIMINALS AND
FOES OF OUR
DEMOCRACY.

DOCTOR ROBERTS AND
HIS DAUGHTER MARTHA
BOARD A PLANE FOR
SOUTH AMERICA.

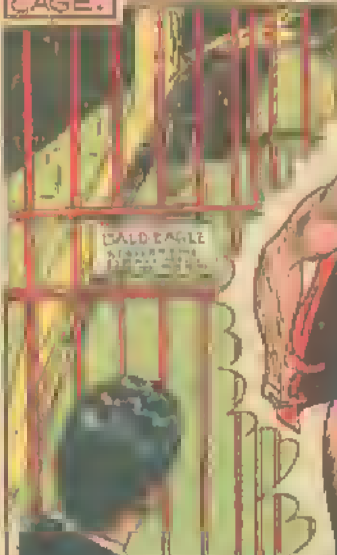
JUST AS THE SHIP LEAVES THE
GROUND, DARREL DANE RUSHES
UP.

STOP!
HEY,
STOP!





DANE VISITS THE ZOO WHERE HE STEALTHILY UNLATCHES THE EAGLE CAGE.



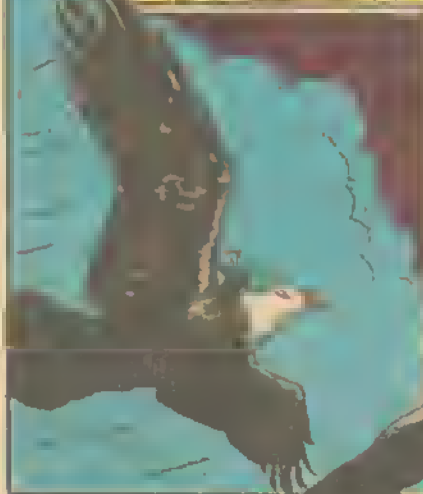
THEN HE BECOMES THE DOLL MAN.



INSIDE THE CAGE HE HOPS TO THE EAGLE'S BACK.



STARTLED, THE GREAT BIRD TESTS ITS WINGS.. IN A GRACEFUL SWOOP IT SOARS OUT OF THE CAGE TO FREEDOM..



THE DOLL MAN GUIDES HIS STRANGE AIRSTEED SOUTH.



SOON THE DOLL MAN SPOTS THE PLANE NEARING DEVIL'S ISLAND.



THE DOLL MAN YANKS A FEW FEATHERS FROM THE EAGLE'S TAIL AND HOLDING THEM ALOFT, WAITS DOWN TO EARTH.



MEANWHILE ON DEVIL'S ISLAND OFF FRENCH GUIANA, THE PLANE HAS LANDED AND THE PASSENGERS ARE TAKEN PRISONERS BY A BLUSTERING ALIEN OFFICIAL.



YOU ARE USELESS TO OUR CAUSE... ALL WE NEED IS THE PLANE YOU CAME IN!

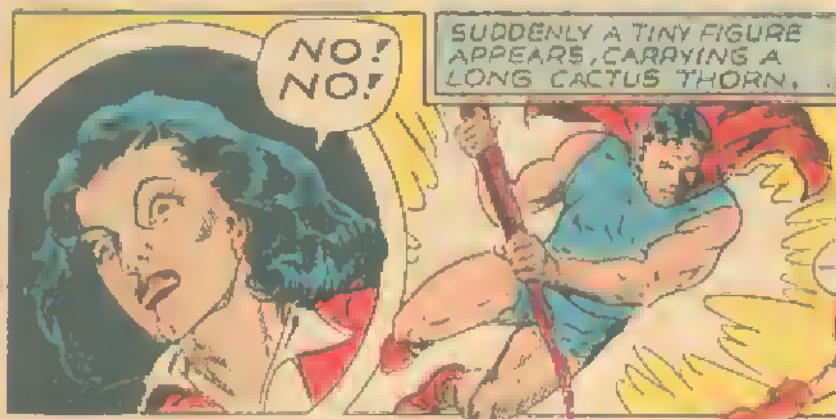


IT WAS A MISTAKE FOR YOU TO COME... BUT SINCE YOU ARE HERE YOU MUST BE REMOVED BEFORE THE FATHERLAND'S TROOPS LAND! HERMANN? YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

HERMANN LEADS THE CAPTIVES TO A HIGH CLIFF FACING A BOTTOMLESS PIT.



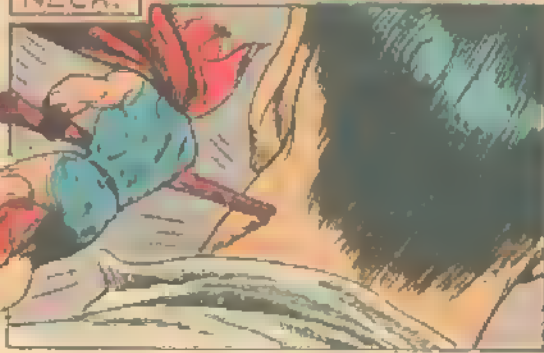
THROW THEM IN!



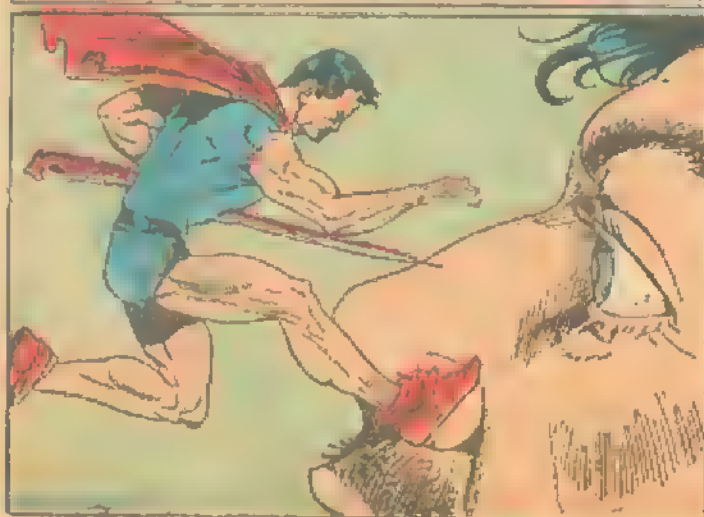
NO!
NO!

SUDDENLY A TINY FIGURE APPEARS, CARRYING A LONG CACTUS THORN.

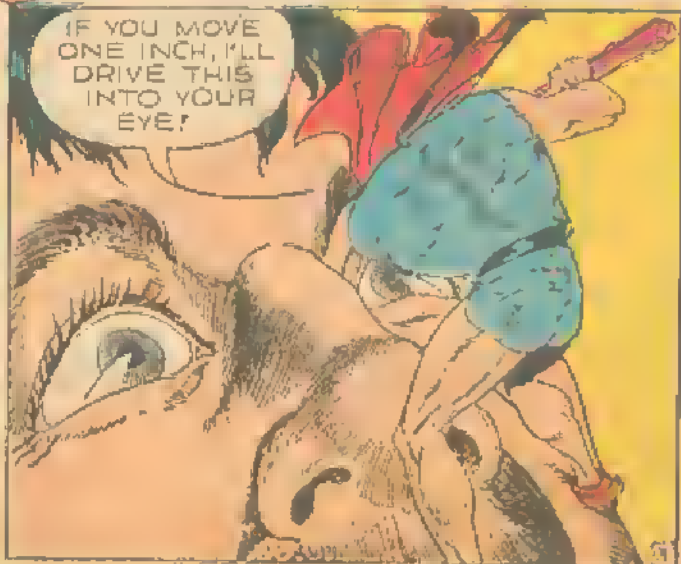
IT IS THE DOLL MAN... HE PLUNGES THE THORN INTO ONE GUARD'S NECK.



AND LEAPS TO THE NOSE OF THE OTHER.



IF YOU MOVE ONE INCH, I'LL DRIVE THIS INTO YOUR EYE!



THE OFFICIAL, ERNST HULLER OF ARYANIA, SUDDENLY CALLS HIS AIDE,

INSTANTLY HULLER'S AIDE RACES TO OBEY.

QUICK! RUN TO THE CLIFF AND STOP THE EXECUTION!

I'VE JUST HEARD BY RADIO THAT DOCTOR ROBERTS IS AMONG THEM... HE CAN GIVE US INFORMATION ABOUT AMERICAN DEFENSE!

STOP! HERR HULLER WANTS TO SEE THE AMERICANS!



THE DOLL MAN HOPS TO MARTHA'S SHOULDER.

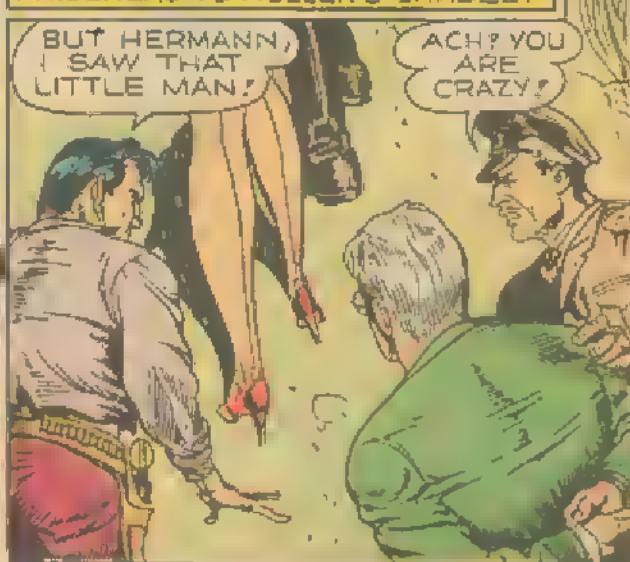
LET THEM TAKE YOU AND YOUR DAD... WE CAN FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THIS PLOT... I'LL HIDE IN YOUR HAIR.



RUDELY, THE GUARDS DRAG THEIR PRISONERS TO HULLER'S CITADEL.

BUT HERMANN, I SAW THAT LITTLE MAN!

ACH? YOU ARE CRAZY?



INSIDE THEY FACE HULLER.

IF YOU WISH TO LIVE YOU WILL... ER... COOPERATE... MARK THE LOCATIONS OF YOUR DEFENSE PLANTS ON THIS MAP!

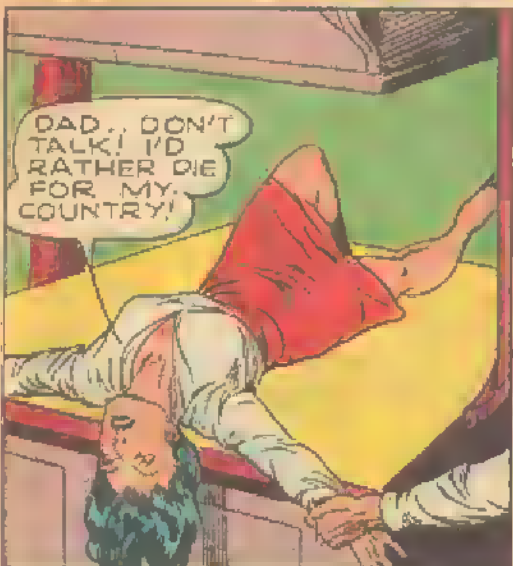
NO!



I SEE THAT YOU NEED PERSUASION... MEN? PUT THE GIRL UNDER THE PRESS!



STRONG HANDS GRAB MARTHA AND FORCE HER UNDER A CRUEL TORTURE INSTRUMENT.



DAD, DON'T TALK! I'D RATHER DIE FOR MY COUNTRY!

SLOWLY THE GREAT SCREW BEGINS TO GRIND... THREE TONS OF DEATH DESCEND UPON MARTHA.



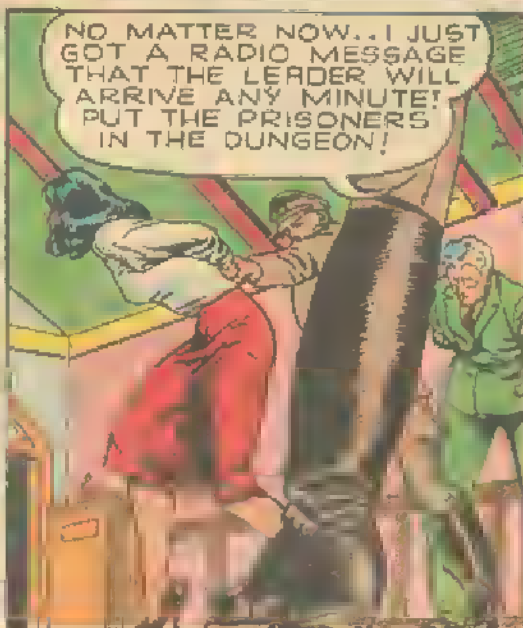
BUT THE DOLL MAN SLIPS OUT OF HER HAIR...



I'LL KEEP THE PRESS FROM CLOSING!

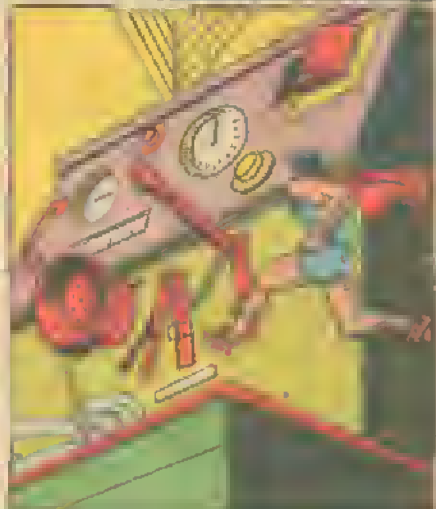


HERR HULLER! THE PRESS IS BROKEN... IT WON'T MOVE!



NO MATTER NOW... I JUST GOT A RADIO MESSAGE THAT THE LEADER WILL ARRIVE ANY MINUTE! PUT THE PRISONERS IN THE DUNGEON!

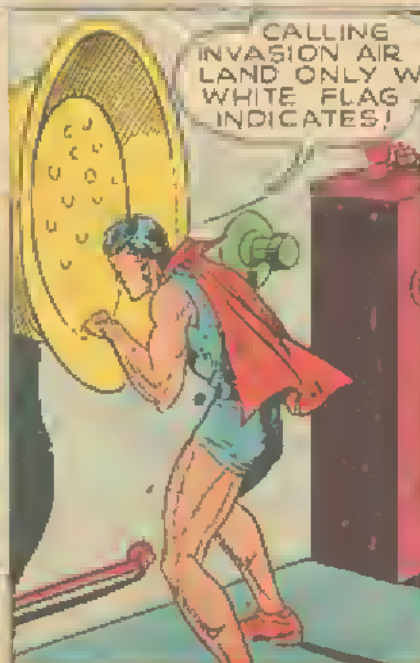
AS THE MEN LEAVE FOR THE AIRFIELD, THE DOLL MAN LEAPS TO THE RADIOPHONE...



HE FLIPS A LEVER THAT IS MARKED "INVASION FLEET COMMUNICATIONS!"



THIS'LL DO THE TRICK!



CALLING INVASION AIR FLEET! LAND ONLY WHERE WHITE FLAG INDICATES!

THE FLIGHT COMMANDER IS PUZZLED...



WHITE FLAG?? BUT I DO NOT SEE ANY!

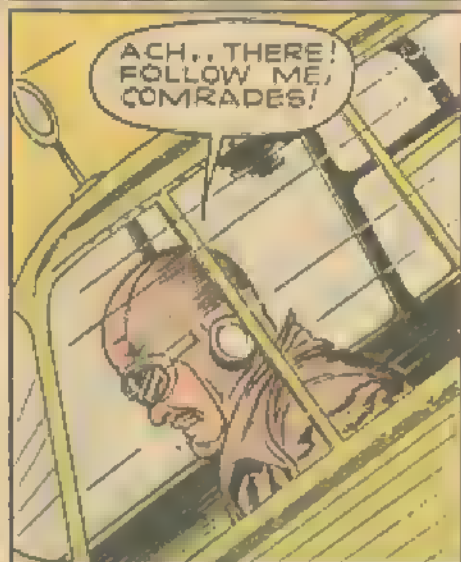
SNATCHING UP A HUGE WHITE HANDKERCHIEF, THE DOLL MAN LEAPS OUT A WINDOW . . .



HE RACES TO THE FETID BOG AND WAVES THE HANDKERCHIEF WILDLY TO THE PLANES CIRCLING ABOVE.



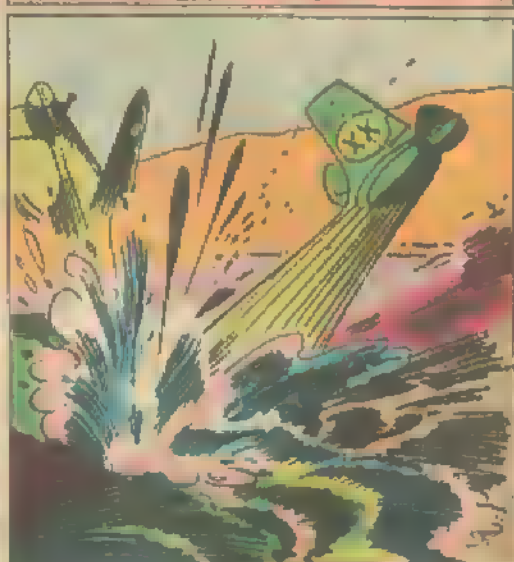
THE FLIGHT COMMANDER SEES IT.



THE SQUADRON ROARS DOWN FOR A LANDING.



AND CRASHES NDSE-ON IN THE MUCK.



HULLER AND HIS PARTY SEE THE DISASTER FROM THE LANDING FIELD. . .



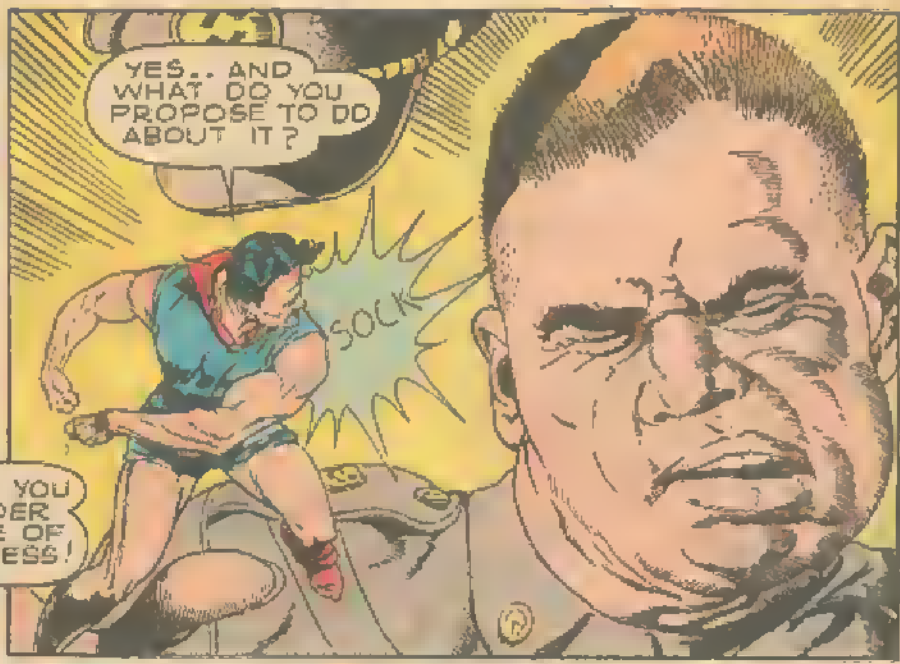
THEY RUN TO THE EDGE OF THE MARSH . . .



JUST THEN THE DOLL MAN CLAMBERS UP.



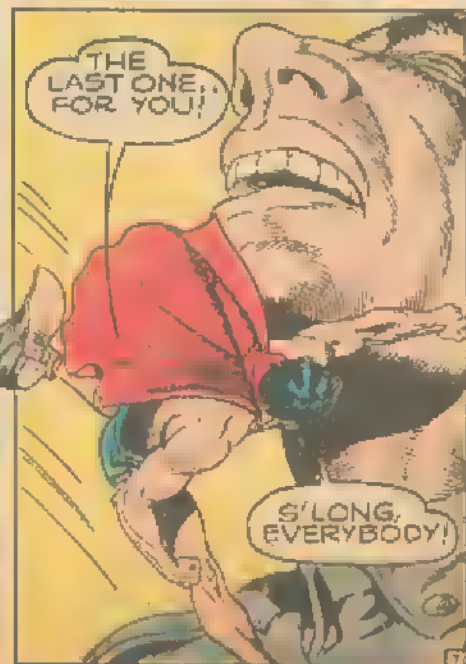
HULLER STOOPS AND PICKS UP THE TINY MAN.



I BET YOU ARE DER CAUSE OF DIS MESS!



BUT SWEEPING THROUGH THEM LIKE A TORNADO, THE DOLLMAN SCATTERS HIS ATTACKERS. . . .



LEAVING THE SCENE, THE DOLL MAN HEADS FOR HULLER'S STRONGHOLD.



HAVE TO NOTIFY 'EM ALL BACK HOME!

HE COMMANDEERS THE WIRELESS.



CALLING U.S. AIRBORNE OFF TRINIDAD.. SEND SQUADRON TO DEVIL'S ISLAND.. TROUBLE.

MEANWHILE HERR HULLER HAS RETURNED TO CONSCIOUSNESS.

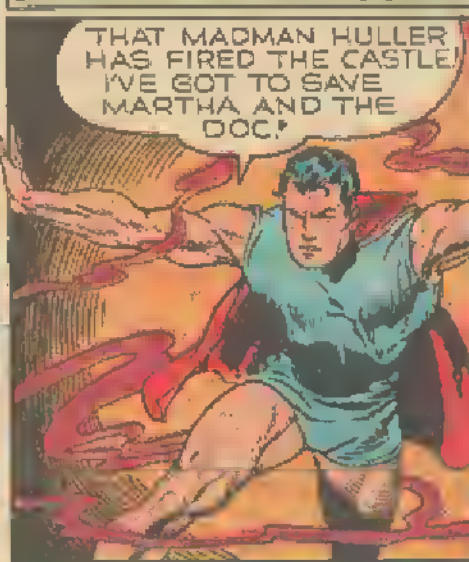


I FIX THAT LITTLE SNOOPER.. BURN DOWN DER WHOLE PLACE!

HE CIRCLES THE CITADEL, LEAVING BLAZING BRUSH FIRES IN HIS WAKE.. SOON THE PLACE IS RINGED WITH FLAME.



THE DOLL MAN SEES SMOKE CURLING UNDER THE DOOR.



THAT MADMAN HULLER HAS FIRED THE CASTLE! I'VE GOT TO SAVE MARTHA AND THE DOC!

HE EXPLORES THE CITADEL QUICKLY AND DISCOVERS THE DUNGEON WHERE HIS FRIENDS ARE IMPRISONED.



I'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A JIFFY, FOLKS!

THE DOLL MAN RIPS APART THE IRON BARS LIKE MATCHSTICKS.



RIGHT THIS WAY ANY FAST!

THE TRIO DASHES MADLY FOR AN EXIT.



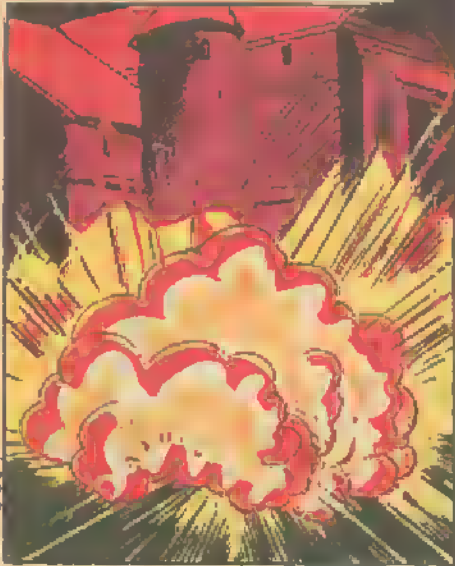
WE'RE TRAPPED! JUST WALLED IN BY FIRE.

JUST THEN THE ARMY PLANES ROAR OVERHEAD.



THIS PLACE NEEDS CLEANING OUT.. WE'LL DROP A FEW BOMBS!

ONE OF THE BOMBS.
EXPLODES NEAR THE
HOUSE.



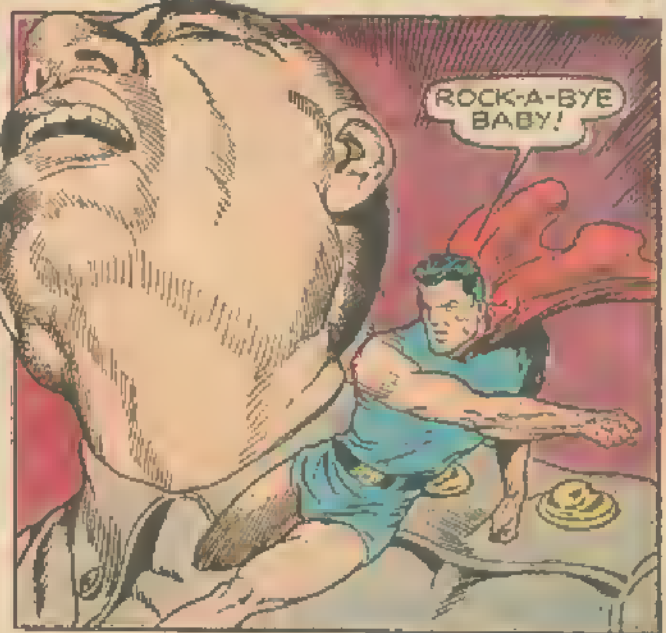
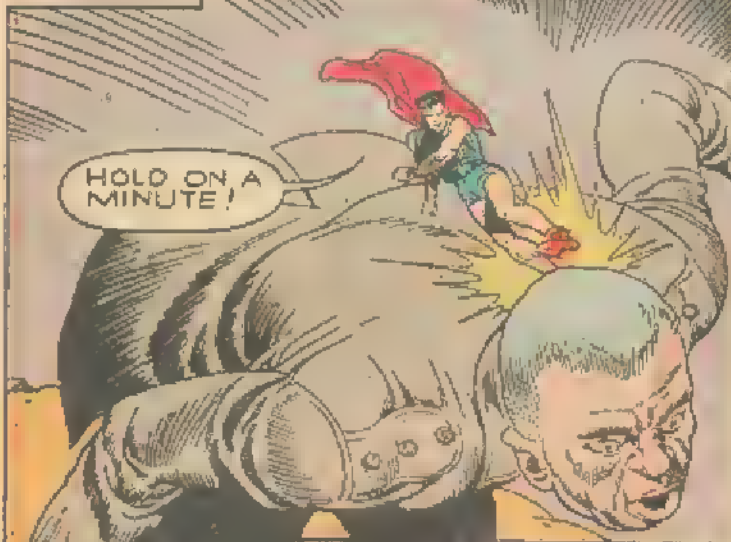
CLEARING A WAY FOR THE
CAPTIVES.



THEY RUSH OUT JUST IN
TIME TO SEE HULLER
ESCAPING OVER THE HILL.



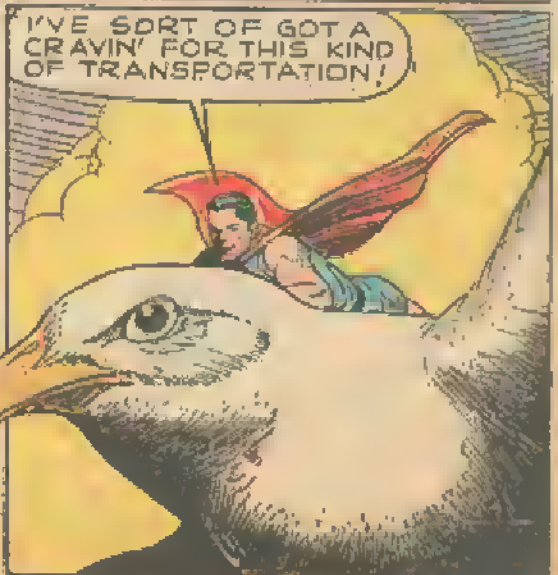
WITH A MIGHTY LEAP, THE
DOLL MAN REACHES THE
FUGITIVE.



THE MARINES LAND AND PICK
UP MARTHA AND DOCTOR
ROBERTS.



WHEN OFFERED A RIDE BY THE
FLIGHT COMMANDER, DOLL MAN
REFUSES AND INSTEAD...



More amazing adventures of The Doll Man in the October issue of **FEATURE COMICS**.

BIG TOP

HEY, SILLY-
YER WANTED
ON THE
PHONE!

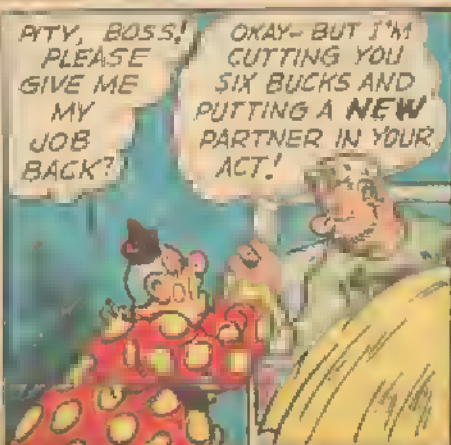
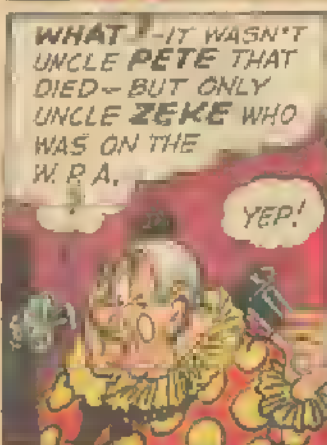
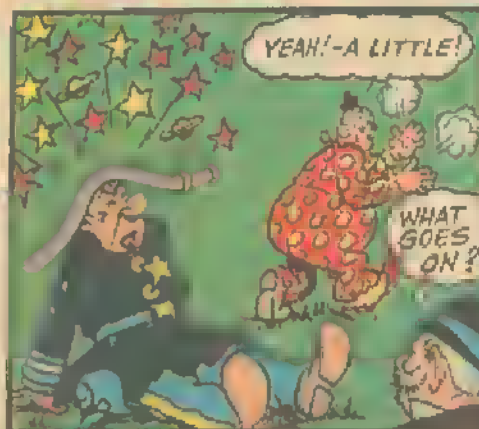
WHAT?!--UNCLE PETE
PASSED ON? OH GRAN-
I MEAN THAT'S
AWFUL!

WOW!-THAT MEANS I INHERIT
TEN THOUSAND BUCKS!-
I CAN
RETIRE!

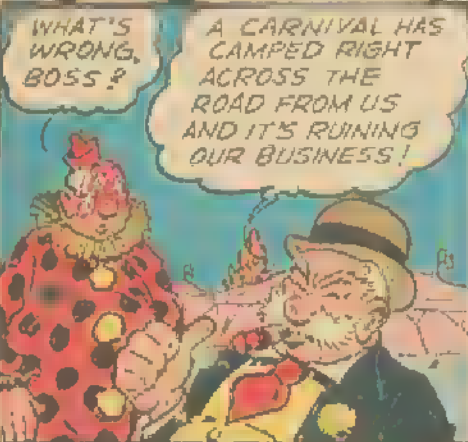
AN' TELL
OFF A FEW
PEOPLE

WILLIE, THOSE WHACKS
YOU HAND ME IN OUR
ACT HAVE BEEN
EXTRA HARD!

WANT
I'MAKE
SOMETHIN'
OF IT?

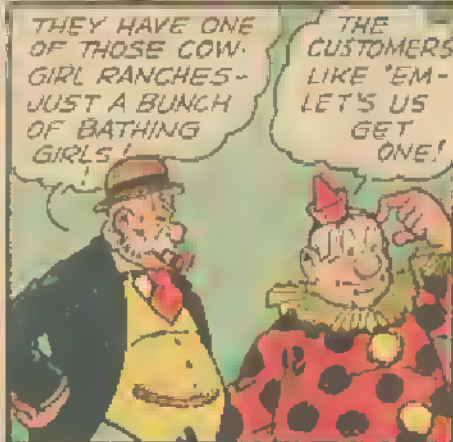


BIG TOP



WHAT'S WRONG, BOSS?

A CARNIVAL HAS CAMPED RIGHT ACROSS THE ROAD FROM US AND IT'S RUINING OUR BUSINESS!



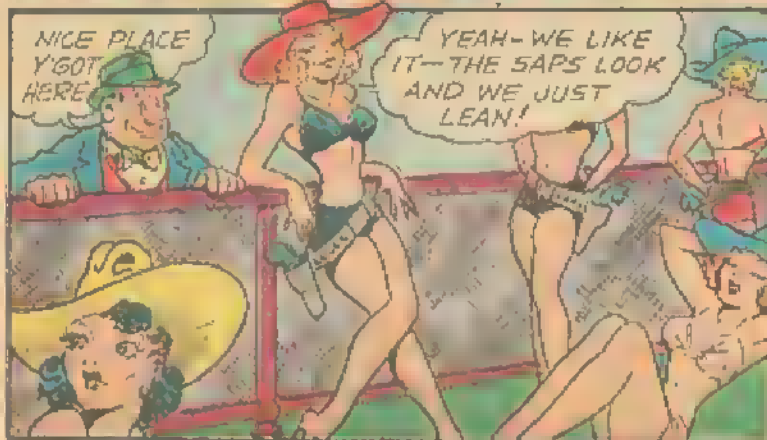
THEY HAVE ONE OF THOSE COW-GIRL RANCHES—JUST A BUNCH OF BATHING GIRLS!

THE CUSTOMERS LIKE 'EM—LET'S US GET ONE!



HOW CAN WE GET GIRLS WAY OUT HERE IN THE STICKS?

LET ME AMBLE OVER THERE!

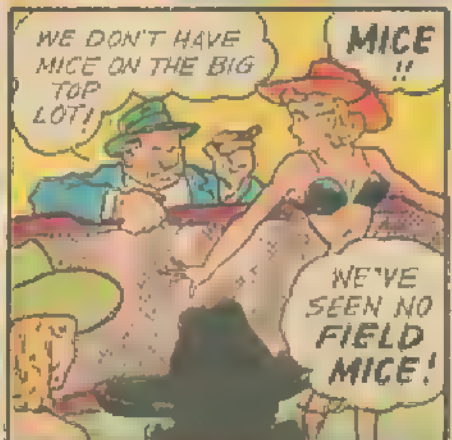


NICE PLACE Y'GOT HERE

YEAH—WE LIKE IT—THE SAPS LOOK AND WE JUST LEAN!



TOO BAD THIS FIELD IS SO INFESTED WITH FIELD MICE!



WE DON'T HAVE MICE ON THE BIG TOP LOT!

MICE !!

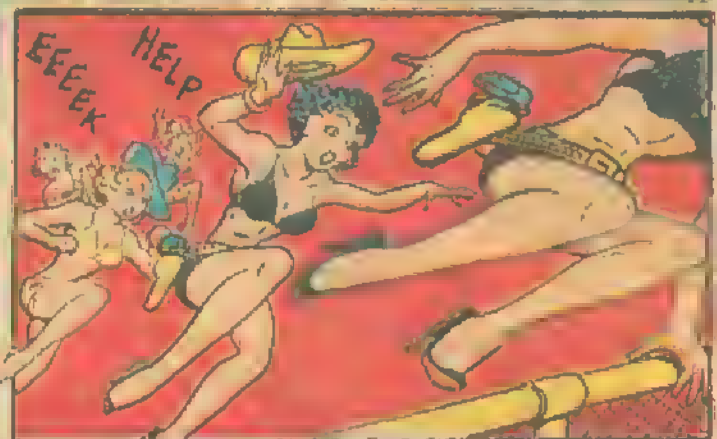
WE'VE SEEN NO FIELD MICE!



DON'T WORRY—YOU WILL!



GIRLS. LOOK!



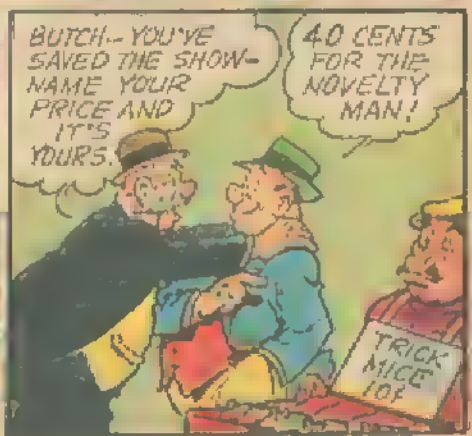
EEKK HELP



FOR PETE'S SAKE! WHAT'S THIS?—A BLITZKRIEG ATTACK FROM A NUDE RANCH?

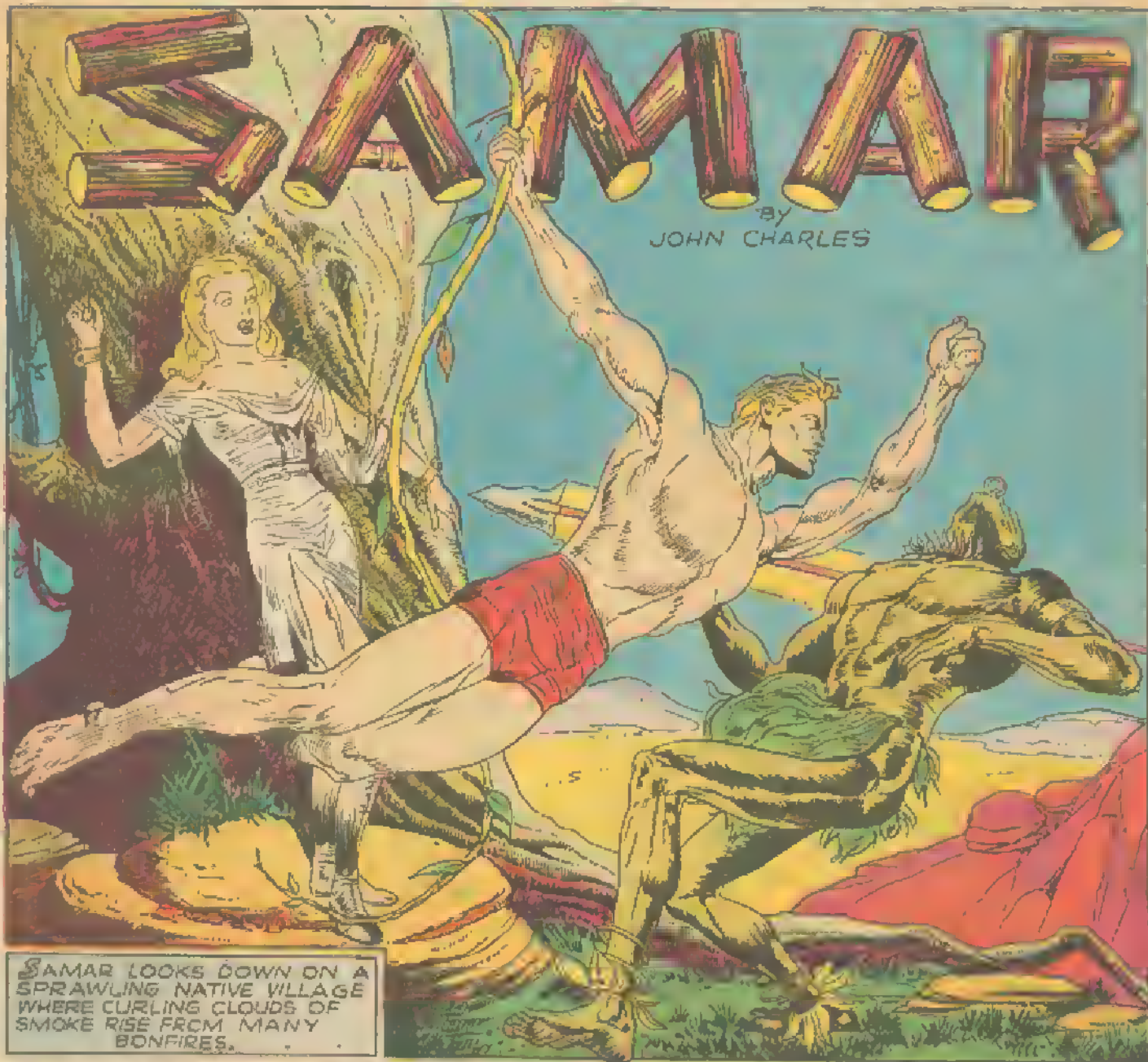


PROTECT YOU FROM **FIELD MICE**?—MY DEAR LADIES—SIGN HERE AND I'LL PROTECT YOU FROM **SEASERPENTS AND DINOSAURS**!

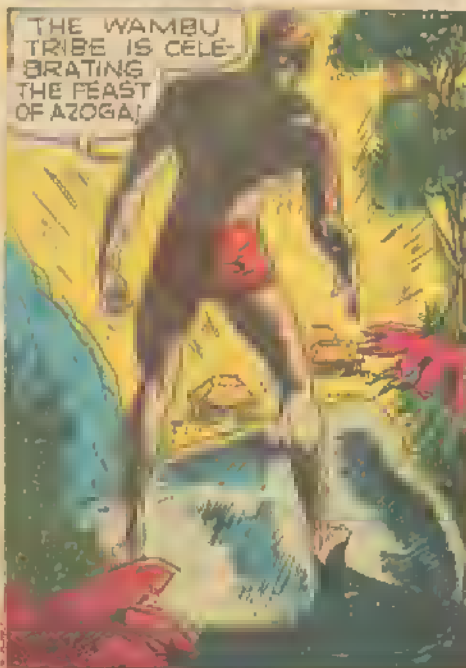


BUTCH—YOU'VE SAVED THE SHOW—NAME YOUR PRICE AND IT'S YOURS.

40 CENTS FOR THE NOVELTY MAN!



SAMAR LOOKS DOWN ON A SPRAWLING NATIVE VILLAGE WHERE CURLING CLOUDS OF SMOKE RISE FROM MANY BONFIRES.



THE WAMBU TRIBE IS CELEBRATING THE FEAST OF AZOGA!



SUDDENLY A GLISTENING BLACK FIGURE AIMS AN EVIL ARROW.

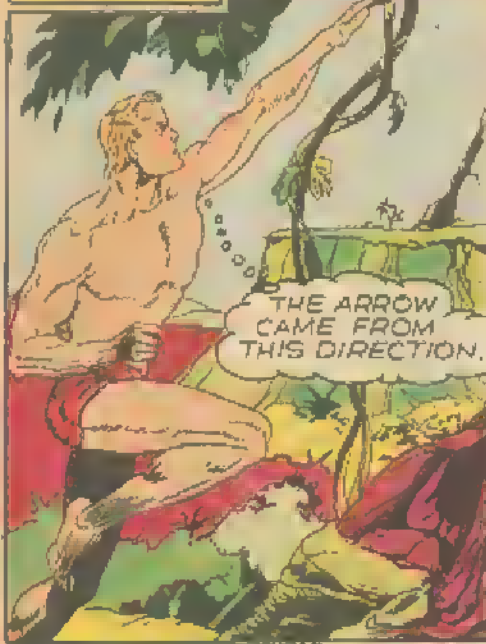
NO WHITE MAN SEE SACRED AZOGA FEAST. I KILL!



WHAT? A POISONED WAMBU ARROW! I'LL SEE ABOUT THIS!

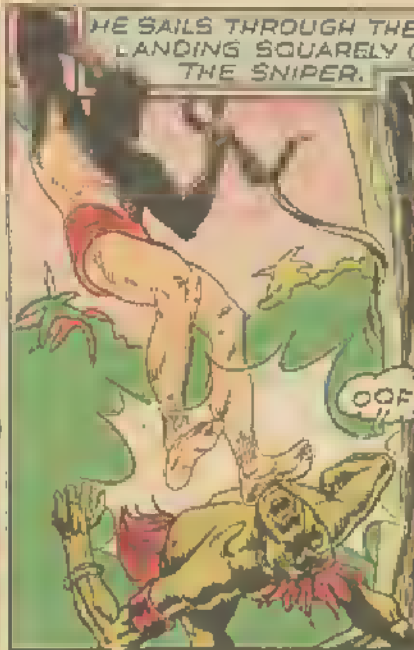
ZING

BEFORE THE NATIVE CAN DRAW HIS BOW AGAIN, SAMAR SWINGS HIMSELF UP.



THE ARROW CAME FROM THIS DIRECTION.

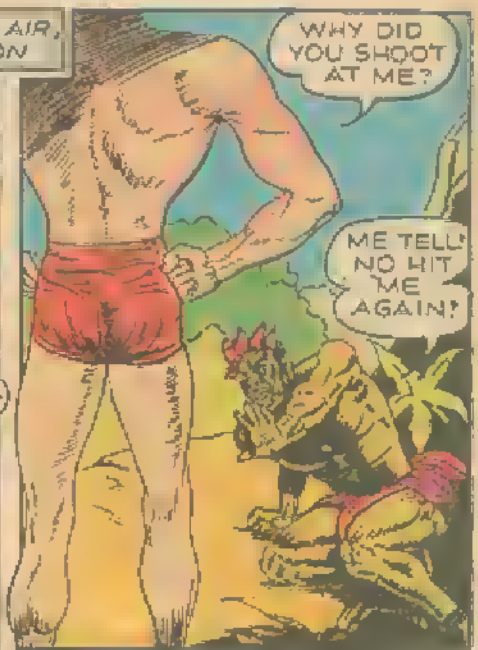
HE SAILS THROUGH THE AIR, LANDING SQUARELY ON THE SNIPER.



OOF!

WHY DID YOU SHOOT AT ME?

ME TELL NO HIT ME AGAIN!



SAMAR PICKS UP THE BLACK'S BOW AND PROCEEDS TOWARD THE VILLAGE.

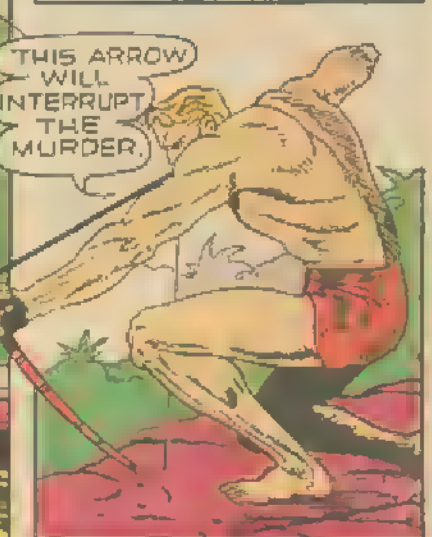
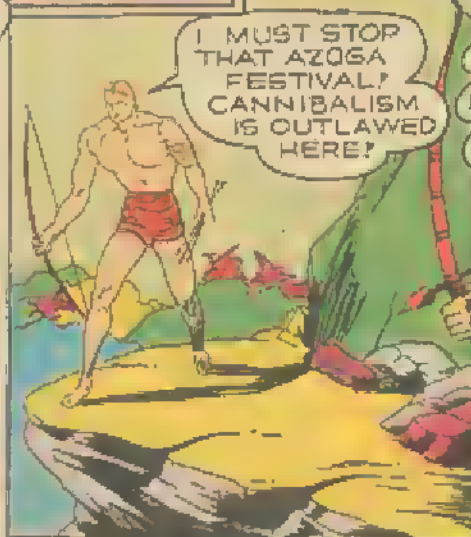
FROM A CLIFF AT THE EDGE OF THE VILLAGE, HE SEES CAPTIVES AT THE STAKE.

WHITE TRADER GIVE PRESENTS TO CHIEF SO WAMBU TRIBE CELEBRATE CANNIBAL FEAST OF AZOGA.

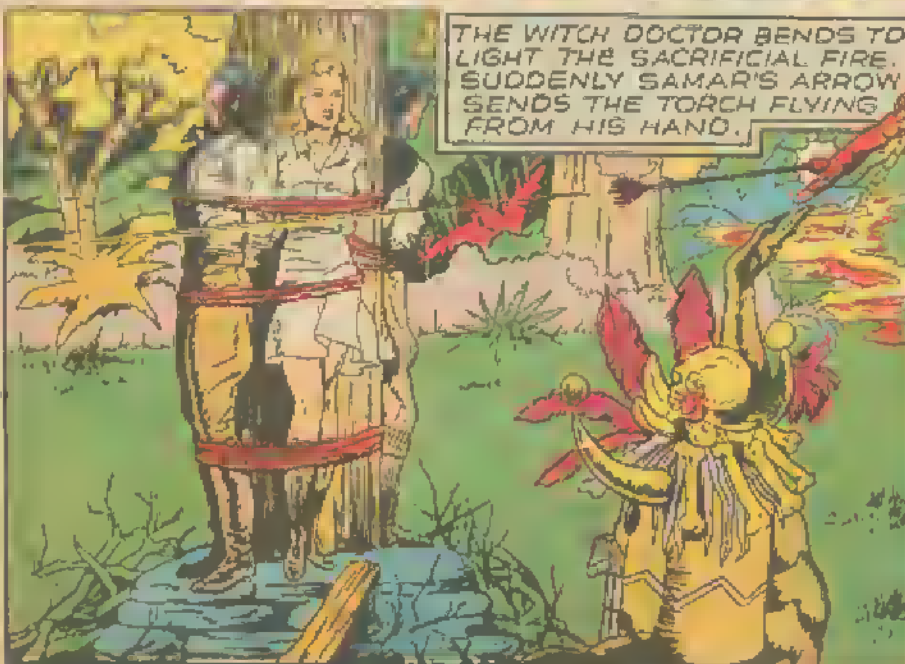


I MUST STOP THAT AZOGA FESTIVAL! CANNIBALISM IS OUTLAWED HERE!

THIS ARROW WILL INTERRUPT THE MURDER.



THE WITCH DOCTOR BENDS TO LIGHT THE SACRIFICIAL FIRE. SUDDENLY SAMAR'S ARROW SENDS THE TORCH FLYING FROM HIS HAND.



THE JUNGLEMAN LEAPS FROM HIS PERCH.

THIS IS MY CHANCE!



QUICKLY SAMAR CIRCLES
AROUND THE CHIEF'S HUT.



LIKE A GREAT EAGLE, SAMAR
DIVES ON HIS PREY, SENDING
THE NATIVE SPINNING TO THE
GROUND.



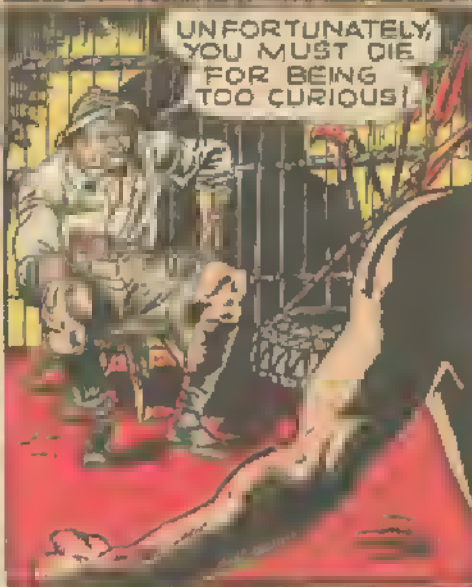
THE GUARD OUT COLD, SAMAR
STRIDES INTO THE HUT. . .



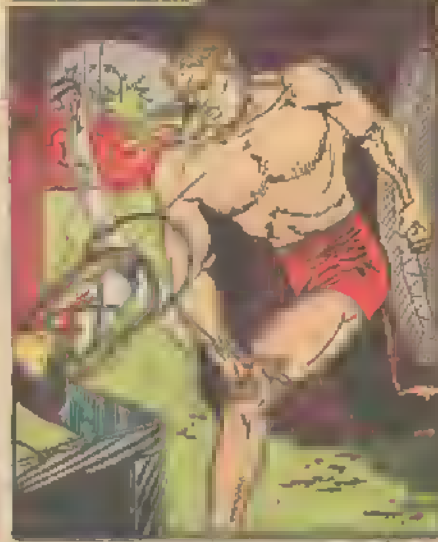
HE EXAMINES SOME BEADS.
SUDDENLY . . .



SAMAR WHIRLS ABOUT SWIFTLY.



BUT HE SNATCHES UP A
LANTERN AND HURLS IT AT
HIS FOE.



THE SHOT FLIES WILD
AS THE LANTERN
STRIKES THE GUN-
MAN'S HAND. . .



HE IS BEHIND THIS
AZOGA SACRIFICE!
I MUST HOLD HIM
UNTIL THE
OTHERS
ARE SAFE!



WITH A FLYING LEAP
SAMAR TACKLES THE
MAN.



THE NATIVES ARE ABOUT TO ATTACK SAMAR, BUT FEAR HITTING THE WHITE TRADER.



NO
CAN DO!

SAMAR LEADS THE MAN TOWARD THE JUNGLE.



START MOVING..
I'M RIGHT
BEHIND YOU?

HE TURNS TO THE CAPTIVES AT THE STAKE.



THANKS!

I'LL RELEASE
YOU, THEN
YOU FOLLOW
ME!

WE'RE
AMERICAN
MEDICAL
STUDENTS ON
AN EXPEDITION.
THESE NATIVES
CAPTURED
US.

KEEP
CLOSE
BEHIND
ME?



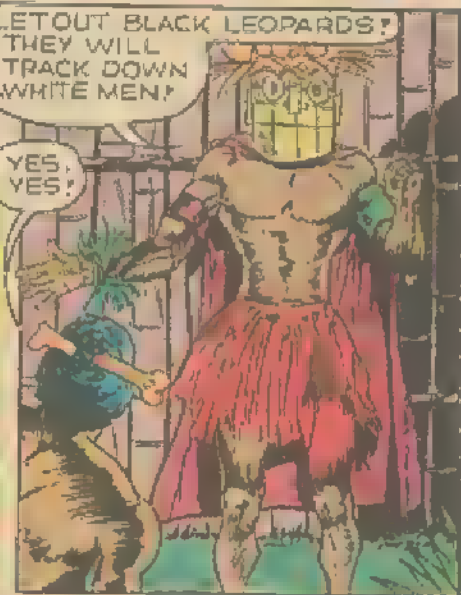
THE NATIVES DISCOVER SAMAR'S DOINGS.



SACRIFICES
HAVE
ESCAPED. ME
TELL WITCH
DOCTOR.

LET OUT BLACK LEOPARDS!
THEY WILL
TRACK DOWN
WHITE MEN!

YES!
YES!



THEY FREE THE ANIMALS AT THE WITCH DOCTOR'S ORDER.



BLACK
LEOPARD
NEVER
MISS
PREY!

ONE OF THE BIG FELINES OVERTAKES THE GROUP. SAMAR AND THE MEDICAL STUDENTS TAKE TO THE TREES.. BUT THE TRADER IS TOO SLOW.



ROWRRR!

I CAN'T KEEP
UP WITH THEM.
I'LL HAVE TO
TRY BLACK
MAGIC ON
THIS CAT!

THE TRADER STROKES THE LEOPARD IN A SENSITIVE SPOT.



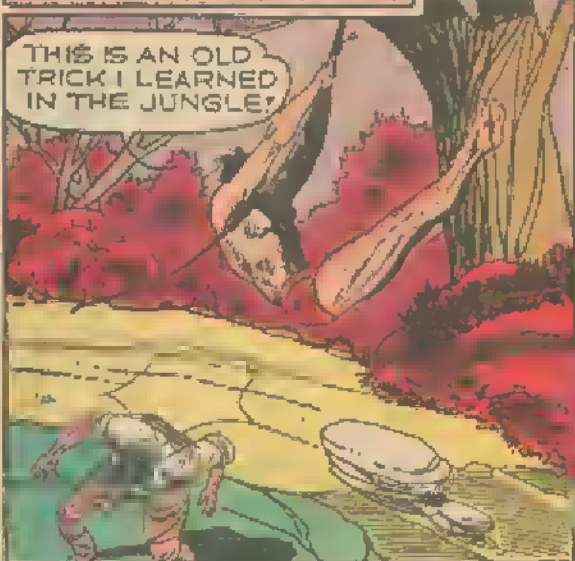
JUST THEN THE TRIBAL CHIEF ARRIVES WITH HIS MEN.



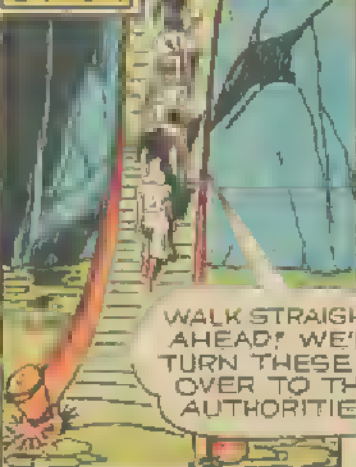
IN THE SHADOW OF THE TREE-TOPS, SAMAR CRIES OUT TO THE STUDENTS.



THE TRADER IS JUST ABOUT TO SET FIRE TO THE TREE WHEN,



SAMAR CAPTURES THE TRADER AND THE NATIVE CHIEFTAIN. HE LEADS THEM ACROSS A VINE BRIDGE.



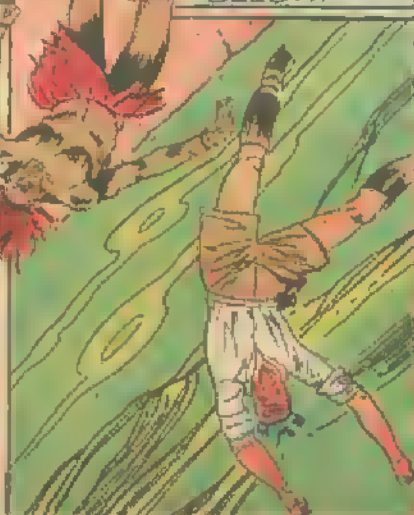
AFTER THEY'VE CROSSED THE BRIDGE...



THE CHIEF REALIZING THE TRADER TRICKED HIM, TURNS UPON HIM.

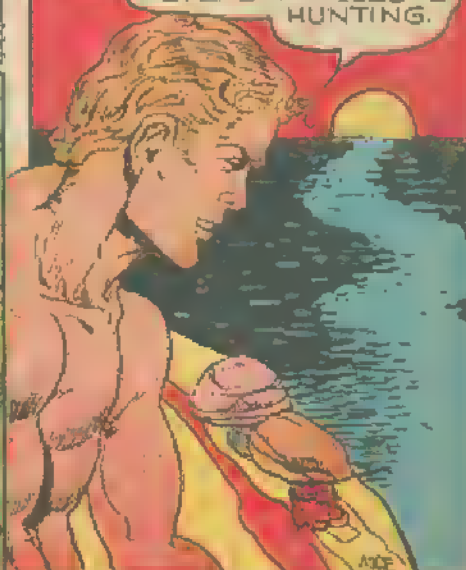


HE HURLS HIMSELF OVER THE CLIFF WITH THE HUNTER... DOWN, DOWN TO THE JAGGED ROCKS BELOW.

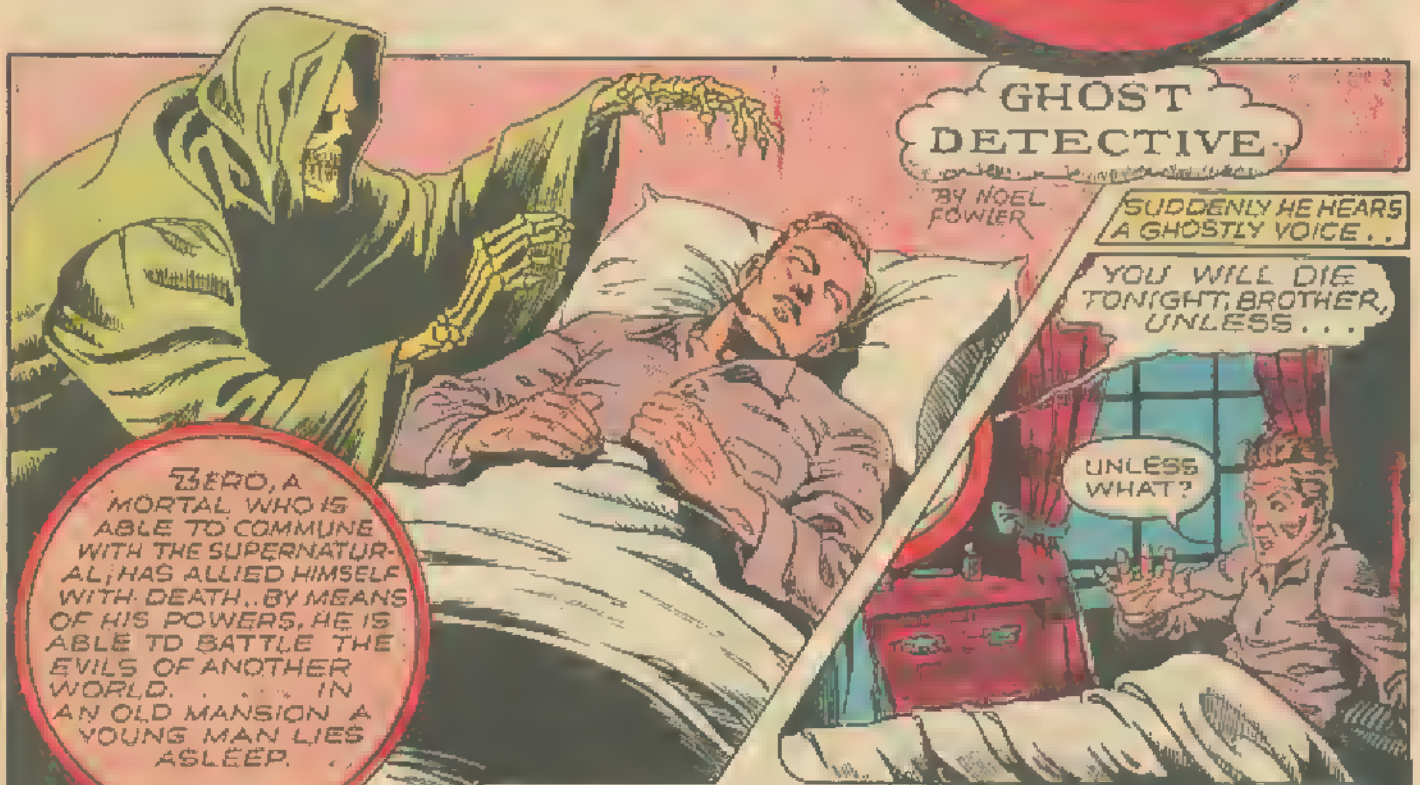


THEN SAMAR TURNS TO THE STUDENTS.

THE TRADER BRIBED THE TRIBE WITH TRINKETS TO KILL YOU. HE FEARED YOU WOULD REVEAL HIS ILLEGAL HUNTING.



ZERO



GHOST DETECTIVE

BY NOEL FOWLER

SUDDENLY HE HEARS A GHOSTLY VOICE...

YOU WILL DIE TONIGHT, BROTHER, UNLESS...

UNLESS WHAT?

ZERO, A MORTAL WHO IS ABLE TO COMMUNE WITH THE SUPERNATURAL, HAS ALLIED HIMSELF WITH DEATH... BY MEANS OF HIS POWERS, HE IS ABLE TO BATTLE THE EVILS OF ANOTHER WORLD. ... IN AN OLD MANSION A YOUNG MAN LIES ASLEEP.

IT SOUNDED LIKE MY BROTHER'S VOICE WAS WARNING ME!

JIM DOLAN DRESSES QUICKLY AND DEPARTS WITH A FEW WORDS TO HIS HOUSEKEEPER.

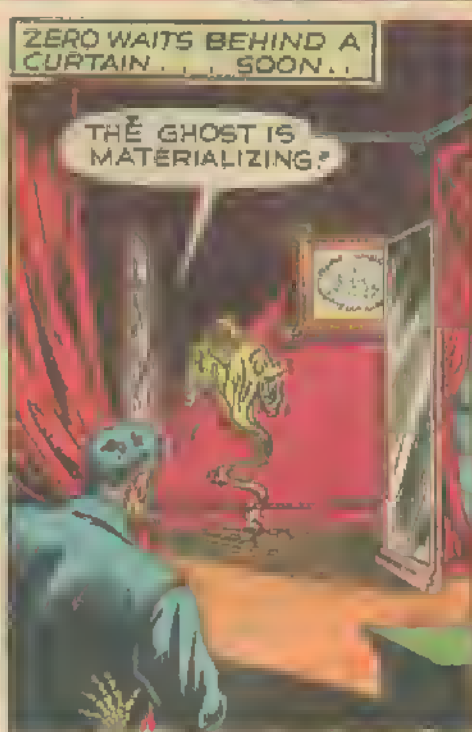
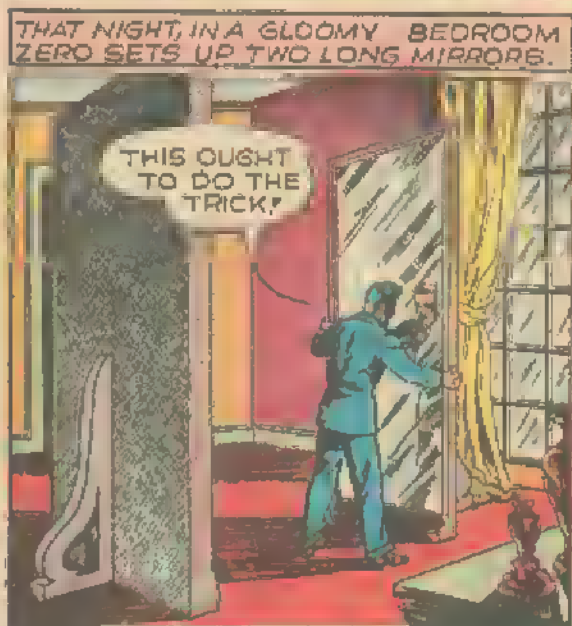
DID I HEAR A GHOST OR WAS I DREAMING??



MY BROTHER'S GHOST HAS WARNED ME OF DEATH. I'M LEAVIN' BY PLANE FOR THE WEST!

YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME ALONE HERE?







I MUST BREAK THAT MIRROR BEHIND THIS EVIL GHOST.



WITH THIS OUT OF THE WAY HE'LL DISAPPEAR!



JUST AS SOON AS THE GLASS IS SMASHED, THE VILLAINOUS INTRUDER FLEES.

THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM!

THE GHOST OF JIM DOLAN'S BROTHER RELATES THAT HIS COUSIN'S SPIRIT IS INTENT ON CARRYING ON A FAMILY FEUD.

HIS SPECTRE WILL KILL MY BROTHER UNLESS HE WEARS THE FAMILY RING LOST IN THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL!



ZERO REMOVES THE MIRROR AND THE GHOST VANISHES.



I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THAT WELL!

THIS IS THE WELL YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, MR. ZERO.



IT CERTAINLY IS DEEP.



I'LL CLIMB DOWN THE BUCKET ROPE AND SEE WHAT I CAN FIND!

THE WELL IS INFESTED WITH GHOSTS WHO TRY TO PREVENT ZERO'S DESCENT.



HE STRUGGLES BUT IS SOON PULLED FROM THE ROPE AND THROWN TO THE BOTTOM.



I HOPE I LAND EASY!

ZERO LANDS AT THE BOTTOM.



GLAD THERE WAS SAND FOR ME HERE!

SUDDENLY HE FEELS A VIGOROUS FOE ATTACK HIM.



HOLY SMOKES! WHAT IS THIS?

THE HANDS OF THE SPECTRE GRAB HIM AROUND THE NECK.

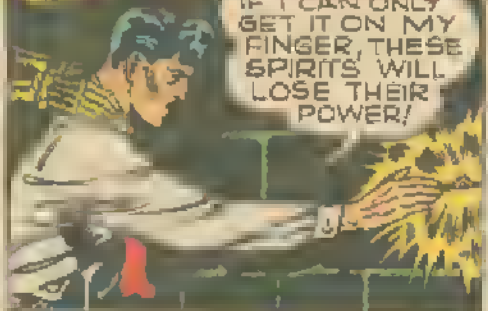


UGH!

ZERO SPIES THE RING.

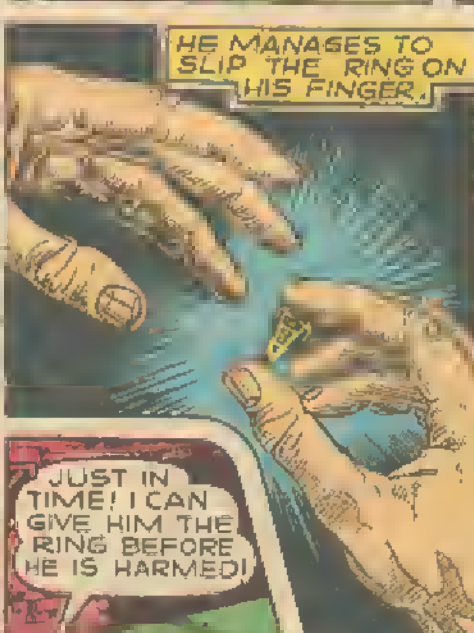


... IN A WALL CRACK.

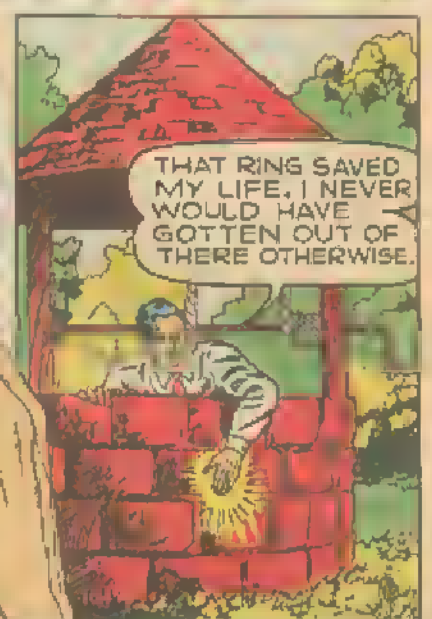


IF I CAN ONLY GET IT ON MY FINGER, THESE SPIRITS WILL LOSE THEIR POWER!

HE MANAGES TO SLIP THE RING ON HIS FINGER.

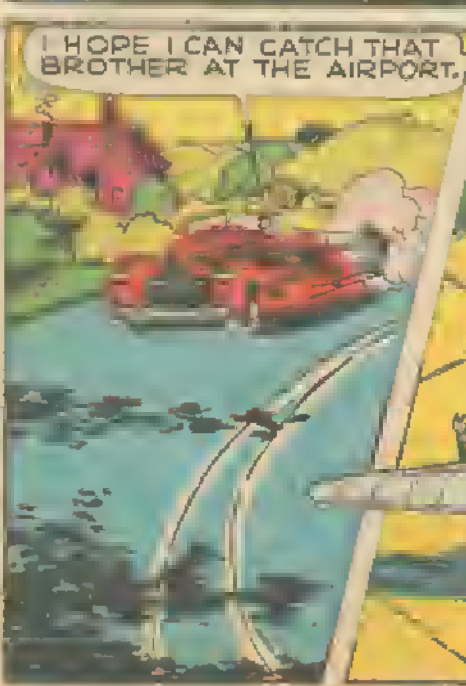


JUST IN TIME! I CAN GIVE HIM THE RING BEFORE HE IS HARMED!



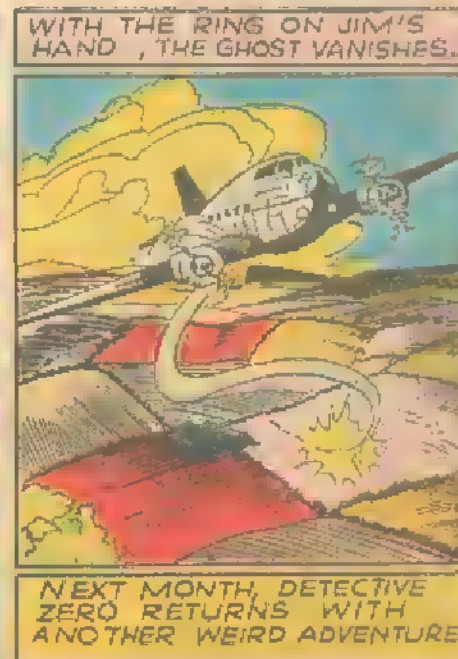
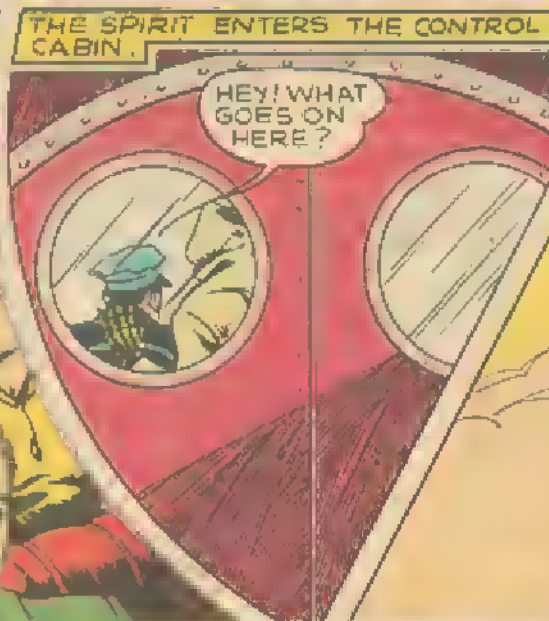
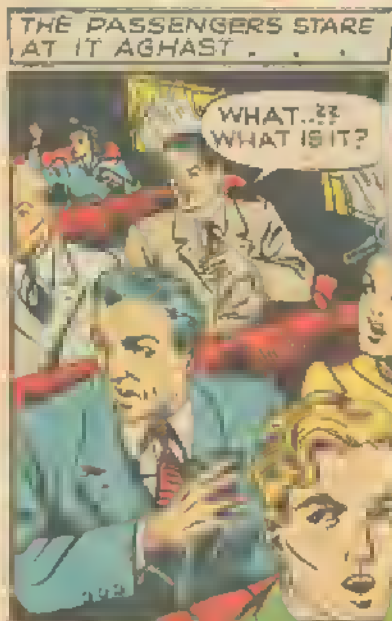
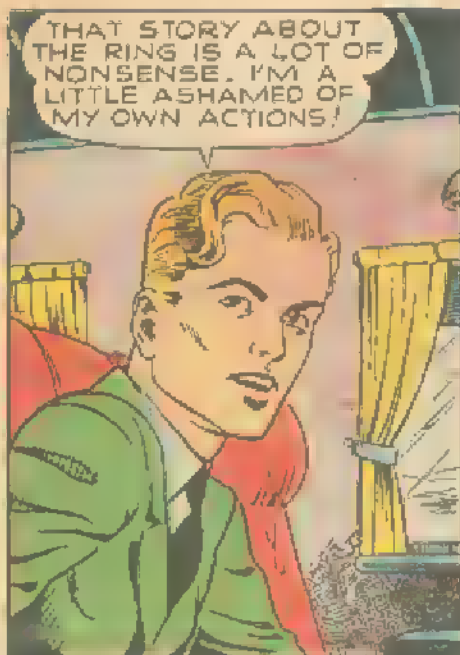
THAT RING SAVED MY LIFE. I NEVER WOULD HAVE GOTTEN OUT OF THERE OTHERWISE.

I HOPE I CAN CATCH THAT BROTHER AT THE AIRPORT.



THIS IS YOUR FAMILY RING. YOU MUST WEAR IT TO PREVENT ANY HARM TO YOURSELF!

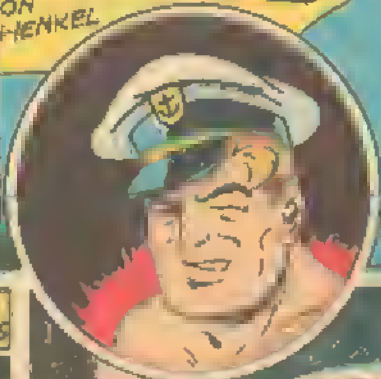




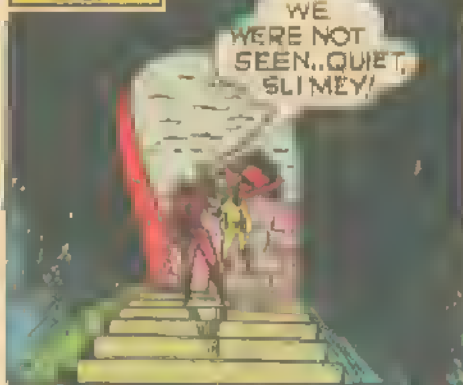
DUSTY DANE

by
VERNON
HENKEL

WITH THE WHOLE WORLD
AS THEIR "OYSTER" DUSTY
DANE AND HIS SIDEKICK,
BIG MIKE CARDIGAN, ROAM
WHEREVER ADVEN-
TURE CALLS...



A BOAT GLIDES TO THE FOOT OF THE
LIGHTHOUSE... THREE FIGURES
ALIGHT...



WE
WERE NOT
SEEN... QUIET,
SLIMEY!



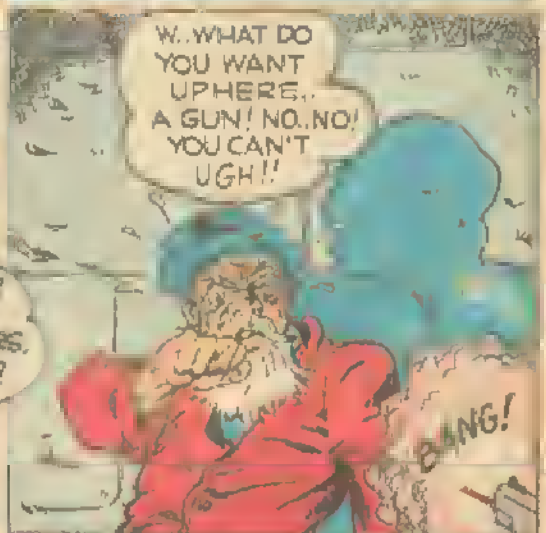
HA! HA! DISPOSE
OF THE BODY, SLIMEY...
"DOC, BRING THE
GUN UP..."

YES,
MASTER!



VISITORS?
BUT I GET
NO VISITORS...
WHO...???

ROCK POINT LIGHTHOUSE LOOMS
THROUGH MIST... IT IS DARK...
THE WIND HAS DIED DOWN... THE
SOUND OF CREAKING OARS
FLOATS ACROSS THE COVE.



W. WHAT DO
YOU WANT
UPHERE...
A GUN! NO, NO!
YOU CAN'T
UGH!!

BANG!

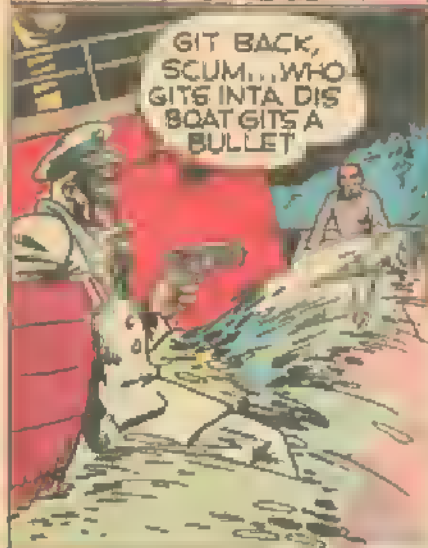
A WEEK PASSES...
THEN ONE DAY
AS THE
FREIGHTER
"ORIENT STAR"
PASSES



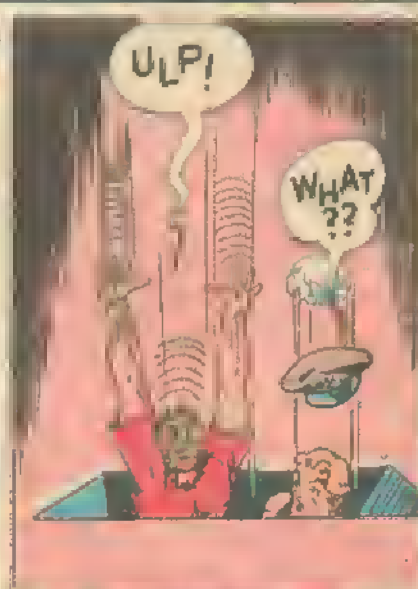
FIRE!!

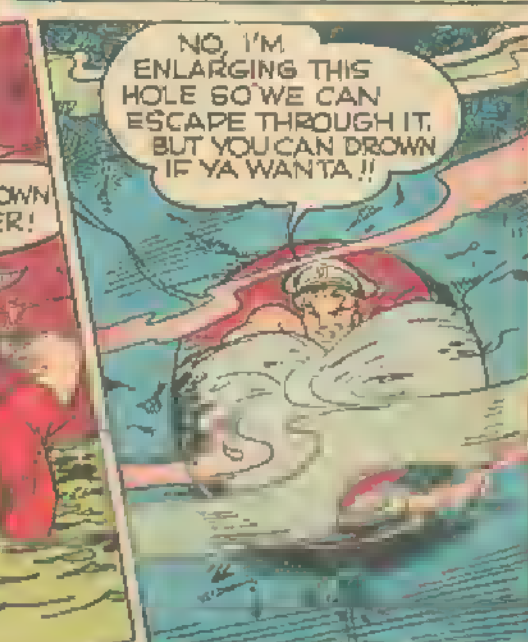
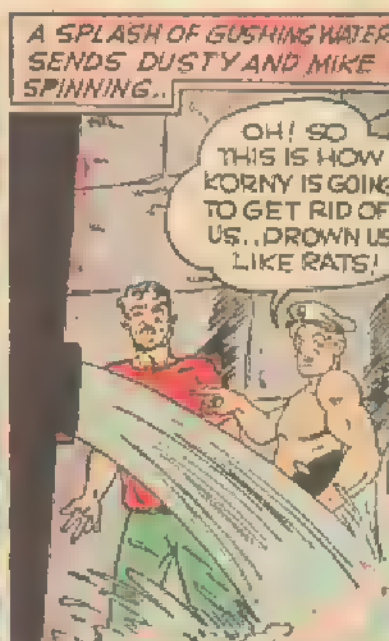
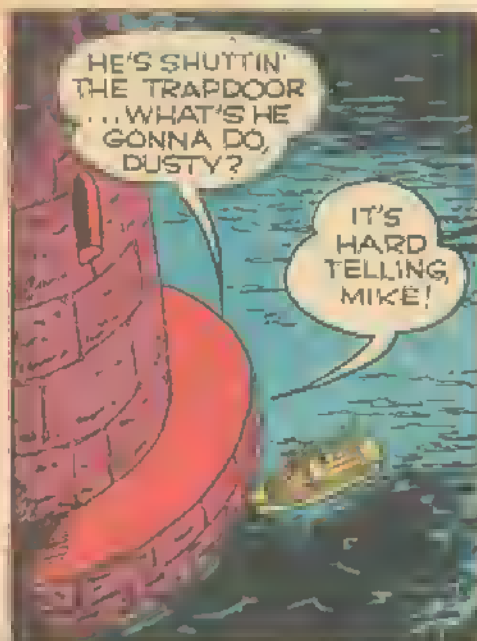
BOOM!!

THERE IS A WILD CLAMOR FOR THE LIFEBOAT AS THE STRICKEN SHIP PLUNGES TO THE BOTTOM..

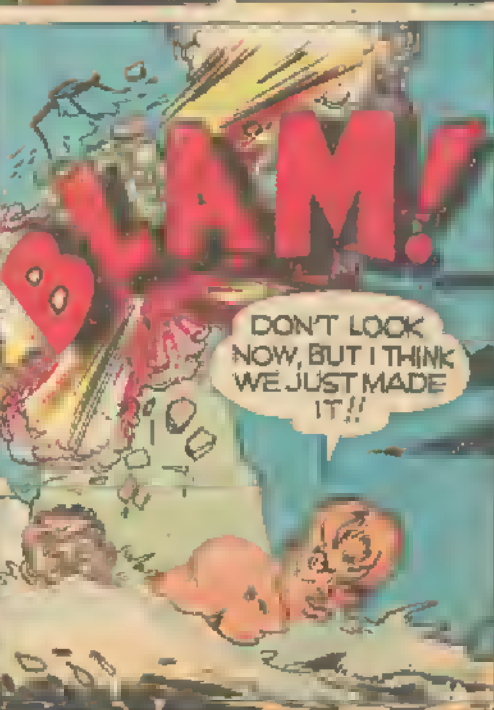
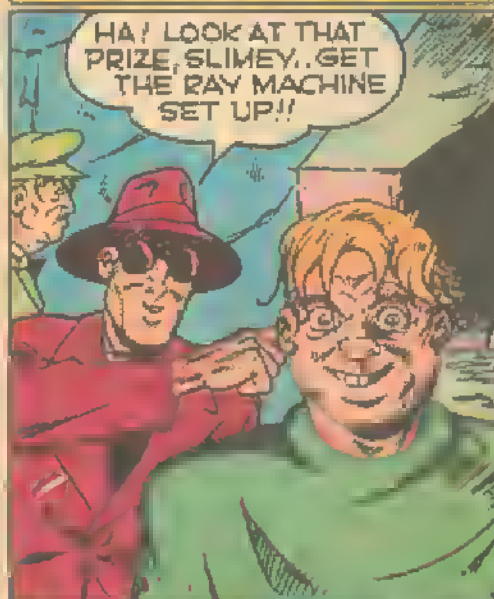


A LONE LIFEBOAT PULLS AWAY FROM THE SHIP... DUSTY DANE AND HIS ROVING PAL, BIG MIKE CARDIGAN, ONLY SURVIVORS...





AT THE TOP OF THE LIGHTHOUSE.



HOMER DOODLE - AND SON

by ARTHUR BEEHAY

SURE, THESE KIND OF THINGS ARE SWELL!

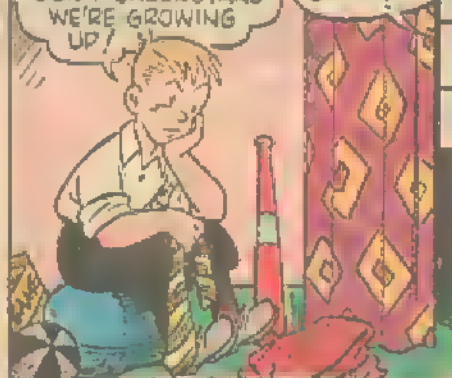


ONLY, SHUCKS! A FELLOW HAS JUST ONE BIRTHDAY A YEAR -- AND I'M BIG ENOUGH TO HAVE SKATES OR A SCOOTER OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT TO RIDE ON -- THAT'S WHAT I WANTED!



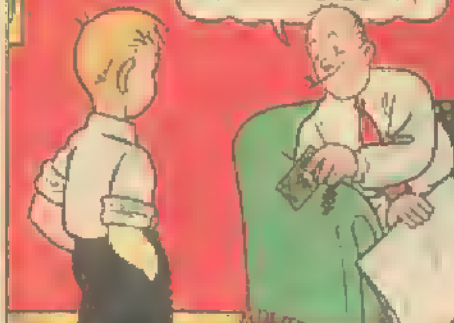
I GUESS SOMETIMES PARENTS JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND WE'RE GROWING UP!

HEY JUNIOR!



YES, DAD?

RUN DOWN TO THE STORE AND GET ME A BOTTLE OF INK, WILL YOU -- THEN YOU CAN BUY YOURSELF A NICE PRESENT OUT OF WHAT'S LEFT!



GEE -- MY POP'S A WONDERFUL GUY! I WISH EVERY KID IN THIS WORLD HAD A FATHER LIKE MINE!



-- IF THEY DID, WE WOULDN'T HAVE ALL THESE WARS AND TROUBLES GOING ON --



HE SAID I COULD GET MYSELF ANYTHING I WANTED -- AND BOY, THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M GONNA DO!



HE'S A GOOD BOY -- USES HIS HEAD TOO! MAY REALLY AMOUNT TO SOMETHING SOME DAY --



HERE'S YOUR INK, POP -- AND I BOUGHT MYSELF A PEACHY PRESENT TOO! WANT TO SEE IT?

YOU BET!



WAIT -- HOW MUCH DID YOU SPEND OF MY CHANGE? REMEMBER, I GAVE YOU A \$20. BILL -- AND THIS INK ONLY COST 15¢!



? -- BUT YOU SAID I COULD BUY MYSELF ANYTHING I WANTED FROM THE REST WELL, THIS IS IT -- AND IT COST \$19.85!



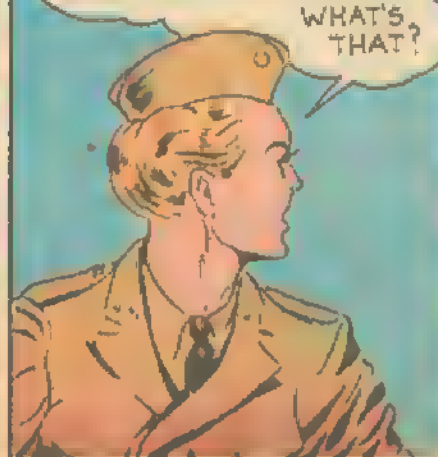
More of Homer Doodle in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS.



AS A HOSTESS, USA PURCHASES SUPPLIES FOR THE COMING-MASQUERADE.

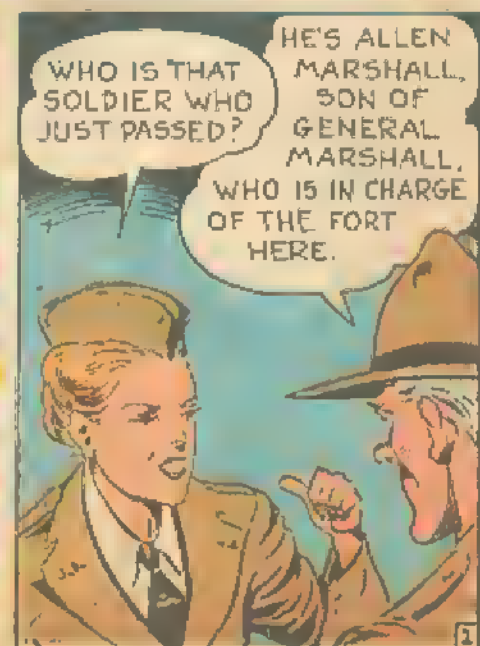
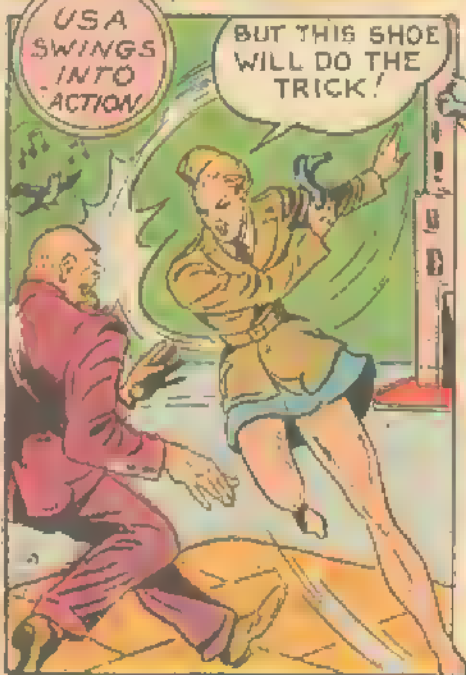
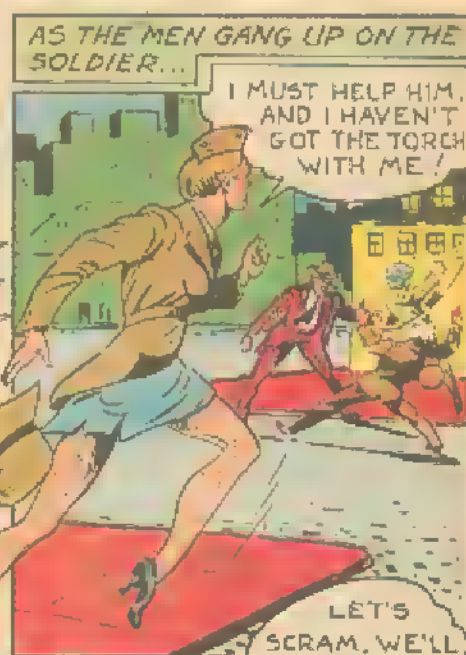


I SHOULD BE ABLE TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THOSE TWO SENTRIES FROM THIS FORT... OH -- WHAT'S THAT?



OUTSIDE...



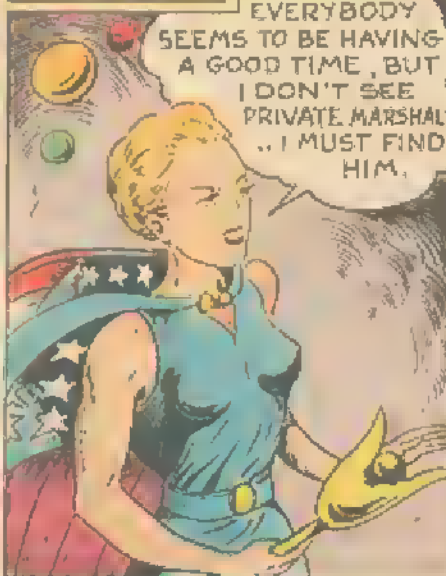


THE NIGHT OF THE MASQUERADE...
FORT MAXON GLITTERS WITH
LIGHTS AND LAUGHTER...



LIFE IN THIS
ARMY IS SWELL.
LET'S DANCE THIS
ONE, SWEETHEART.

USA, IN HER REAL COSTUME,
IS PRESENT...



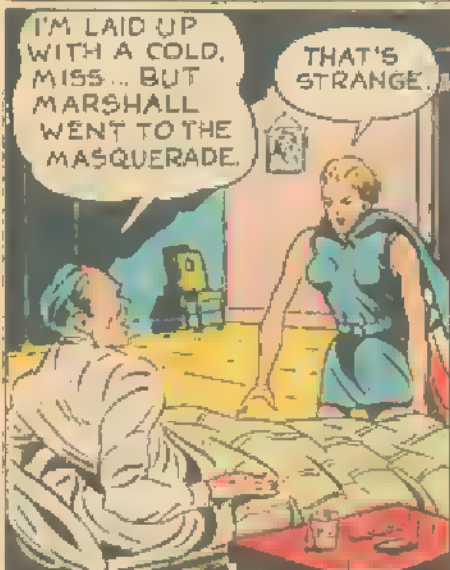
EVERYBODY
SEEMS TO BE HAVING
A GOOD TIME, BUT
I DON'T SEE
PRIVATE MARSHALL...
I MUST FIND
HIM.

YOU SURE LOOK
PRETTY IN THE
COSTUME OF THE
GOOD OLD U.S.A.
HOW ABOUT A
DANCE, MISS?



NOT NOW, MAYBE
LATER... I'M
LOOKING FOR
SOMEONE...

IN MARSHALL'S TENT USA
CONFRONTS HIS BUDDY.



I'M LAID UP
WITH A COLD,
MISS... BUT
MARSHALL
WENT TO THE
MASQUERADE.

THAT'S
STRANGE.

USA PROWLs AROUND THE CAMP.



CIVILIANS... AND
MARSHALL LETTING
THEM IN!



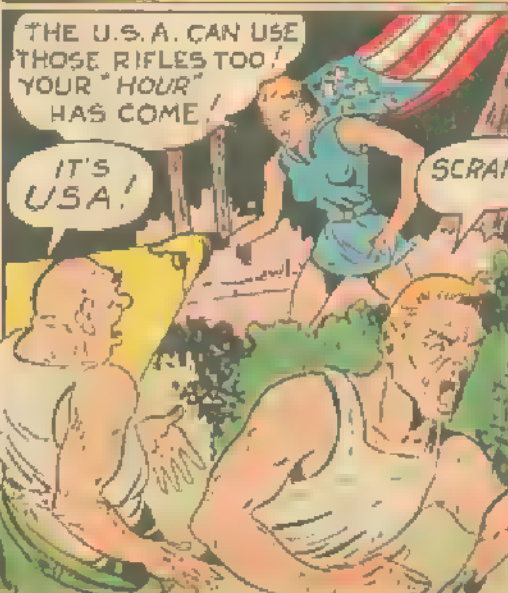
HERE ARE THE UNIFORMS,
RICHTER. YOU'RE ON
YOUR OWN... AND THIS
IS THE LAST TIME!

THE MEN DON'T
THE UNIFORMS.



REMEMBER,
MEN. GET ALL
THE RIFLES
YOU CAN. OUR LEADER
CAN USE THEM...THE
"HOUR" WILL SOON
COME.

AT THAT MOMENT USA APPEARS...



THE U.S.A. CAN USE
THOSE RIFLES TOO!
YOUR "HOUR"
HAS COME!

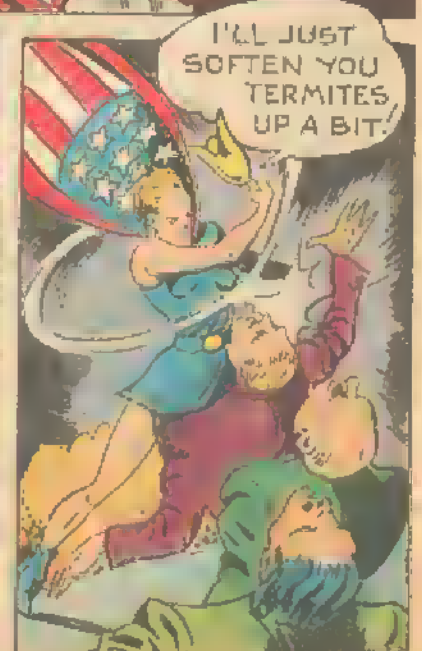
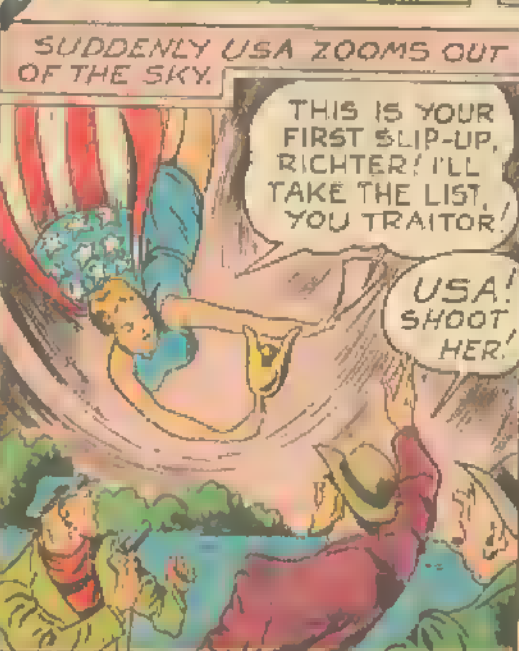
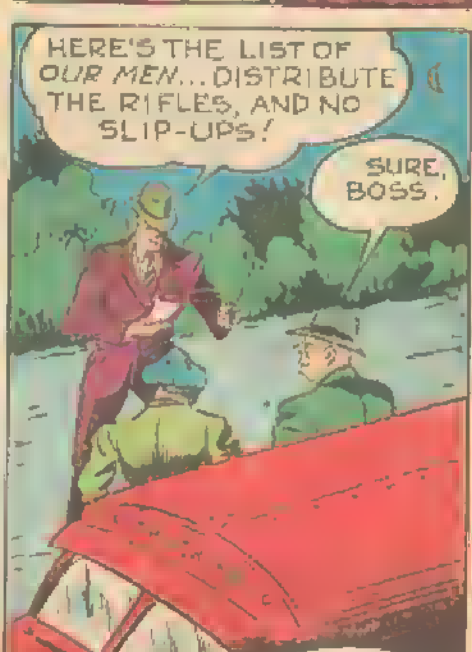
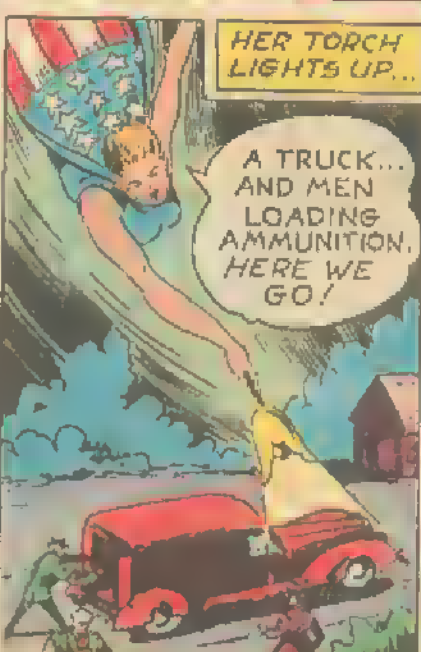
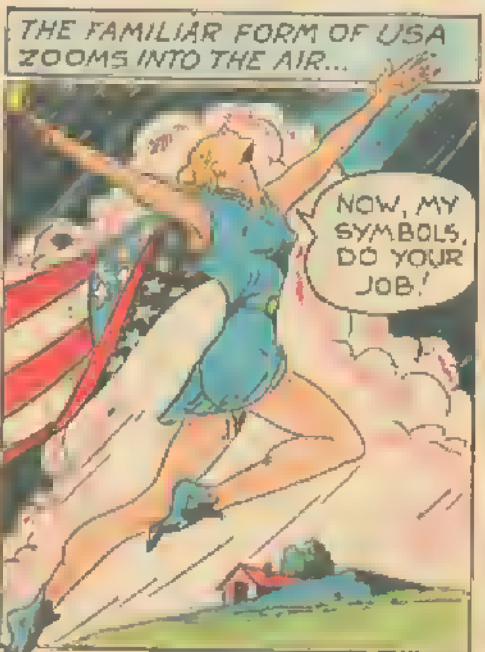
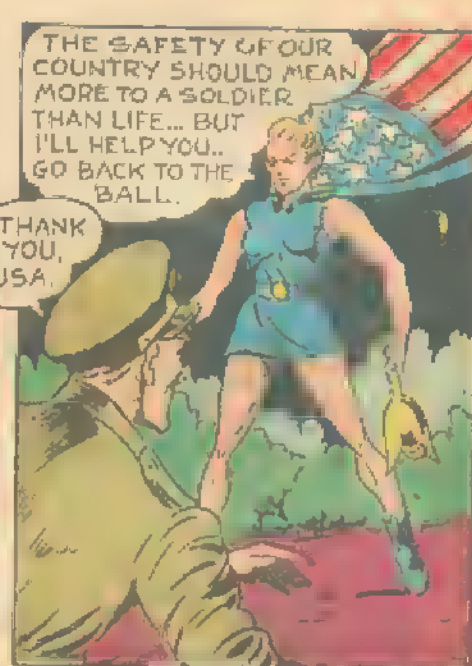
IT'S
USA!

SCRAM!



I'LL LIGHT THE WAY
FOR YOU... OUT
OF THIS
COUNTRY!

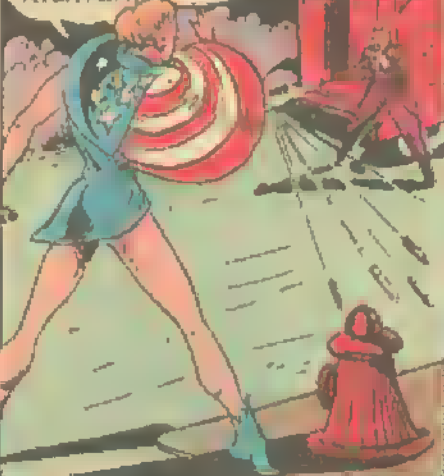
USA TURNS TO YOUNG MARSHALL.



IN THE TUMULT RICHTER GETS
HOLD OF A MACHINE GUN.



YOU FOOLS - THE
FLAG IS STRONGER
THAN YOUR BULLETS...
IT'S AN IDEAL!
YOU'RE DONE,
RICHTER!



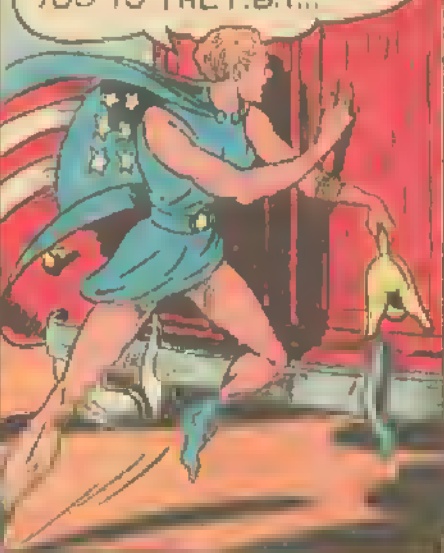
AND JUST TO
SHOW YOU HOW
WET YOU REALLY
ARE...



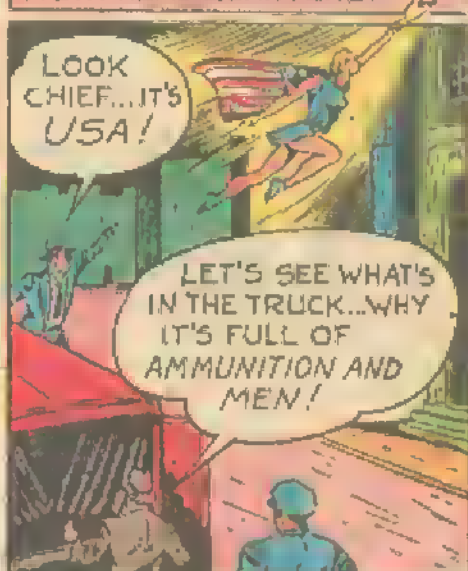
DIRECTED BY THE TORCH, THE
WATER FORCES THE THUGS
INTO THE TRUCK.



THIS TRUCK IS JUST
WHAT I NEED TO DELIVER
YOU TO THE F.B.I...



THE HUMAN CARGO STOPS AT
F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS.



BACK AT
THE FORT.



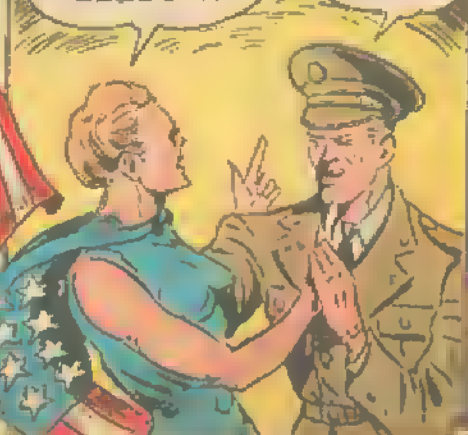
COULD I HAVE
THIS DANCE,
USA?

CERTAINLY,
PRIVATE
MARSHALL.

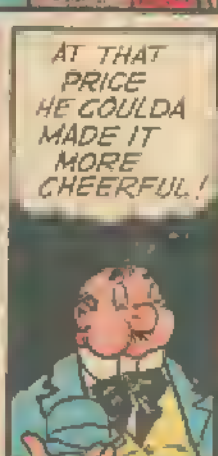
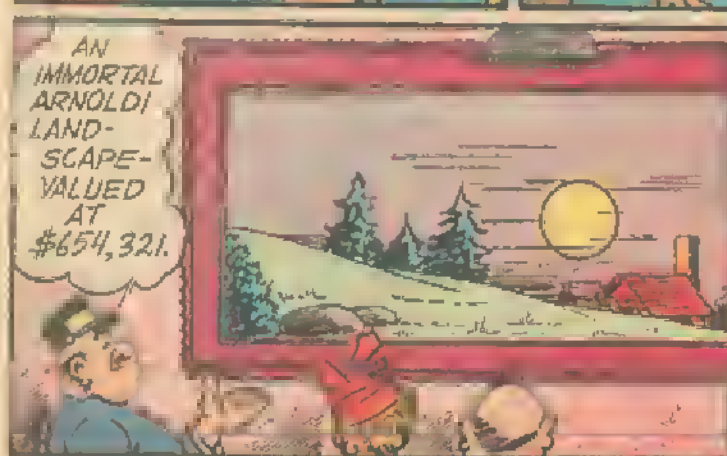
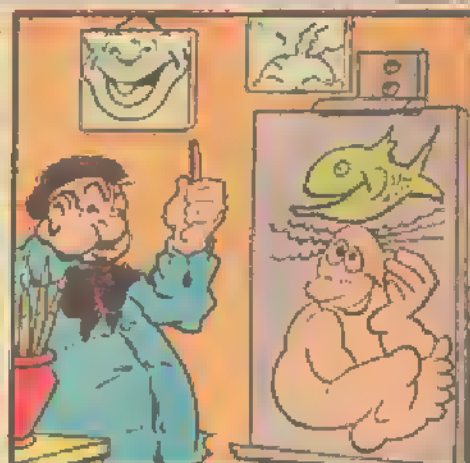
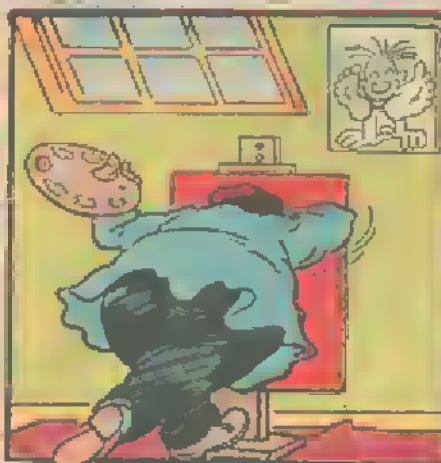
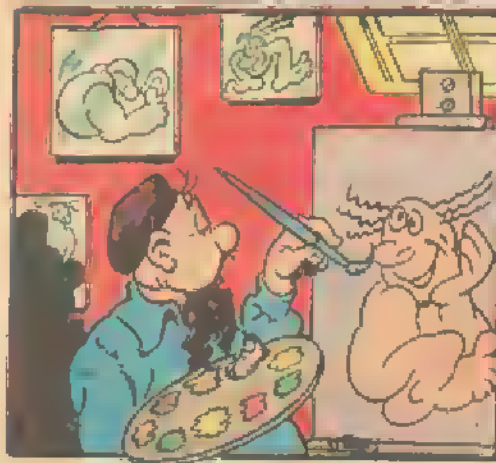


REMEMBER...I DANCE
ONLY WITH REAL
AMERICANS...BUT
I THINK YOU'VE
LEARNED A
LESSON.

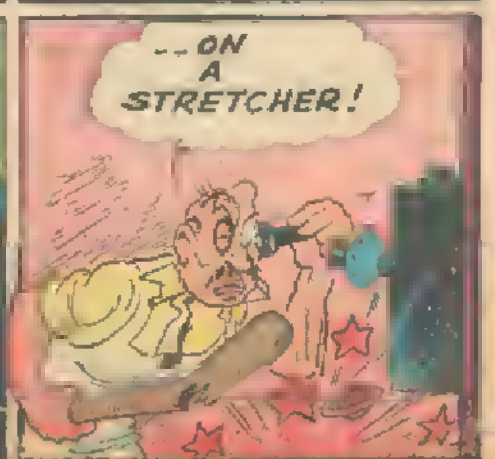
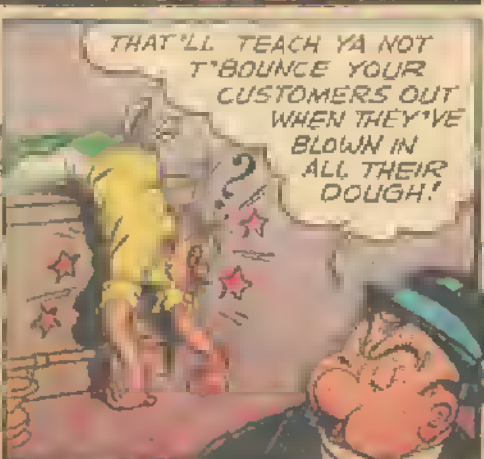
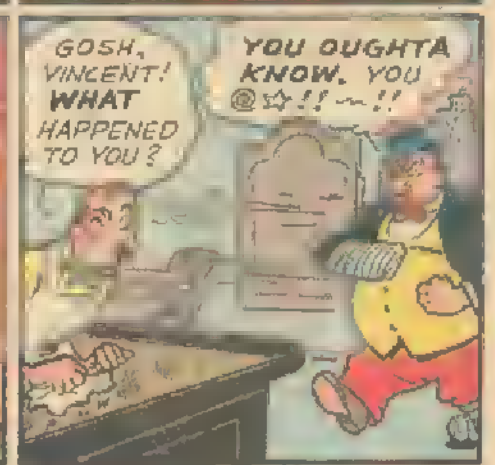
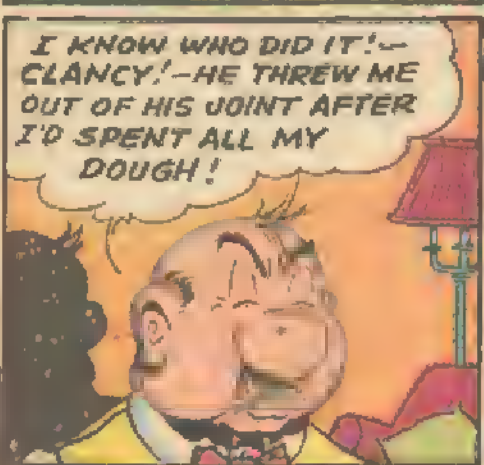
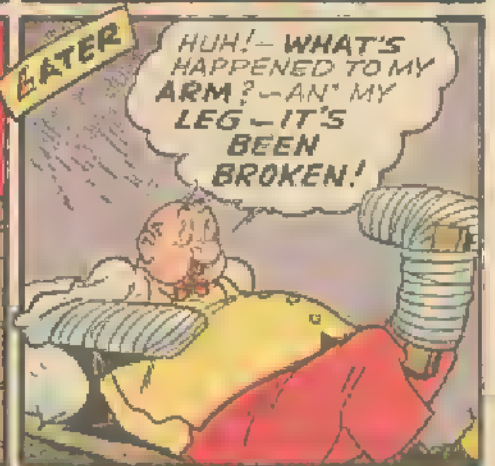
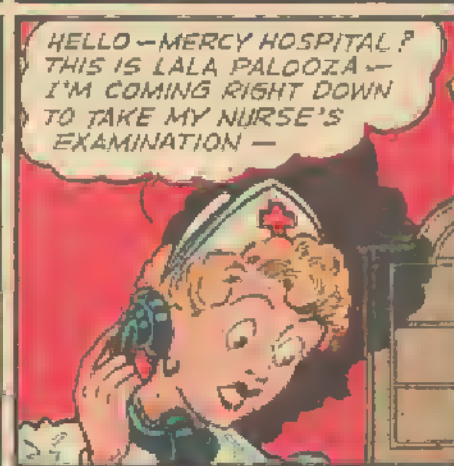
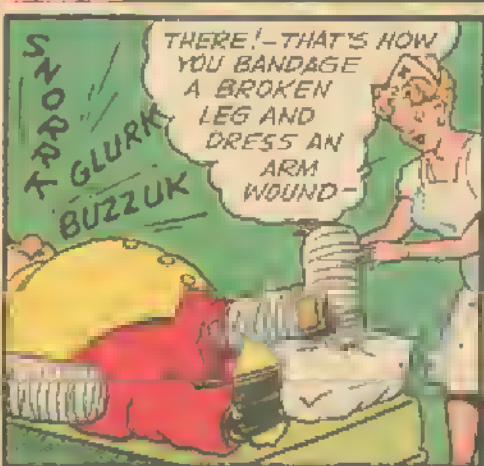
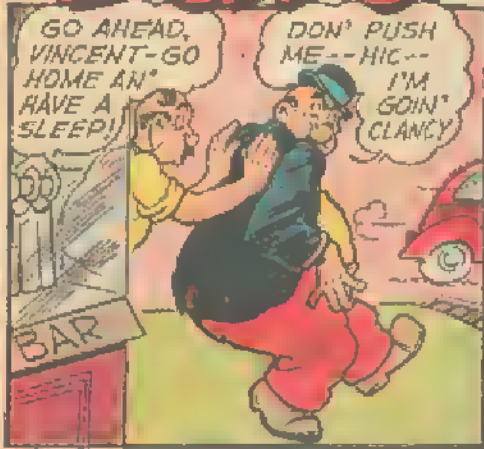
I SURE
HAVE,
USA.



LALA PALOOZA



Lala Palooza



REYNOLDS

by *LAST DANCING*
OF THE

MOUNTED

WITH HIS TRUSTED GUIDE, FLATFOOT CHARLIE, SERGEANT REYNOLDS TANGLES WITH THE BLACK CROW INDIANS TO FOIL A DARING SCHEME, AND SETTLE AN OLD INJUSTICE.....



A PALE MOON SHINES DOWN ON SETTLERS VALLEY AS FIGURES APPROACH A RANCH...

A FEW MINUTES LATER A RED GLOW FILLS THE SKY.....



IT'S THEM REDSKINS, BLAST 'EM! THAT'S THE FOURTH FIRE THIS WEEK-- TRYIN' TO SCARE US SETTLERS-- I'M GOIN' TO CALL TH' POLICE!!

IT WAS OUR NEW BARN!

NEXT DAY!
LOOKUM THERE, SERGEANT! BLACK CROW INDIAN VILLAGE!



OKAY, CHARLIE... LET'S GO! THIS SCARING OF RANCHERS MIGHT LEAD TO BIGGER THINGS!

STILL CAN'T FIGGER UM OUT-BLACK CROW ALWAYS HEAP PEACEFUL TRIBE IN PAST!

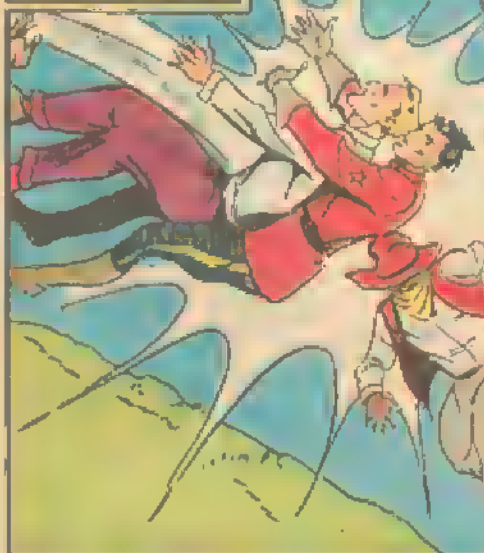


WAIT- CHARLIE LOOK! A FIGHT- C'MON-

A MOUNTIE! RUN, MEN!



THEY ARE TAKEN UNAWARE BY THE BRAWLING MEN...



MEN GETTING AWAY-HEAD FEEL LIKE MERRY-GO-ROUND! PLENTY DIZZY!!



THANKS! YOU CAME JUST IN TIME.. NAME'S DAN CARTER!

I'M SERGEANT REYNOLDS-THIS IS FLATFOOT CHARLIE! BUT DON'T LET THE NAME FOOL YOU-HE'S LIGHT AS A FEATHER ON HIS FEET AND CAN TRAVEL FOR DAYS WITHOUT A LETUP!



WHAT FIGHT ABOUT, MR. CARTER?
OH NOTHING, FLATFOOT-THOSE MEN HANG AROUND THE INDIAN VILLAGE AND WE JUST GOT INTO A SILLY ARGUMENT!
HMM... CARTER'S HOLDING SOMETHING BACK!



AT CHIEF BLACK HAWK'S TENT...

CHIEF-WE MUST PUNISH YOUR BRAVES FOR SETTING FIRE TO THE RANCHES!

REDCOAT IS MISTAKEN... WE HAVE NO QUARREL WITH THE WHITE MEN-MY PEOPLE WILL BE ANGERED TO HEAR THIS!



BACK AT CARTER'S TENT...

LOOK! CARD DROP FROM CARTER'S POCKET!

A PRISON CARD.. SO CARTER HAS A RECORD, EH? AND YET HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE STUDYING INDIAN LIFE HERE..WE MUST KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!



THAT NIGHT

WONDER WHAT THOSE MEN HAD TO DO WITH CARTER WHAT'S THAT?

A YELL FROM CARTER'S TENT.. MAYBE NIGHTMARE!!

AND I WAS HAVING A DREAM IN TECHNICOLOR, HO-HUM!

C'MON CHARLIE- IT MUST BE THOSE MEN....

BUT SUDDENLY FROM THE DARK.. SHADOWS OF THE TENTS..



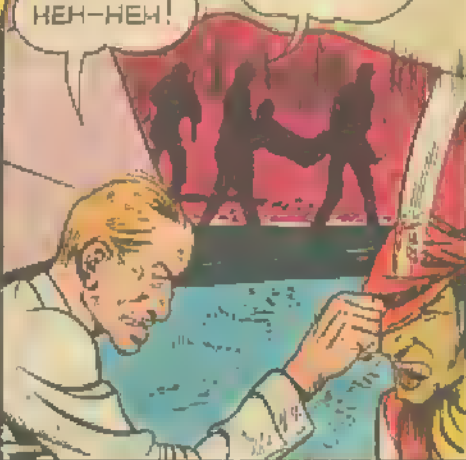
A POWERFUL BLOW FROM BEHIND FELS THE BRAVE SERGEANT..



AS FLATFOOT TRIES TO HELP...

GO BACK TO DREAMLAND, INJUN... HEH-HEH!

WE'VE GOT CARTER- LET'S GO!



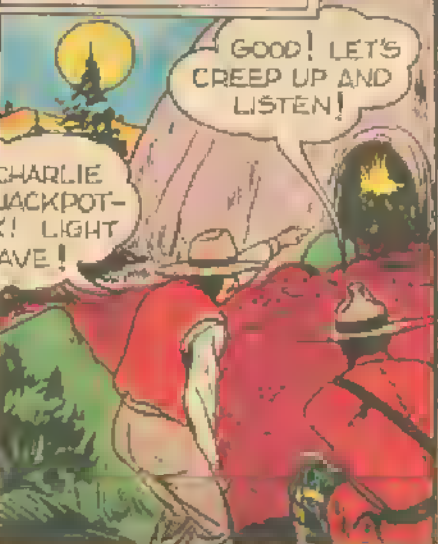
OW-MY HEAD!

MEN LEAVE BEHIND TRAIL CLEAR AS A-B-C! YOU FOLLOW FLATFOOT!

IN THE CLEAR MOONLIGHT THEY FOLLOW THE TRAIL INTO THE RUGGED MOUNTAINS...

GOOD! LET'S CREEP UP AND LISTEN!

AH! CHARLIE HIT JACKPOT- LOOK! LIGHT IN CAVE!



WHEN I WENT TO PRISON FOR THE CRIME YOU COMMITTED I SWORE I'D GET YOU IF IT TOOK THE REST OF MY LIFE, THORPE!

HA-HA! NOW THAT YOU'VE FOUND ME IT'LL MEAN YOUR END, CARTER!



SUDDENLY THERE IS A YELL FROM ONE OF THE MEN.....



BEFORE REYNOLDS CAN FIRE THORPE MAKES A WELL AIMED SHOT...



THE INDIANS ARE HOLDING A SECRET MEETING TONIGHT-WE'RE GOING TO INCITE THEM AGAINST THE RANCHERS-WITH THE MOUNTIE OUT OF THE WAY THEY'LL LISTEN TO US....



WITH BROWN PAINT THORPE AND HIS MEN MAKE UP THEIR BODIES.



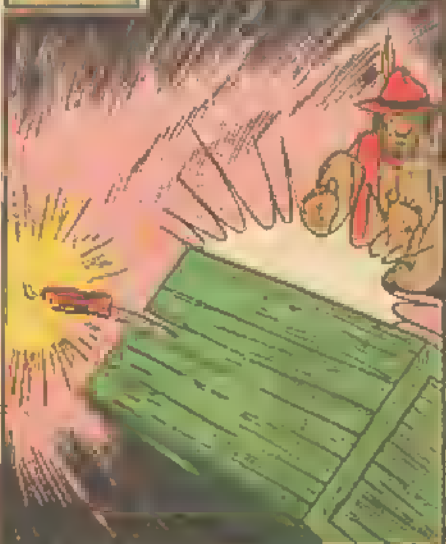
LET'S GO, MEN-KEEP A CLOSE WATCH OVER THEM, FRANK! WHEN WE GET BACK WE'LL GET RID OF 'EM!!



IN THE DIM LIGHT THE THREE CAPTIVES SILENTLY ACCEPT THEIR FATE...



SUDDENLY WITHOUT WARNING FLATFOOT CHARLIE GOES INTO ACTION...



AS THE CROOK HASTILY RELIGHTS THE CANDLE.....





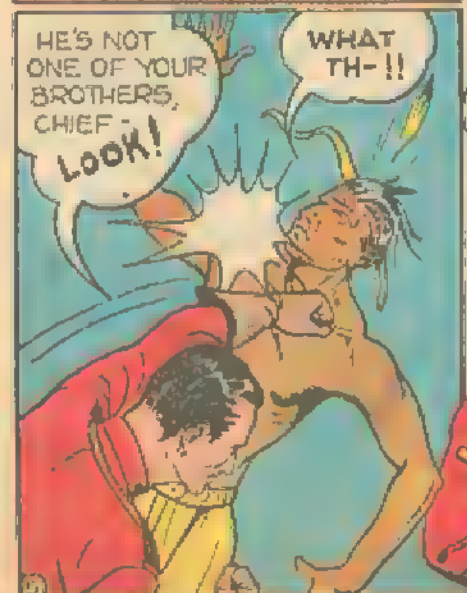
AS THE DISGUISED THORPE INCITES THE RED MEN TWO FIGURES ENTER.



SUDDENLY THERE IS A WAR WHOOP FROM THE INDIAN GUIDE AS HE LASHES OUT AT THE TWO "WHITE" INDIANS...



THEN REYNOLDS GOES INTO ACTION.



CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN COUNTERSPY

IN
TELLTALE
TUNNEL

BY
HARRY
TRAVIS
CAMERON

CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN, ACE OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, AND JACKSON, HIS DOUBLE, ARE NOW PITTED AGAINST THEIR MOST FORMIDABLE FOE, THE BEAUTIFUL SPY SONYA.

OFFICE OF COLONEL JORDAN,
CHIEF OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

BRUCE, THE AXIS POWERS ARE PRINTING, IN DETAIL, ABOUT THE SECRET SESSIONS OF OUR MILITARY AFFAIRS COMMITTEE.

WELL, I'LL
BE-

IT'S UP TO YOU TO **PLUG** THIS LEAK!

ANY CLUES, COLONEL?

NO, EXCEPT **SPEED** OF PUBLICATION SHOWS THE INFORMATION MUST BE SENT BY **RADIO!**

I GET IT, SAY, COLONEL - GET ME THE RECORD OF THAT **FREAK RADIO SIGNAL.**

BRUCE PLAYS THE RECORD OF A HIGH-PITCHED, SHRIEKING RADIO SIGNAL, SENT BY A MYSTERY RADIO STATION.

NOTHING TO THAT - SAY, THE PHONOGRAPH'S **RUNNING DOWN!**

EEEE - IS
TRUE -

- AND MR. CHAIRMAN, THIS NEW S-T-B
WELL, I'LL BE! FORMULA WILL
R-R-R-R

COLONEL, THE GERMANS USED THIS TRICK DURING THE LAST WAR. THEY SPEEDED UP CODE UNTIL IT WAS UNRECOGNIZABLE, RECORDED IT, AND PLAYED IT BACK SLOWLY ENOUGH TO BE UNDERSTOOD!

THAT NIGHT, IN A RADIO CAR

THERE'S THAT MYSTERY STATION! GET ITS DIRECTION!

GOT IT!
52
DEGREES
AND...

LATER, IN ANOTHER PART OF WASHINGTON.

YOUR SECOND BEARING WAS 41 EAST! NOW, PLOT THEM ON A MAP!

GREAT
GUNS-

THEY INTERSECT AT THE CAPITOL BUILDING! LOOK, CAPTAIN!

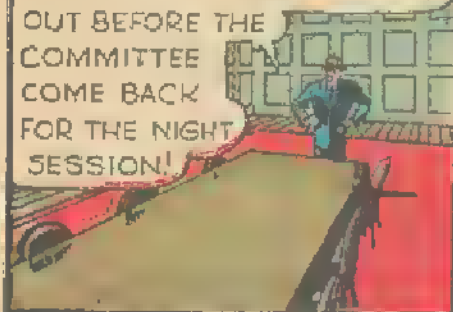
BY GOSH, THEY DO! I'LL LOOK FOR A "MIKE" IN THE COMMITTEE ROOM.

OF COURSE YOU CAN SEARCH, CAPTAIN! I'LL LET YOU INTO THE MILITARY AFFAIRS COMMITTEE'S ROOM.

THANKS!

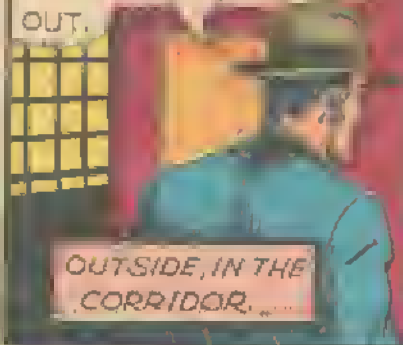
AFTER AN HOURS' SEARCH.

I **KNOW** THERE'S NO "MIKE" **INSIDE** THIS ROOM! I'LL GET OUT BEFORE THE COMMITTEE COME BACK FOR THE NIGHT SESSION!



THAT GIRL, SHE LOOKS LIKE THAT **SPY SONYA**! I'LL FOLLOW, AND FIND OUT.

OUTSIDE, IN THE CORRIDOR.



BLACKBURN, HE'S FOLLOWING ME!



I'LL CATCH UP TO HER IN THAT CORRIDOR! IT HAS NO DOORS OFF IT!



WELL, TIE **THAT**! SHE CAN'T BE GONE, BUT SHE IS! NOW WHERE DID SHE GO?



COLONEL, I JUST FOUND SONYA, AND LOST HER! HAVE HER LOCATED - YOU **DID?** AT 400 NEW JERSEY AVE - THAT'S NEAR HERE!



BRUCE APPROACHES THE HOUSE...

THERE'S THE HOUSE - THAT CAR'S TRAVELLING - FAST!

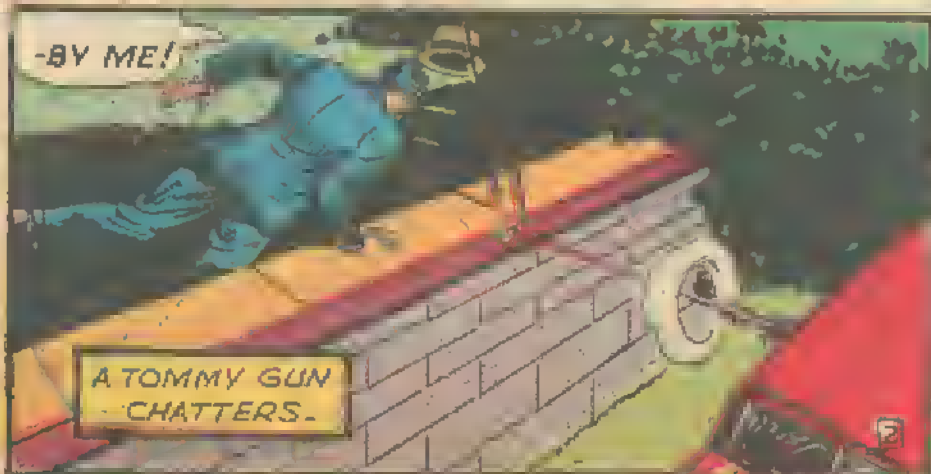


-AND MEANS NO GOOD-



-BY ME!

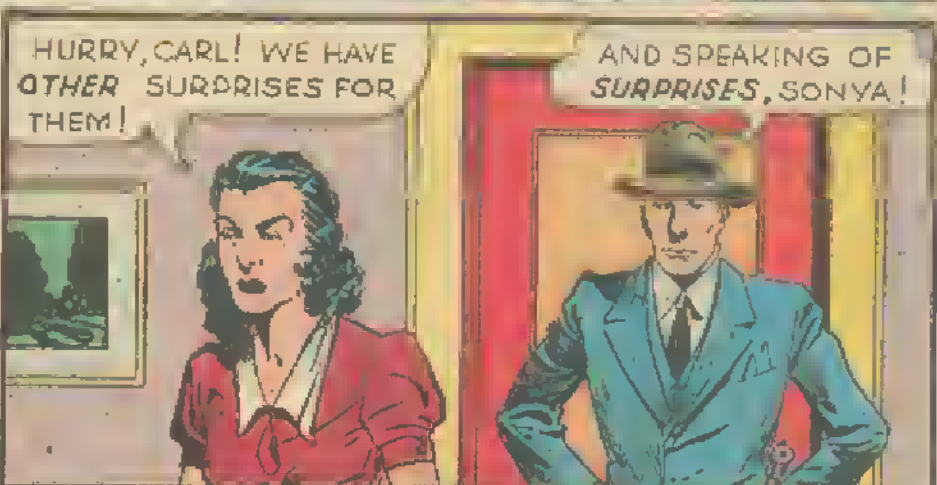
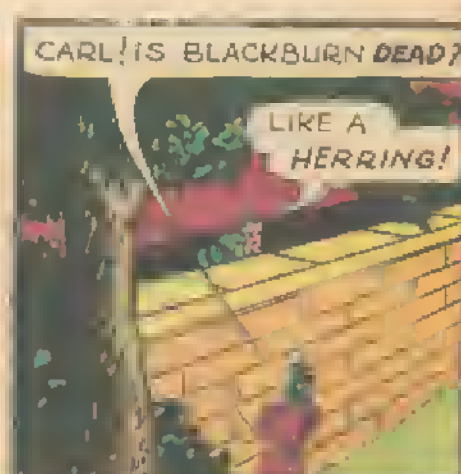
A TOMMY GUN CHATTERS.

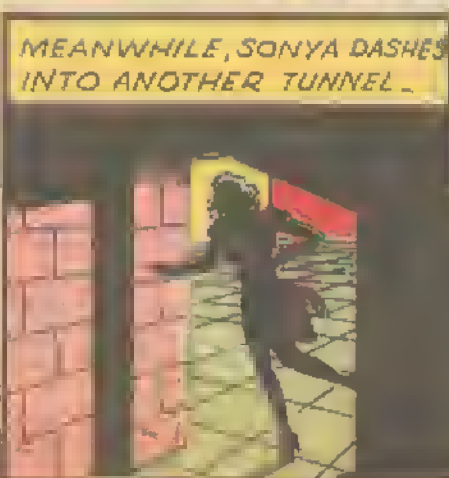
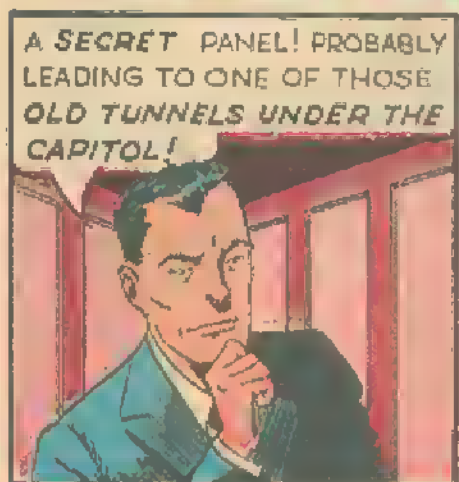


LOOK ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL, AND SEE IF HE IS **DEAD**!

OF COURSE, FRAULEIN!

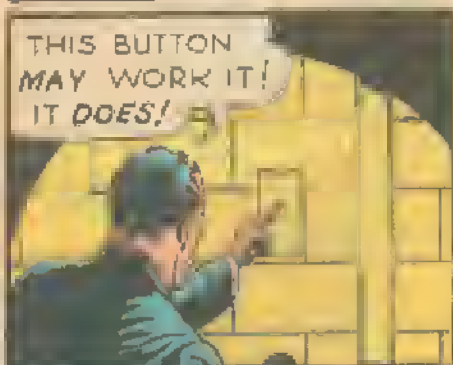






AT THE FAREND OF THE TUNNEL, ANOTHER PANEL.

THIS BUTTON MAY WORK IT! IT DOES!



SHE'S GONE!

HOW DID YOU GET HERE!



THAT MAN HAS BOTH LUCK AND NINE LIVES!



THE COMMITTEE ROOM...

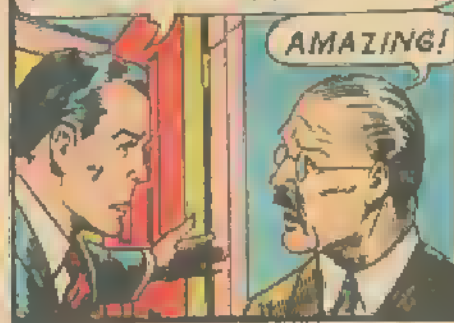
YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE.

HOLD IT, SENATOR, COME OUTSIDE!

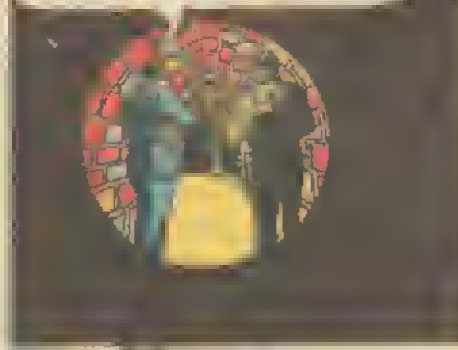


THERE'S A MIKE INSIDE THE WALLS OF THAT ROOM, RADIOING EVERY WORD SAID DIRECT TO EUROPE. I'LL SHOW YOU!

AMAZING!



SECRET TUNNELS UNDER THE CAPITOL? A JOB FOR THE DIES COMMITTEE!



YOU SEE, THIS RECORDING TAPE, CARRYING YOUR VOICES, IS RUN THROUGH THE SHORT-WAVE RADIO AT SIX TIMES NORMAL SPEED! IT SOUNDS LIKE A SQUEAL, UNTIL THEY RECORD IT, AND SLOW IT DOWN AT THE OTHER END!

ASTONISHING, CAPTAIN!



I HAVE ONE MORE THING TO DO! I'LL JUST HOOK UP THIS "MIKE" BEFORE I SMASH THIS OUTFIT.

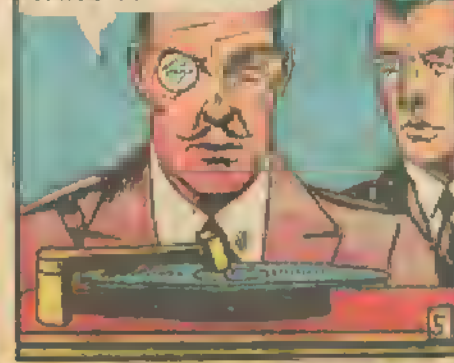


A FEW MINUTES LATER IN A EUROPEAN CAPITAL.

ANOTHER MESSAGE, EMIL! A CLEVER TRICK OF SONYA'S!

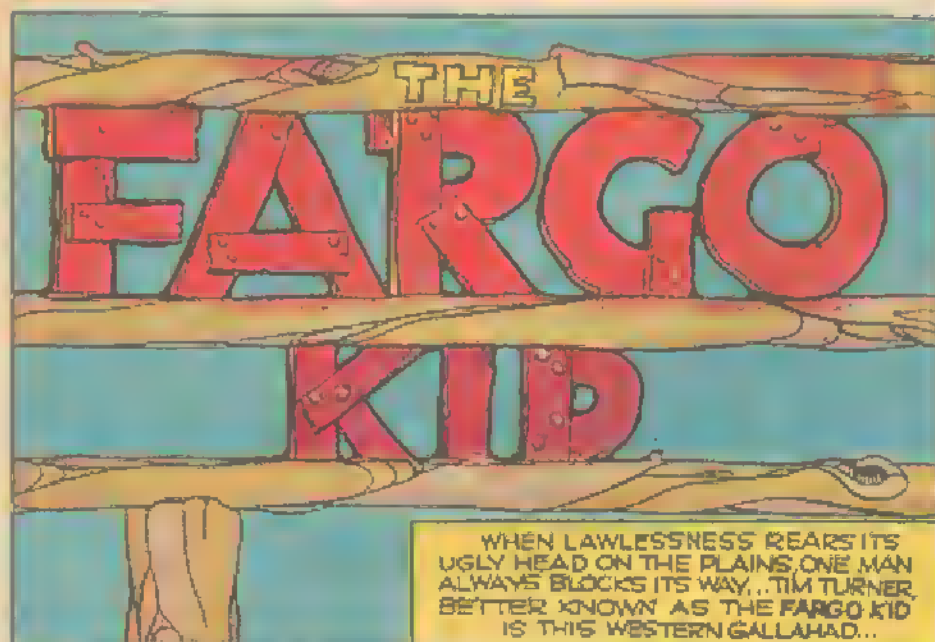


HURRY! PLAY IT BACK ON THE SLOW PHONOGRAPH! I'LL TAKE IT DOWN!

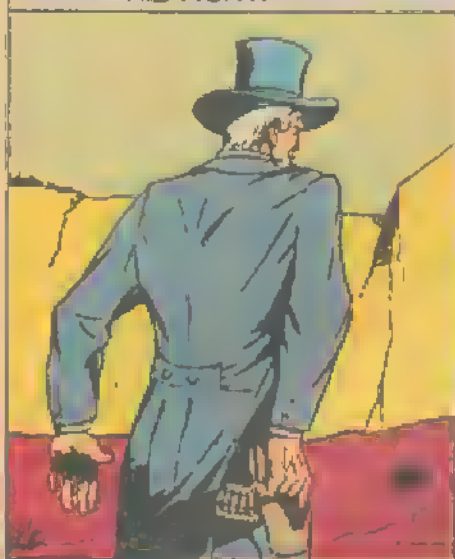


AND NOW, MY GOOSE-STEPPING FRIENDS, TELL YOUR LEADER THAT THIS IS ALL! YOUR AUTOMATIC SPY HAS BEEN DISCOVERED. AMERICAN MILITARY INTELLIGENCE SIGNING OFF--- PERMANENTLY!





SEEING THE GIRL OFF GUARD,
ANOTHER PASSENGER GOES FOR
HIS .45....



SHE SPOTS THE MOVE... FIRES...
THE MAN DROPS....



THE FARGO KID STUDIES HER
"THOUGHTFULLY..."



DON'T LOWER YOUR HANDS
UNTIL I'M OUT OF
SIGHT!!



WITH THE VICTIMS STARING
HELPLESSLY, SHE THUNDERS OFF.



NEXT DAY FARGO
KID HAS A PLAN...
HE GOES TO THE
SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

HOW ABOUT THE NEW
GUARD JOB ON
THE STAGES?

WELL.. Y' MIGHT
DO...

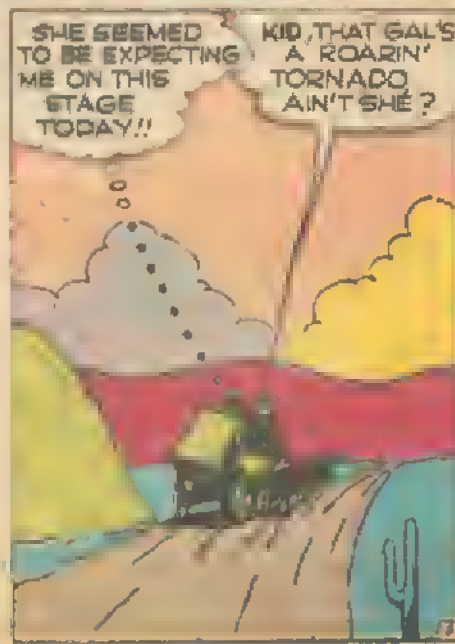
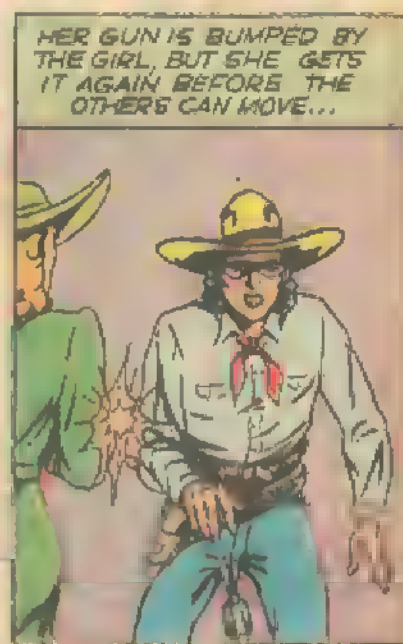
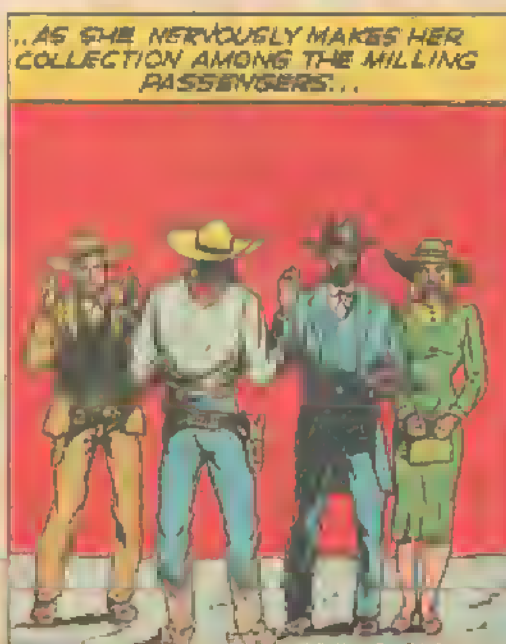


A WEEK LATER.. THE FARGO
KID NOW RIDES AS A NEW GUARD.



AT A LONELY SPOT IN THE HILLS A
FIGURE SOON WAITS GRIMLY...





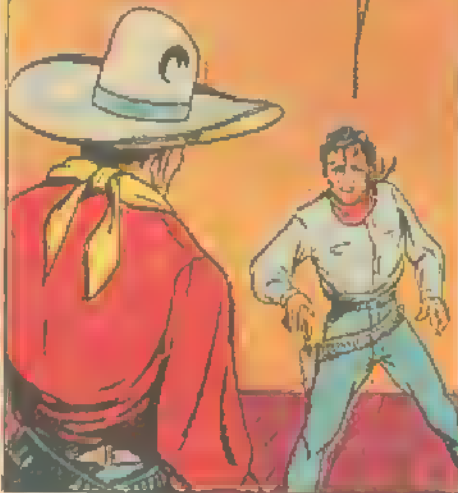
NEXT DAY..THE FARGO KID ENTERS THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...A DEPUTY SPEAKS

HAW!..HERE'S OUR BIG STAGE PROTECTOR NOW!

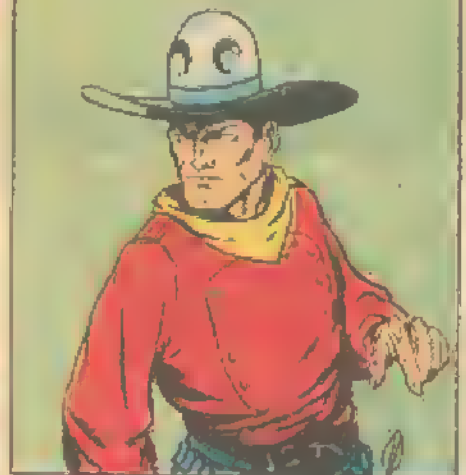


YOU SEEM HAPPY ABOUT SOMETHING TODAY, CAL!

W..WHY... WHAT D'YA MEAN??



DON'T GO FOR YOUR GUN!!



BUT THE DEPUTY PULLS HIS .45

WHAT D'YA WANT. WHY DID YA COME HERE??



DROP IT, CAL!!



THE DEPUTY CRINGES IN FEAR...

SO! YA EVEN GOT A PAL WITH YA TOO, EH??

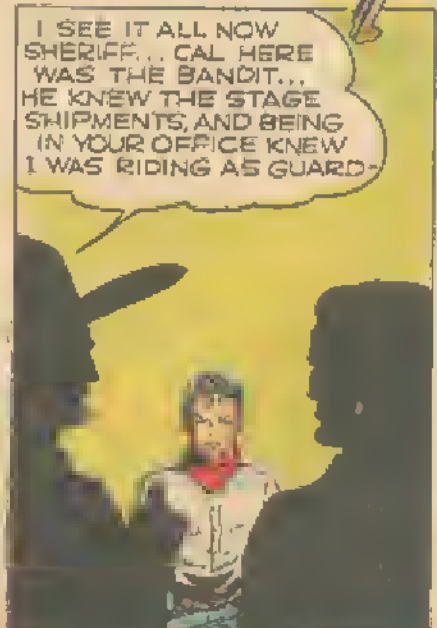


NO! I'M NOT EXACTLY HIS PAL! AN' IF YOU AIN'T GUILTY OF SOMETHING WHY D'YA AIM THAT GUN?

SHERIFF BAXTER!



I SEE IT ALL NOW SHERIFF... CAL HERE WAS THE BANDIT... HE KNEW THE STAGE SHIPMENTS, AND BEING IN YOUR OFFICE KNEW I WAS RIDING AS GUARD-



- AND HE'S THE ONLY ONE IN TOWN WHO GOT A HORSE YOU CAN MOUNT ON THE RIGHT... HE SHOULDN'T OF USED HIM IN HOLD-UPS!





It was the beginning of the "graveyard watch"—midnight. A pale moon cast a pallor over the sea. The "graveyard watch" was intended for banshees and kelpies and pigwidgeons. Captain Macmurragh reasoned. He clung to the wheel of the *Bonnie Brae* as she slipped through the darkness off the coast of Barbary. Skipper Macmurragh was far from being in a "bonnie" mood; too much had happened along this treacherous coast during the last few weeks.

"Yit I dinna ken why subs should be preyin' on honest traders an' luggers," he observed to the off-shore wind.

But the fact remained that in the past five weeks, a half dozen trading ships had rammed *something* while plying the Atlantic along the west coast of Africa. They had not been torpedoed, which put a mysterious angle on the business. *Something* had simply risen from the sea beneath them, then sank again, leaving a gaping hole in those planking hulls.

The wrecks had all occurred in the vicinity of Verde, in the region of Senegal.

"Whar else could it be but a sub?" argued shipping authorities. But military authorities argued differently. A sub was built to withstand tremendous external pressures over a great area; a heavy blow in a small section would crush the plates. Again, none of the ships were actually rammed; they were crushed from beneath.

It had come on to blow, and Captain Macmurragh clung to the wheel, while the little trader lifted and lurched in the growing swells. By two in the morning a half gale was blowing.

Dawn broke murky. The wind had fallen, but the long swells lost none of their menace. Fish Face, the Senegalese first mate, who had a fractured leg, hobbled on deck about seven o'clock. Captain Macmurragh knew that the pain in the giant Negro's leg must be intense.

"No need of ye comin' up, Fish Face. I—"

"Oh, tuan," interposed the big chap, "Ah jes' couldn't sleep no mo'. Ah had a awful dream. Ah did."

"A dream?" Macmurragh chuckled. "Tell me your dream, Fish Face."

Fish Face's bloodshot eyes rolled until the whites resembled two china saucers on a table of black linen.

"Ah don' like to tell it, man. Ah's feared it mout happen! Ah dreamed one of dem subhalines come up out dere an' we's jes' go down to de borrom!"

"Fiddle-de-dee!" chortled old Macmurragh. "Ye be possessed—"

Fish Face's shriek cut through the skipper's words like a knife. The Negro turned the color of lead and grasped a stanchion for support. He pointed, gulping. "Dere she is, tuan—Oooo-oo!"

A mile off, a dark shape rose out of the sea. It looked like a giant cigar. Slowly it turned in the direction of the *Bonnie Brae*. Then it slowly submerged.

"Sub!" cried skipper Macmurragh. Numb terror overspread his face. "Quick, Fish Face, break out the life rings! You, Sam," he said to the young Arab deck hand, "see to the boat!"

The old Scot was all action now. If they were to be attacked—and there was no doubt in Macmurragh's mind that they were—they might as well be prepared for it.

They didn't have to wait long. Ten minutes after the terrifying submarine had been sighted, there came a rending, crunching jar from below decks. The schooner reared out of the water three feet then settled back with a mighty splash.

All hands—there were seven in the crew—went about the business of seeing that life rings and the single boat were in readiness for a quick leave-taking.

The schooner began to heel over. They could hear the gurgling rumble of water pouring into the holds.

"Must have a hole in her big enough to drive a team of oxen through," grumbled Macmurragh. "Th' bloody devils!" He shook his fist at the water, under which the sub had come and gone.

They got the small boat launched, and the eight men climbed aboard. They were gone too soon, the *Bonnie Brae* sank stern first. With a weary sigh, she slipped to her last resting place. Captain Macmurragh swiped a tear from his grizzled cheek; it rends a skipper's heart to see his command go down, although it's the smallest ship afloat.

The neatly uniformed little French lieutenant strode across the deck of the *Rita* in typically French agitation. He made a grandiose gesture with his hands, and his tiny mustache bristled.

"Sacre, M'sieu, it is more than I can take! First it is the small trading ships; now it is the private yacht of Count LeBreau!" Lieutenant Paul Laverne clapped both hands to his ears. "Nom de Dieu! The Administrator is driving me—what you say, nuns!"

Perry Scott rose from his deck chair and grinned.

"Take it easy, Lieutenant. The Administrator is hardly expecting you to solve the riddle in a day. . . Why doesn't the Government send a cruiser after the sub?"

"Monsieur Scott! The French government, she is, alas! Not what she used to be, non! We have ask for a gunboat. But no. There is a war in Europe, you know."

"Well, Lieutenant," said Perry dryly. "As I have told you, I don't believe this sub story—not in all its details. And if you'll give me leave, I'll cruise around a bit and see what I can see."

The French official smiled blandly. "Wiz the pleasure, M'sieu. The ocean she is yours! And I wish you the luck!" Lieutenant Laverne shook hands with Perry and a moment later the tender carried him back to the Verde wharf.

That afternoon Perry took the *Rita* out to sea. He had no definite plan. He had an idea, a rather fantastic one, and

he meant to run the thing down. No undersea craft he had ever seen was capable of doing the things this mysterious sub was doing. Of course, there was much development going on in craft of all kinds, due to the war. Some crackpot maybe had invented such an indestructible monster as rumor described. He doubted it.

"So what's the angle?" asked Ron Cabor, one of Scott's several assistants as they slipped into the open sea. "Ever stop to think that we might be the next victim of the sub?"

"We'll have to change it, Ron. One thing sure, we have a far better chance of outrunning this mystery sub than anything it has sent to the bottom."

They didn't sight anything that looked like a submarine all that day. Heading for the harbor at Verde just at dusk, Sparks picked up an urgent SOS from a ship about ten miles to the south. He hurried with it to Perry.

"They're in a bad way, Perry. Been rammed by that sub and going down fast. One boat, and a crew of twenty-eight—"

"Okay, Sparky." Perry slammed down hard on the full-speed lever and the *Rita* leaped ahead. They'd do the ten miles in less than an hour. Perry hoped the boat would hold all of them.

It was an old oil tanker, and she was still afloat when they hove in sight. Her bow was under a third of her length. All the crew was aboard the life boat and they were rowing like mad toward the *Rita*.

The captain scrambled up the monkey ladder first.

"Van Devers, master of the *Sivins*," he stated as he shook hands with Perry. "You came along just in time, sir."

"What rammed you?" Perry asked him.

"A sub. We sighted her a mile off, then she submerged. It wasn't ten minutes later that she stove a hole in our hull."

As they were talking, one of the Dutch crew on deck shouted, "Sub! Off the port, bow!"

"Stand by the gun, men!" Perry ordered two of his men. "Fire when you have her in your sights!"

The Dutch captain held up his hands in horror. "You mean—you're going to fire on her, sir! They'll sink us—"

The four-inch gun bellowed. "Hit!" cried the gunner. "There she goes!"

The sub went down with a great "Whoosh!" Five minutes later the *Rita* was cruising the spot where the sub had disappeared. The water was a bright red.

"Heavens above—blood!" gasped Van Devers.

"Yes," Perry said. "Your sub was just what I had surmised."

Van Devers looked at him. "You mean—"

"A whale—a common, old playful whale!"

READ THE MASTER'S METEOR
ANOTHER PERRY SCOTT THRILLER
IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF
FEATURE COMICS
ON SALE AUGUST 22 '40

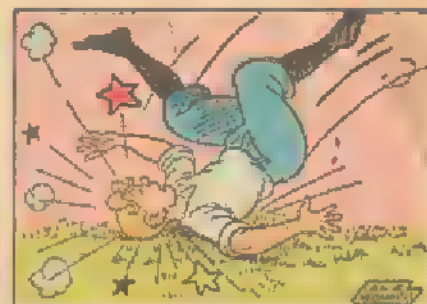
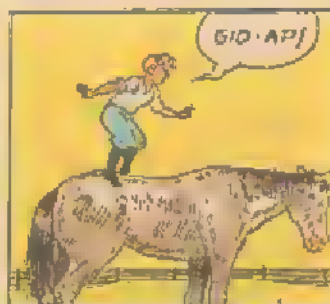


BUILT by Bendix, the world's foremost maker of automobile and airplane brakes... famous for 40 years... the good Morrow Coaster Brake is the safest, surest brake your bike could have! More ball bearings (31 in all) than any other coaster brake. That means long, smooth coasting and easy pedaling. Big bronze brake shoes, multi-grooved for positive stops and long wear. Insist on a Morrow Brake on your new bike—you can get it on any standard make.

MORROW COASTER BRAKE

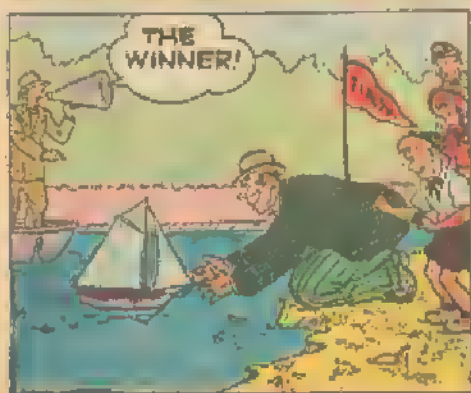
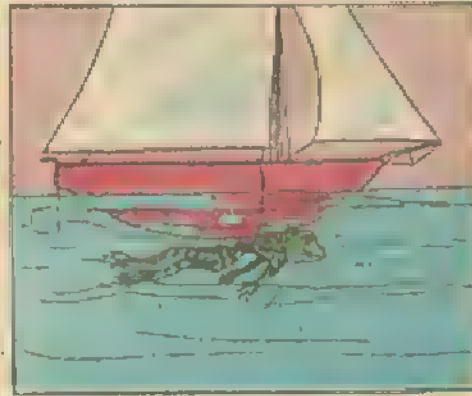
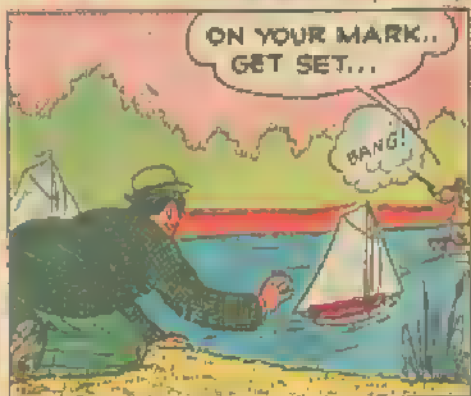
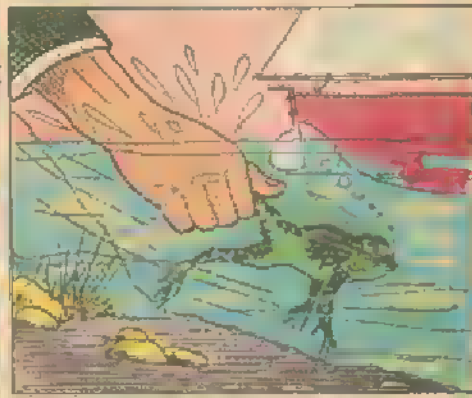
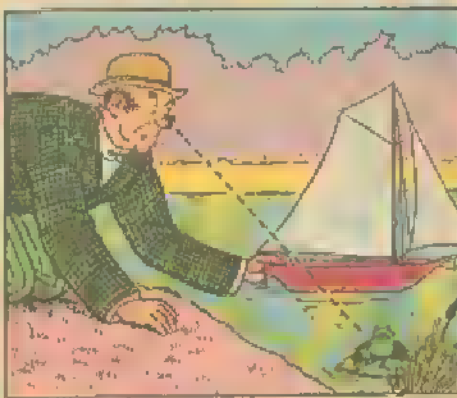
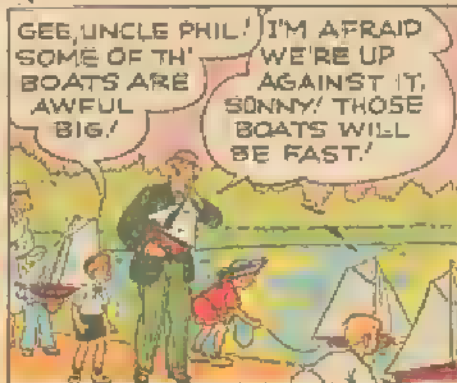
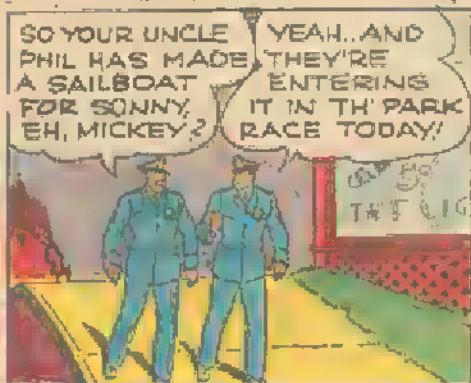


ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION, Baiton, N. Y.



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



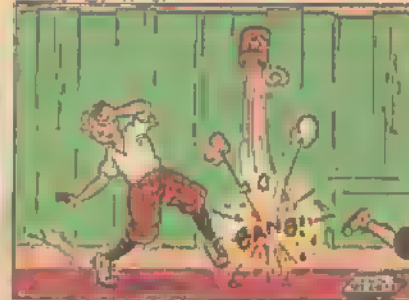
NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

THERE'S THAT
KID YOU'RE
ALWAYS
TRYIN' TO
CATCH, NIPPIE!

YEAH, BUT
THIS TIME
I'LL CATCH
HIM!

CHEESE IT,
JOHNNY.. HERE
COMES NIPPIE!



MICKEY FINN

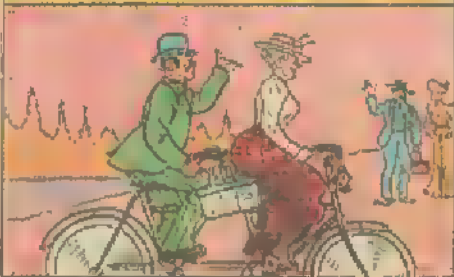
By LANK LEONARD

WHY DOES
UNCLE PHIL
ALWAYS GET
SO GROUCHY
ON TH' FOURTH
OF JULY, MA?

WELL IT WAS
ON THAT DAY
THAT HE LOST
THE ONLY GIRL
HE REALLY
LOVED.. ROSIE
PLOTZMEYER!



IT WAS BACK IN 1906.. PHILIP
HAD TAKEN ROSIE TO A
PICNIC THAT HIS LODGE WAS
HAVING AT LAKE PAKASNACK



ROSIE AND THE GIRLS WERE
GETTING THE FOOD READY
WHILE PHILIP AND THE OTHER
YOUNG MEN ARRANGED THE
FIREWORKS THEY PLANNED TO
SET OFF..



PHILIP OF COURSE INSISTED
THAT HE KNEW ALL THERE WAS
TO KNOW ABOUT FIREWORKS
AND ELECTED HIMSELF TO
SET THEM OFF!



BUT AS YOU MIGHT SUPPOSE
THE VERY FIRST SKYROCKET
HE SET OFF WENT SHOOTING
ALONG THE GROUND INSTEAD
OF UP IN THE AIR, AND HEAD-
ED STRAIGHT FOR...



ROSIE! THE POOR GIRL WAS
THROWN FORWARD ON HER
FACE, RIGHT INTO A LEMON
CUSTARD PIE.. AND TO MAKE
MATTERS WORSE...



..THE FLIMSY WAIST CORSET
SHE WAS WEARING
CAUGHT FIRE.. SHE DASHED
MAOLY DOWN TO THE LAKE..



..FORGETTING THAT SHE
DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO SWIM
SHE JUMPED IN AND PROB-
ABLY WOULD HAVE DROWNED
IF...



ELMER FISHBACK WHO ALSO
LOVED HER HAD NOT DIVED
IN, GRABBED HER JUST AS
SHE WAS GOING DOWN FOR
A THIRD TIME..



NATURALLY, ROSIE LEFT NO
DOUBTS AS TO THE WAY SHE
FELT.. SIX MONTHS LATER,
ROSIE AND ELMER FISHBACK
WERE MARRIED!



WELL, HE MAY
HAVE LOST
HIS GIRL, MA..
BUT I'LL
BET HE
LEARNED
A
LESSON!

I'M AFRAID
HE DIDN'T
MICHAEL!

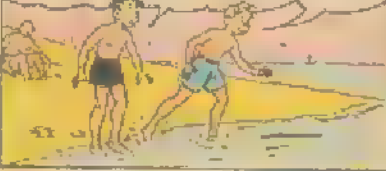


NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

YOU'D BETTER
NOT TRY TO
DUCK FAY
EMMA, SHE WON'T
TAKE ANY POOLING!

SHELL
TAKE
IT
FROM
ME!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

HAS YOUR
UNCLE PHIL
SEEN UNCLE
OWNEY SINCE
HE MARRIED
FANNY BURNS?

NOT YET..UNCLE
PHIL IS STILL
SORE BECAUSE
OWNEY STOLE
FANNY AWAY..
THEY'LL MEET
TONIGHT AT
TH' LODGE
DANCE!

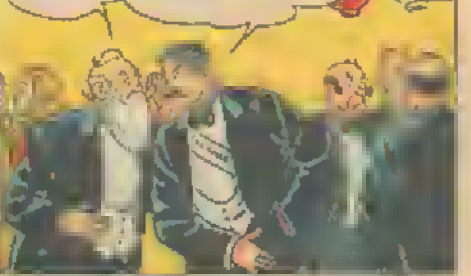


HERE COMES
OWNEY AND FANNY,
PHIL..NOW
REMEMBER,WE
DONT WANT
ANY FIGHTING!

AW.. I
WOULDN'T
EVEN
SPEAK TO
THE
SNAKE!



WHY SURE,
OWNEY..HOW
MUCH DO
YOU WANT?



LISTEN, CLANCY..
DID OWNEY
JUST ASK
YOU FOR
SOME
DOUGH?

YEAH..
I GUESS
FANNY ISN'T
LETTING HIM
HANDLE HER
DOUGH LIKE
HE THOUGHT
SHE WOULD



OWNEY!

YES
DEAR!



BUT I WAS
JUST HAVING
GINGER
ALE!

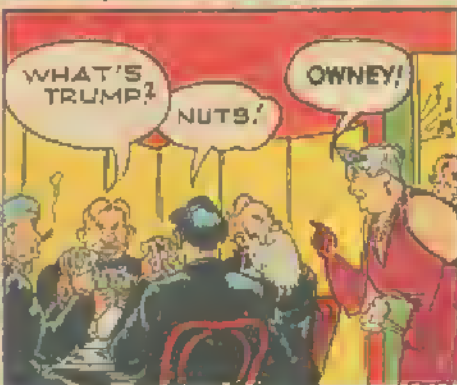
DON'T
LIE TO
ME! I
TOLD YOU
TO KEEP
AWAY FROM
THE BAR!



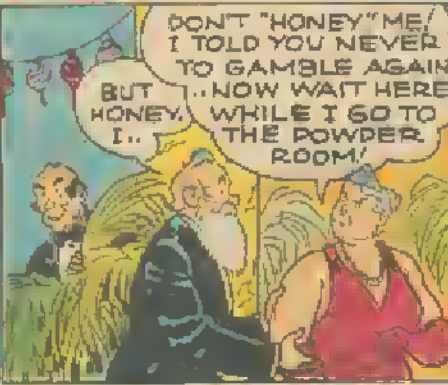
WHAT'S
TRUMP?

NUTS!

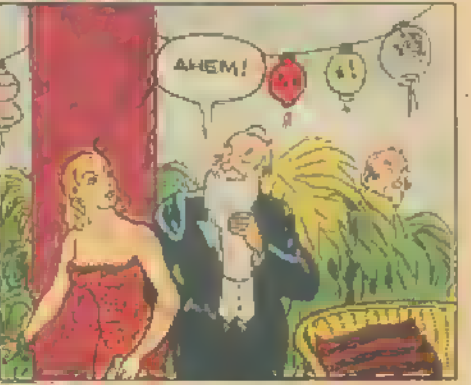
OWNEY!



DON'T "HONEY" ME,
I TOLD YOU NEVER
TO GAMBLE AGAIN
..NOW WAIT HERE
BUT HONEY,
I.. WHILE I GO TO
THE POWDER
ROOM!



AHEM!



YOU'RE TH' MANICURIST
IN THE SAVOY
BARBER SHOP,
AREN'T YOU?

YES!

OWNEY!



BUT I...

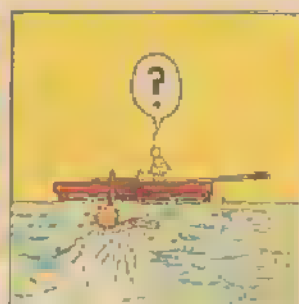
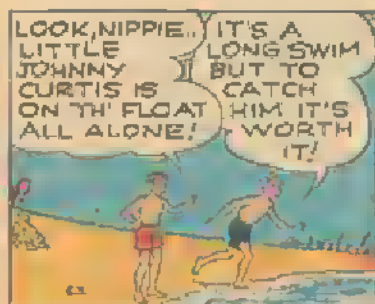
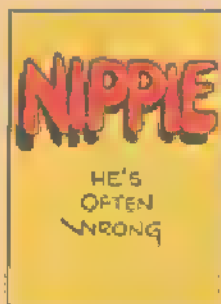
SHUT UP!
WE'RE GOING
HOME!



YOU MEAN
YOU'RE NOT
MAD AT
UNCLE OWNEY
ANYMORE?

I'LL SAY I AIN'T,
MICHAEL! HE
DID ME A GREAT
FAVOR!





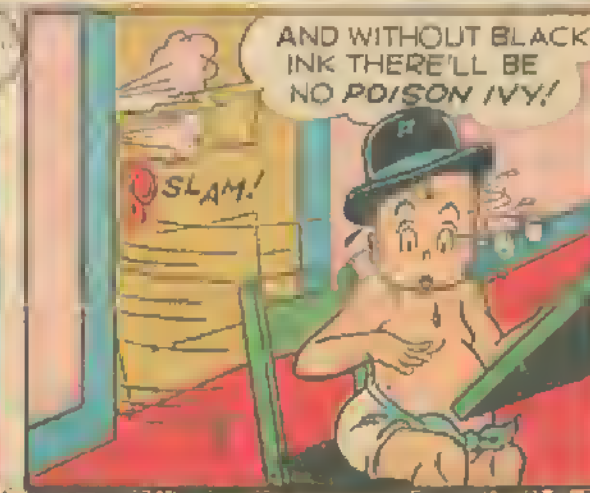
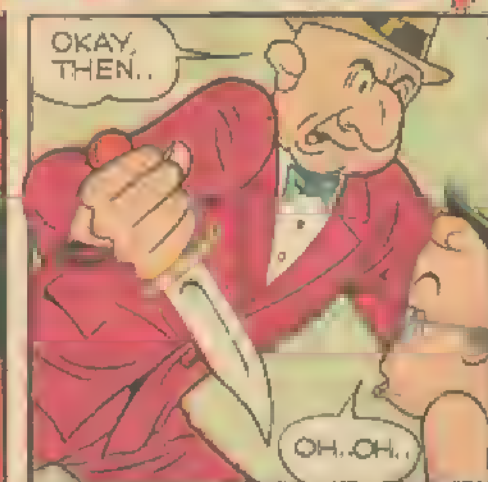
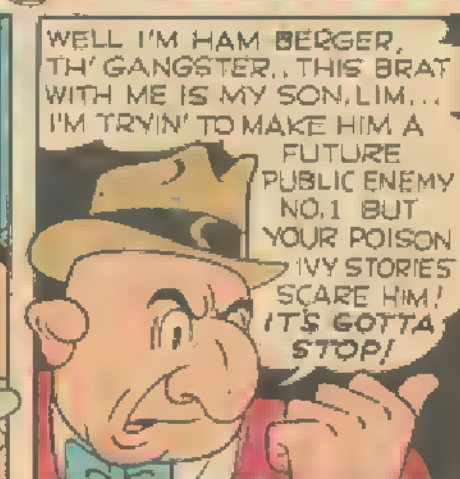
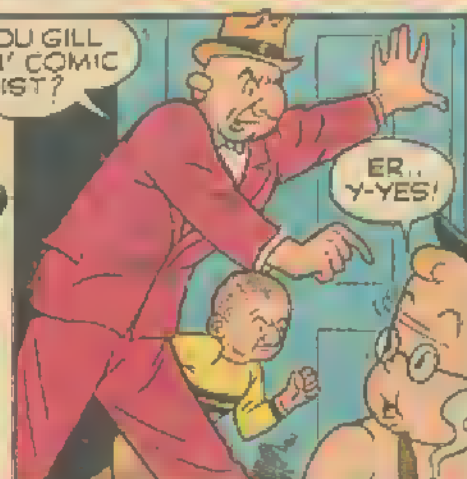
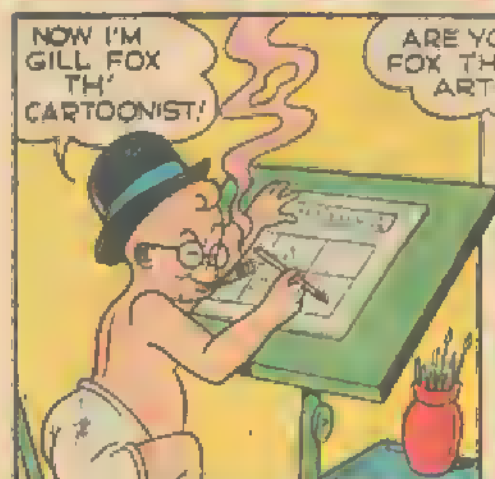
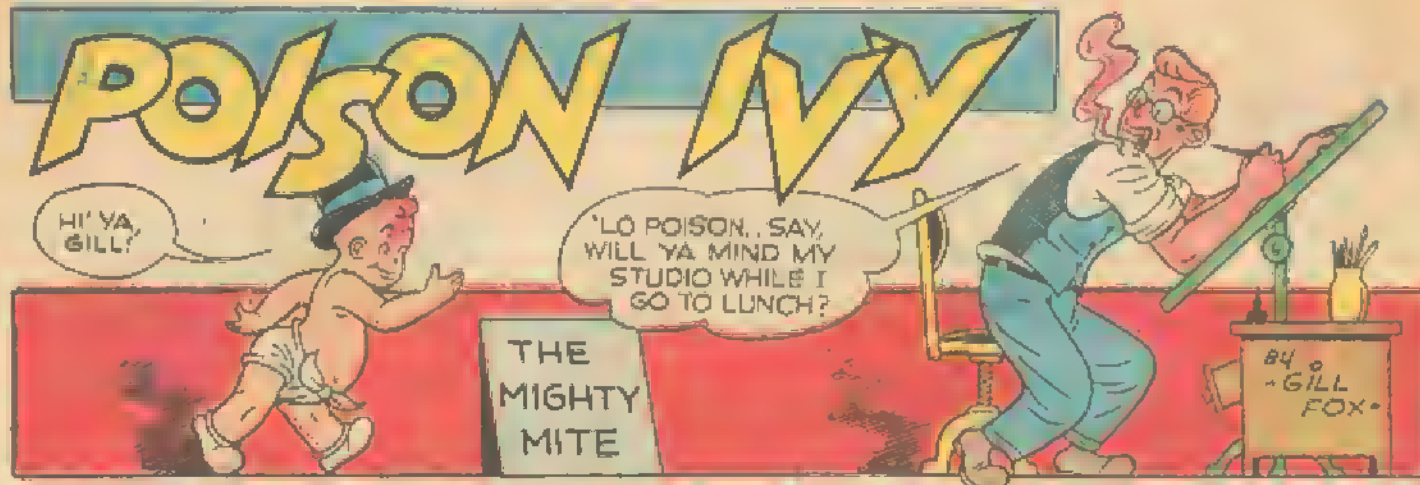
MICKEY FINN

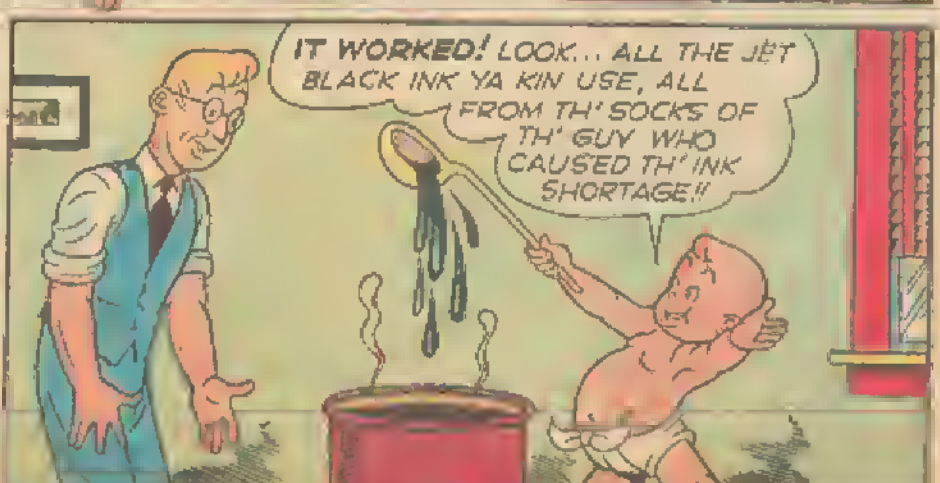
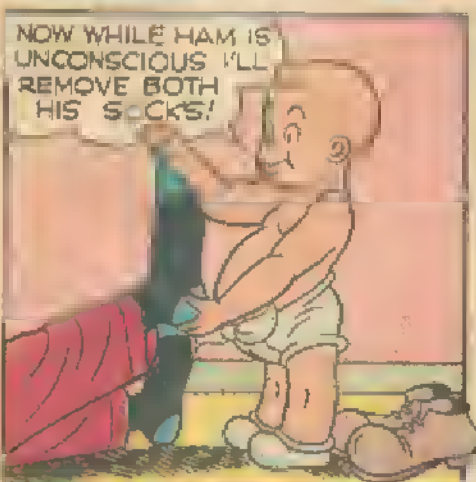
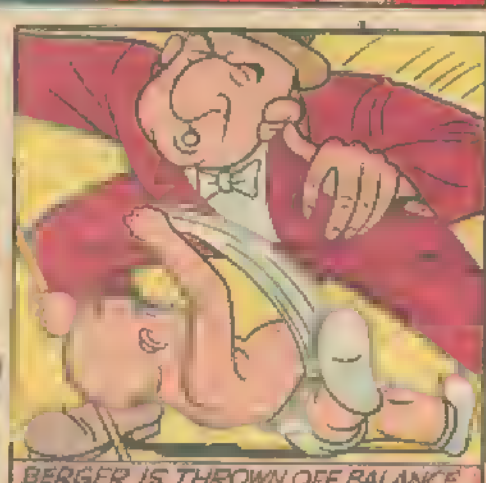
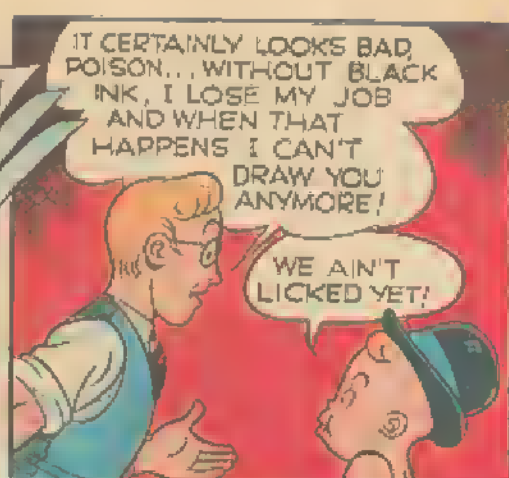
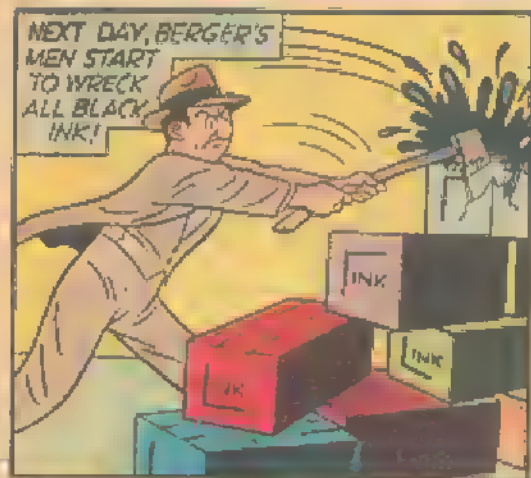
By LANK LEONARD



Enjoy Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS.

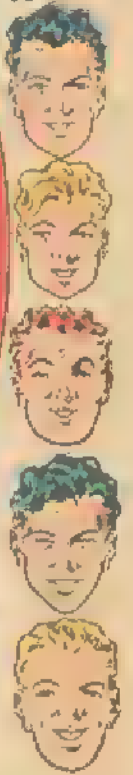
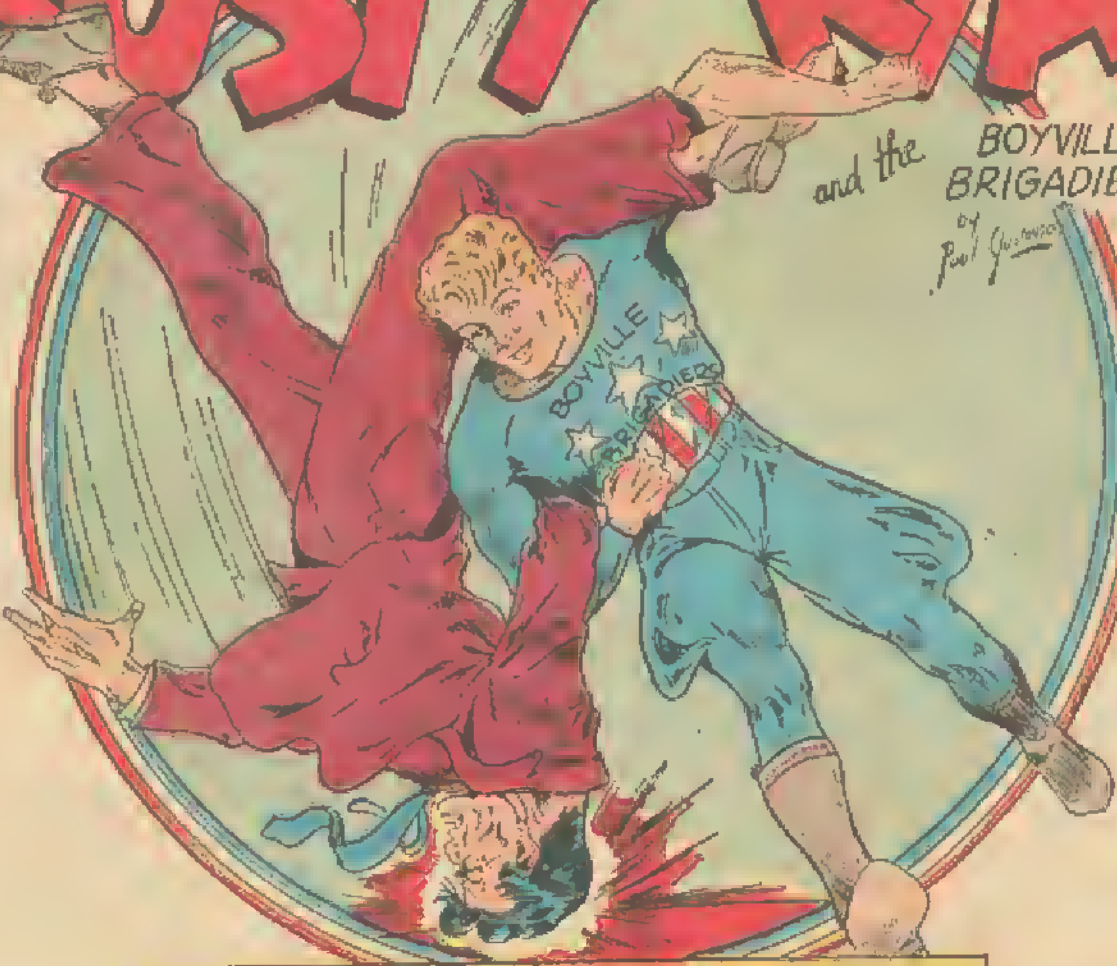
POISON IVY





RUSTY RYAN

and the BOYVILLE
BRIGADIERS
by Paul Gustavson



PRESSED BY FOREIGN PROPOGANDA TRYING TO UNDERMINE THE YOUTH OF BOYVILLE, RUSTY RYAN FORMS THE BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS... SIX BOYS PLEDGED TO UPHOLD "THE AMERICAN WAY"!

A REFUGEE
TEACHER FROM
GERMANY IS CHOSEN TO
FILL THE VACANCY IN
THE MODERN HISTORY
CLASS AT BOYVILLE

BOYS, THIS IS
MR. ABRAMS

I AM NEW IN THE
SCHOOL AND, AS YOU
KNOW, IN THIS COUNTRY!
I'LL BE ABLE TO TEACH
YOU HISTORY, BUT YOU
MUST TEACH ME YOUR
WAYS OF DOING THINGS!
I WOULD LIKE TO COUNT
ON YOUR HELP IN MY
NEW START IN
LIFE!

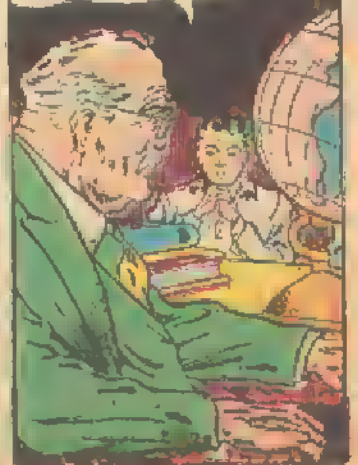
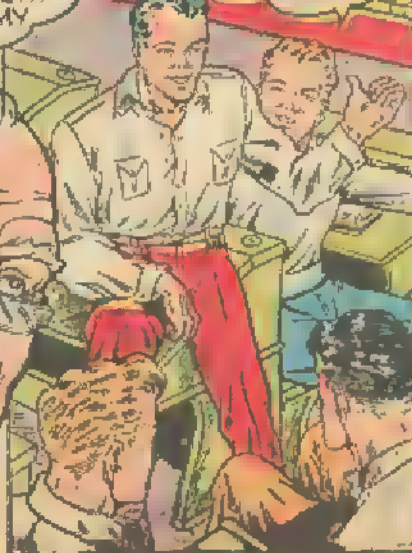
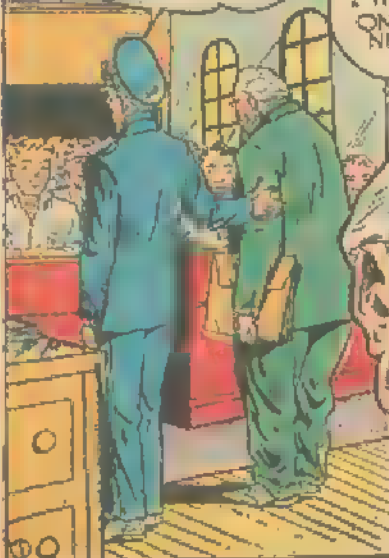
A WEEK PASSES.

THE NEW HISTORY
TEACHER IS A SWELL
GUY!

YOU SAID IT..
NO ONE LIKE
HIM!

ANOTHER WEEK PASSES

IN SURVEYING THE PROLE-
TARIAT STATES OF EUROPE,
WE CANNOT BUT ADMIRE
THIS SUDDEN CHANGE!
THOUGH YOU MAY DOUBT
ME AT FIRST, I WILL TRY
TO SHOW YOU THAT IT IS
FAR BETTER THAN THE
DEMOCRATIC FORM OF
GOVERNMENT YOU
HAVE HERE!



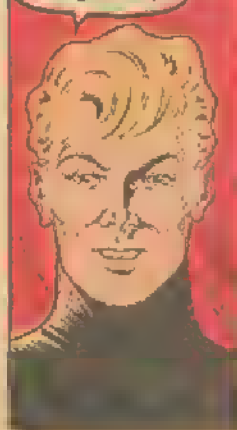
THE SUPREME RULE OF ONE RIGHT MAN IS FAR BETTER THAN THE TURMOIL OF HUNDREDS THROWN TOGETHER TRYING TO COME TO AN AGREEMENT!



ALL HE GIVES US IS A LOT OF HOGEY ABOUT HOW WONDERFUL DICTATORSHIPS ARE! I DON'T BELIEVE IT, BUT THE KIDS A LOT YOUNGER THAN ME, DO! IT'S GOT TO STOP!



WE WANT YOU TO STOP TALKING SO MUCH ABOUT HOW WONDERFUL DICTATORSHIPS ARE! IT ISN'T TRUE, AND YOU KNOW IT!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER.....

Y'KNOW, MAYBE NAZI GERMANY ISN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL!



NOT FOR ME!

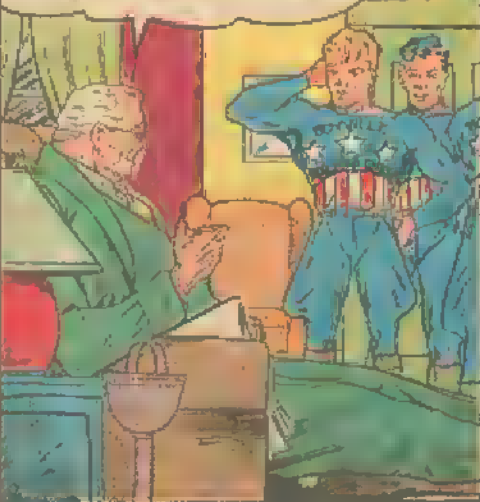
HOW ABOUT WHAT MR. ABRAMS SAID. HE'S LIVED THERE!

NOW, RUSTY, YOU SHOULD BE BROADMINDED ENOUGH TO TAKE IT ALL AS HISTORY AND NOTHING ELSE! RUN ALONG AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT!

OH, OKAY!



YES... I KNOW IT ONLY TOO WELL! BUT YOU MUST LET ME CONTINUE... NOT FOR MY OWN SAKE... BUT FOR SOMEONE VERY DEAR TO ME! TRUST ME, AND I WILL STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT... AND EXPLAIN A LOT OF THINGS YOU WOULDN'T THINK WERE POSSIBLE!



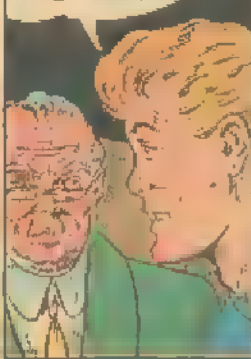
MODERN HISTORY!! I'VE HAD ENOUGH! THAT GUY IS NOTHING MORE THAN A PROPOGANDIST! SOMETHING'S GOTTA BE DONE ABOUT HIM!



IF CAPPY WON'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT THIS, I WILL... AND THE BRIGADIERS!



IF YOU'RE DOING IT FOR A REASON, MAYBE WE CAN HELP YOU! THAT'S THE WAY WE DO THINGS... HELP ONE ANOTHER!



HELLO, RUSTY, WHY THE SOUR PUSS?

IT'S THAT HISTORY TEACHER, CAPPY!



THAT NIGHT

HELLO, RUSTY! WELL... WHAT'S THIS??

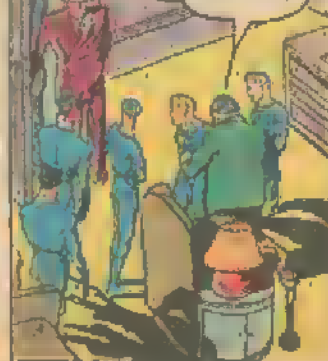
WE'RE THE BRIGADIERS, MR. ABRAMS!



BEFORE ABRAMS CAN ANSWER, A RAP ON THE DOOR BRINGS HIM TO HIS FEET... AND THEN TWO MEN ENTER THE ROOM...

GOOD EVENING, MR. ABRAMS!

UH, ER... I THINK YOU BOYS HAD BETTER LEAVE!





ALL RIGHT, MR. ABRAMS, WE'LL SEE YOU LATER

HE'S IN TROUBLE OF SOME KIND WITH THESE MEN!



AS THE BRIGADIERS LEAVE...

WHAT DID THOSE KIDS WANT, ABRAMS?

ER... NOTHING. J- JUST SOME POINTS ON HISTORY!

OKAY! WE'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU. YOU'RE DOING ALL RIGHT! KEEP IT UP AND YOU'LL SEE YOUR WIFE AND KIDS AGAIN!!



OUTSIDE ABRAMS' DOOR... HOLY SMOKES! I WONDER WHO THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY HAVE TO DO WITH MR. ABRAMS' WIFE AND CHILDREN?? HEY.. SCAT.. THEY'RE GONNA LEAVE!



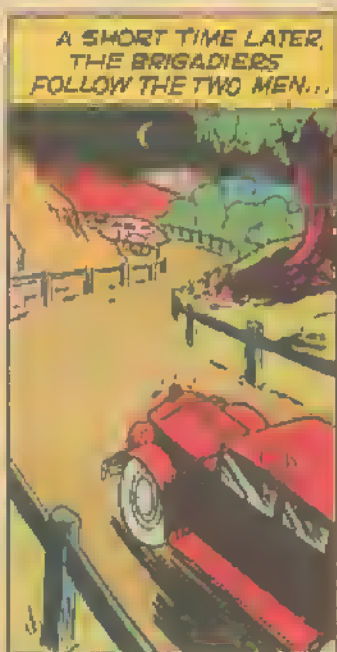
WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO ??

GET THE OLD CAR OUT OF THE BARN AND FOLLOW THEM!!

WE'LL LET YOU KNOW IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS WHEN YOUR WIFE WILL BE FREE, ABRAMS!



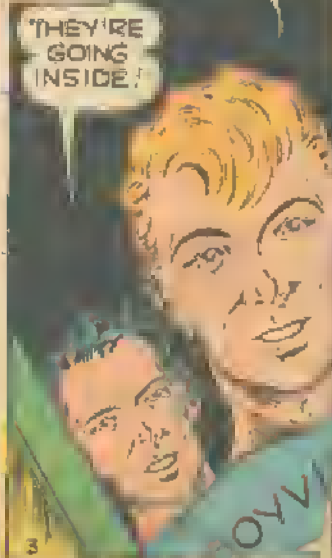
HURRY UP, OR WE MAY LOSE THEM!



A SHORT TIME LATER, THE BRIGADIERS FOLLOW THE TWO MEN...



...TO AN OLD FARMHOUSE ON A LONELY WOODED ROAD...



THEY'RE GOING INSIDE!

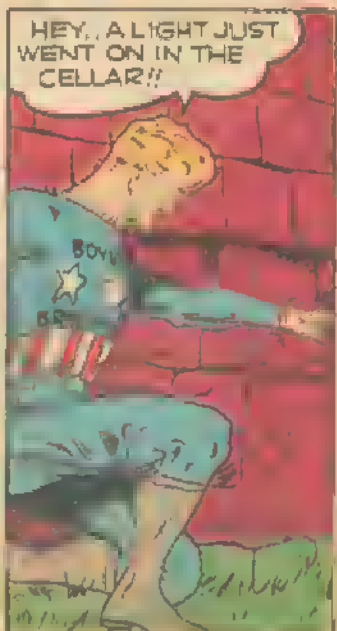
C'MON!



AS THE BRIGADIER'S REACH THE OLD HOUSE..

PSST.. THEY'RE NOT HERE!

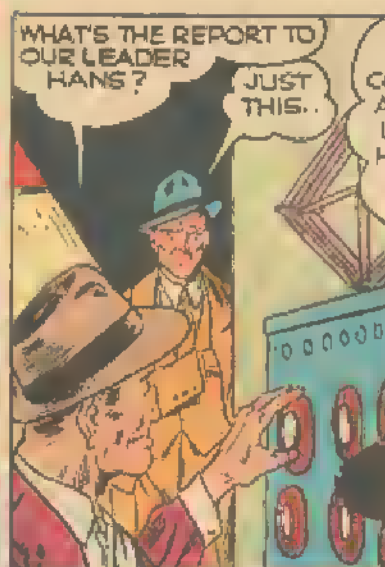
HUH??



HEY.. A LIGHT JUST WENT ON IN THE CELLAR!!



A WIRELESS SET! GAY.. WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT??



WHAT'S THE REPORT TO OUR LEADER HANS?

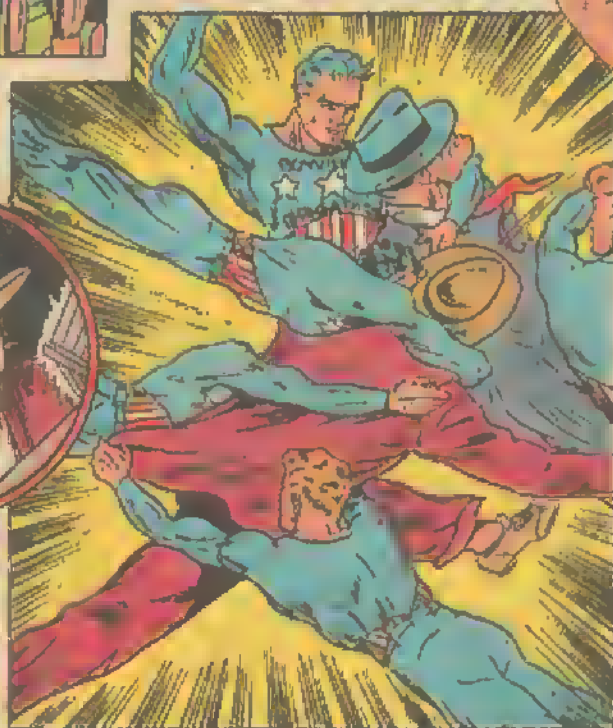
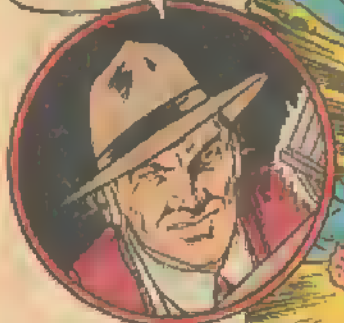
JUST THIS..

KEEP ABRAMS' WIFE AND CHILDREN IN CONCENTRATION CAMP ANOTHER TWO WEEKS, UNTIL WE ARE SURE HE WILL CONTINUE OUR ORDERS! HERE'S THE CODE BOOK!

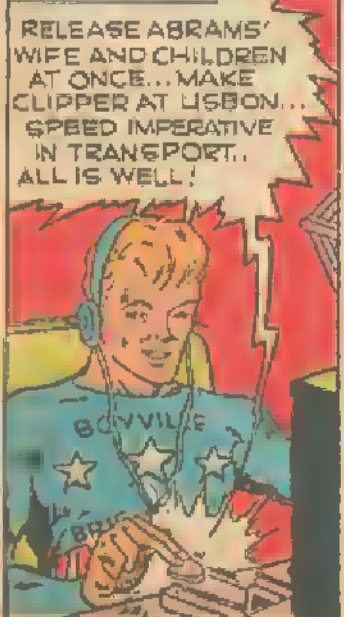
WHY, THE NO-GOOD RATS! THE WHOLE LOT OF 'EM!

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT.. AS SOON AS THEY MAKE THE CONTACT!

BERLIN IS COMING IN NOW.. HEY, WHAT TH'!!



WITH THE USE OF THE CODE BOOK, RUSTY FIGURES OUT A MESSAGE AND SENDS IT OVER THE WIRELESS..

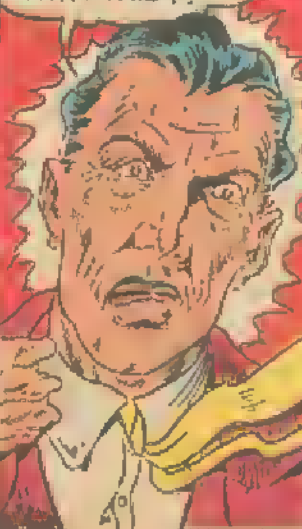


RELEASE ABRAMS' WIFE AND CHILDREN AT ONCE... MAKE CLIPPER AT LISBON... SPEED IMPERATIVE IN TRANSPORT.. ALL IS WELL!

HERE'S THEIR ANSWER, FELLAS! PLANE LEAVING FOR LISBON AT ONCE.. ABRAMS' WIFE AND CHILDREN WILL BE ON CLIPPER LEAVING IN THREE HOURS.. REPORT ARRIVAL... THAT IS ALL!!



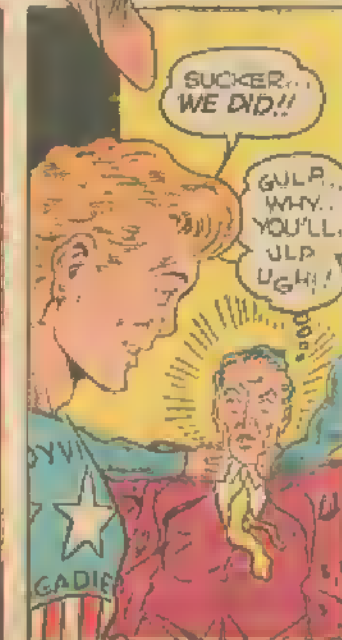
YOU CRAZY KIDG... DO YOU THINK YOU'LL GET AWAY WITH THIS??



HERE'S THE CODE BOOK, RUSTY!



OKAY! KEEP THOSE RATS DOWN UNTIL I GET FINISHED WITH THAT WIRELESS!



SUCKER... WE DID!!

GULP.. WHY.. YOU'LL ULP UGH!!

Spin SHAW

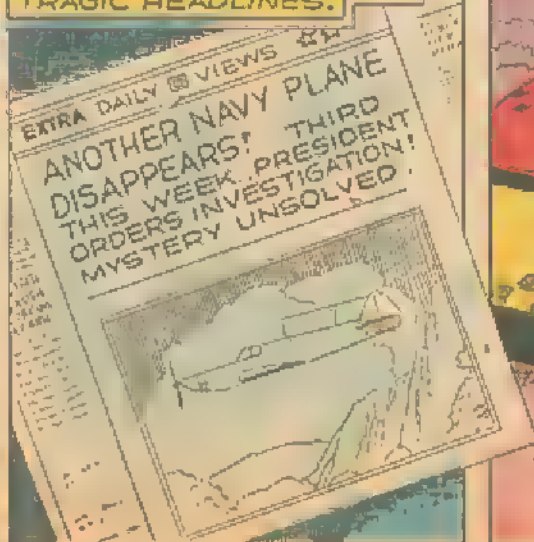
Of the Naval Air Corps

By Rex Smith

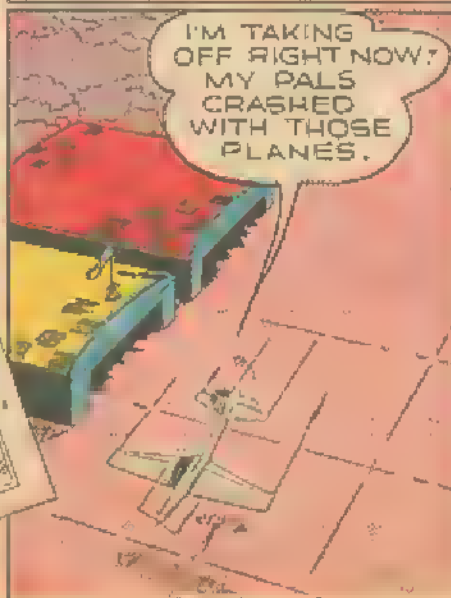


HEROES OF THE NAVY ARE MEN OF THE AIR CORPS, WHO STAKE THEIR LIVES TO UPHOLD AMERICAN SUPREMACY ON THE SEA OR IN THE SKY... SPIN SHAW RANKS HIGH ON THIS LIST OF GALLANT DEVIL-DOGS OF THE HEAVENS.

BEFORE THE EYES OF A STARTLED NATION FLASH TRAGIC HEADLINES.



SPIN SHAW RECEIVES THE NEWS AT HIS AIR BASE.



AND I'M GOING AFTER 'EM! THINK I'LL TRY THE CARIBBEAN. THAT'S ALWAYS A SORE SPOT!



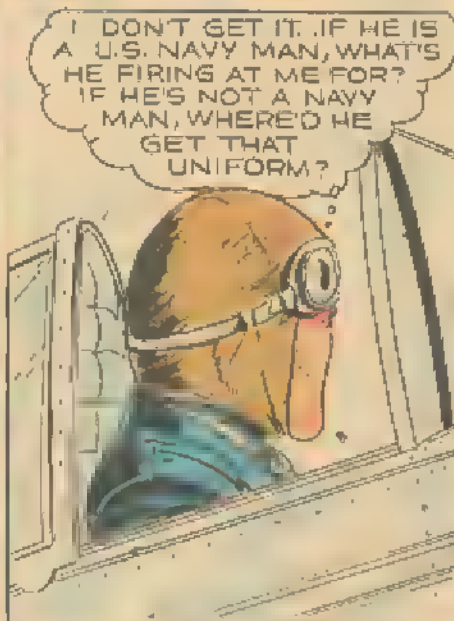
A FEW HOURS ELAPSE AND SPIN SIGHTS A CRASHED PLANE.



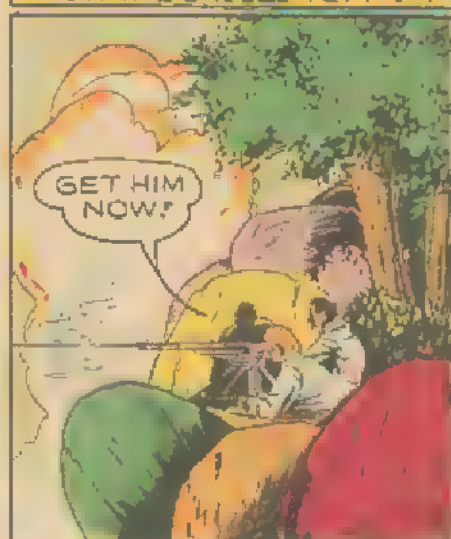
SUDDENLY THE FIGURE ON THE WING SPRINGS INTO ACTION.



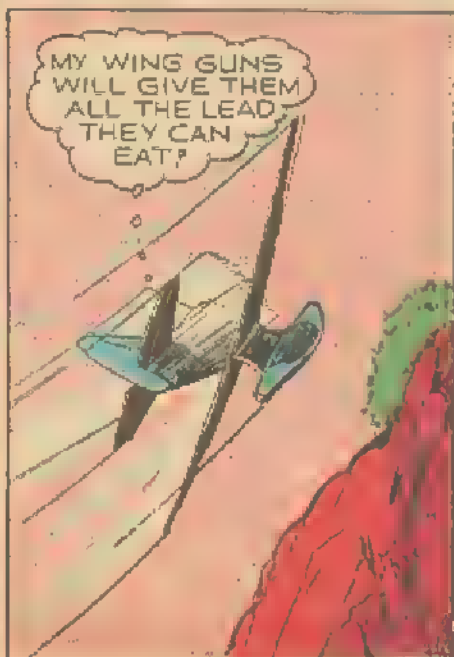
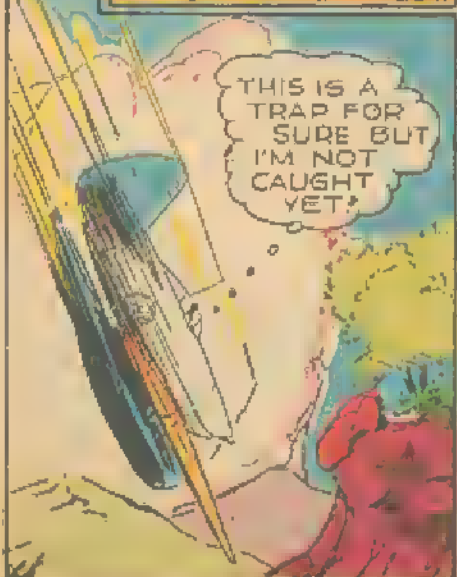
SPIN HASTILY GUNS HIS SHIP AND PULLS AWAY WITH A ROAR.



AS HE SOARS BY A CLIFF, A MACHINE GUN SPUTTERS FROM THE JAGGED TOP.



HE LOOPS BACK AND DIVES TOWARD THE MACHINE GUN NEST.



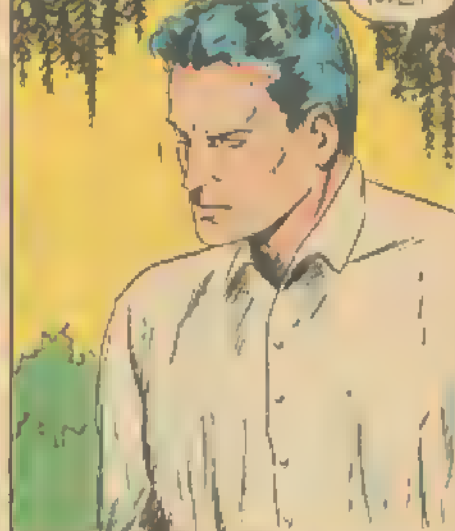
SPIN LANDS HIS SHIP AND PULLS IT ASHORE.



I'LL TAKE THESE PALM LEAVES AND COVER HER UP. NO ONE WILL FIND THE PLANE TILL I GET BACK!



WELL, THAT'S DONE. NOW TO GET OVER TO THE SPOT WHERE THEY TRIED TO MURDER ME!



HE REACHES THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND AFTER CRAWLING THROUGH THICK UNDER-BRUSH.



A HUSKY NEGRO GUARD STANDS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE.



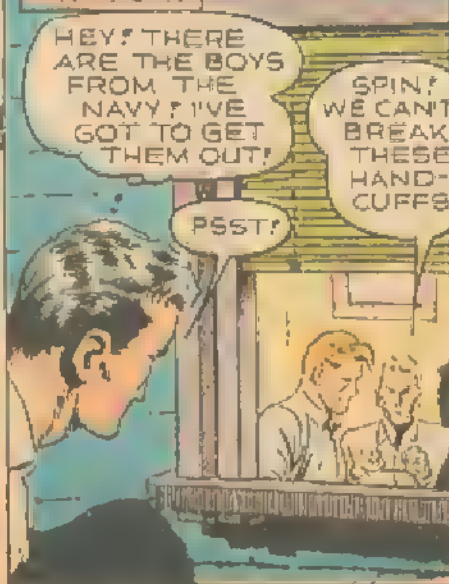
THE GUARD TURNS QUICKLY.



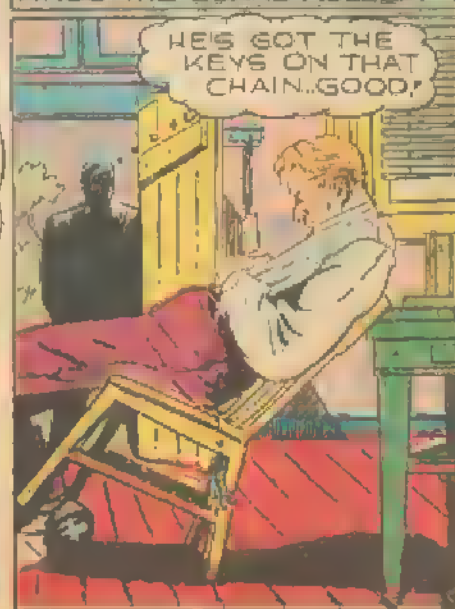
BUT BEFORE THE GUARD CAN ACT, SPIN TAKES THE OFFENSIVE



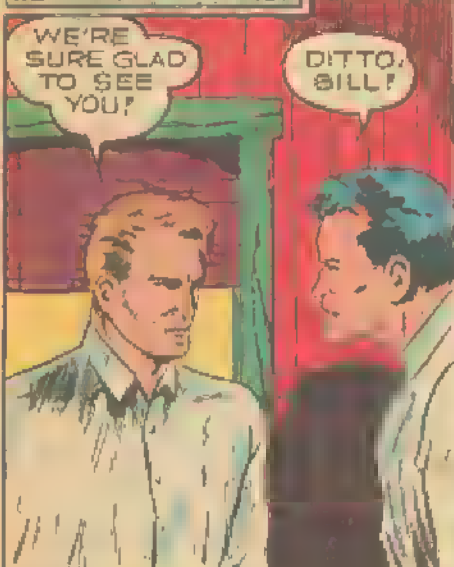
HE SENDS THE BLACK SPINNING AND THEN LOOKS THROUGH A SIDE WINDOW.



ENTERING THE HOUSE, HE FINDS THE GUARD ASLEEP.



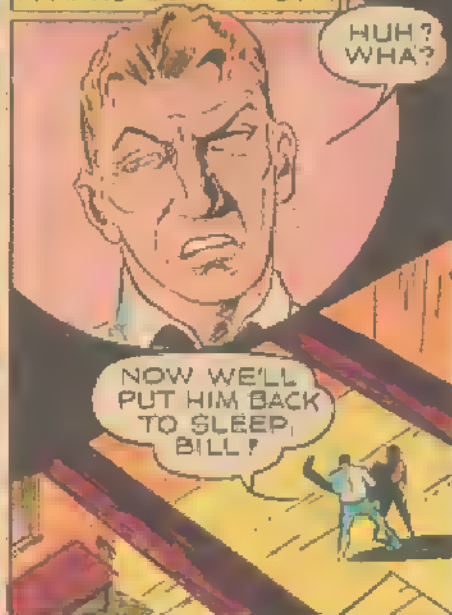
TAKING THE KEYS FROM THE SLEEPING GUARD, SPIN RELEASES HIS PALS.



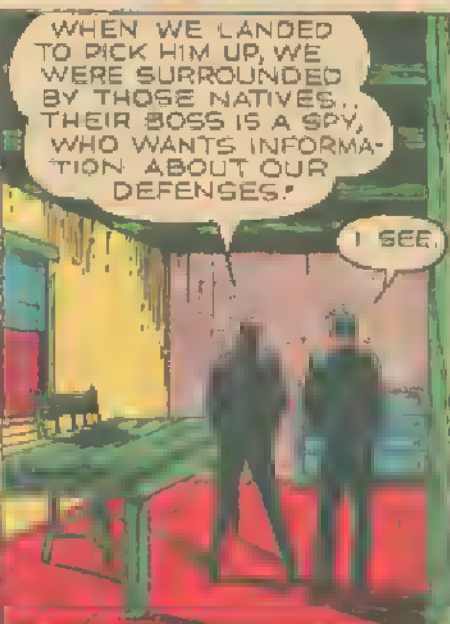
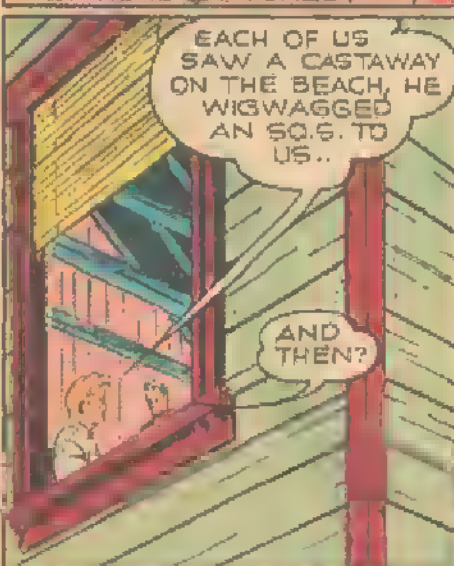
ANOTHER OF SPIN'S FRIENDS STRIDES ANGRILY TO THE GUARD.



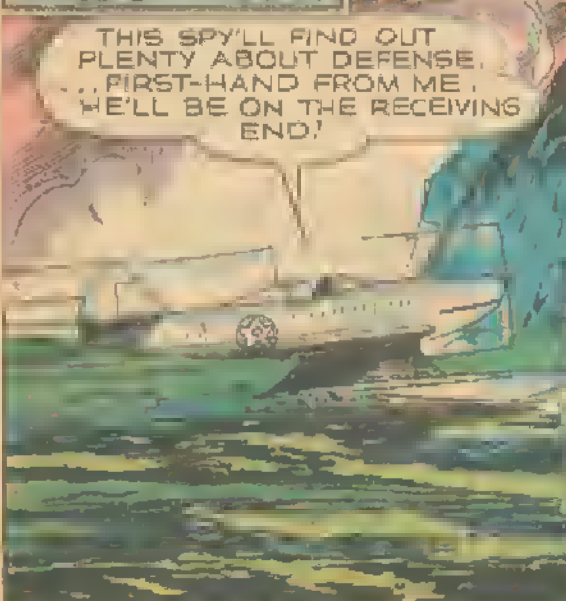
A HARD SLAP AND...



BILL EXPLAINS TO SPIN HOW THEY WERE CAPTURED.



HE SKIMS OVER THE WATER IN A GRACEFUL TAKEOFF.



JUST THEN THE FOREIGN AGENT ZOOMS OUT OF THE CLOUDS.



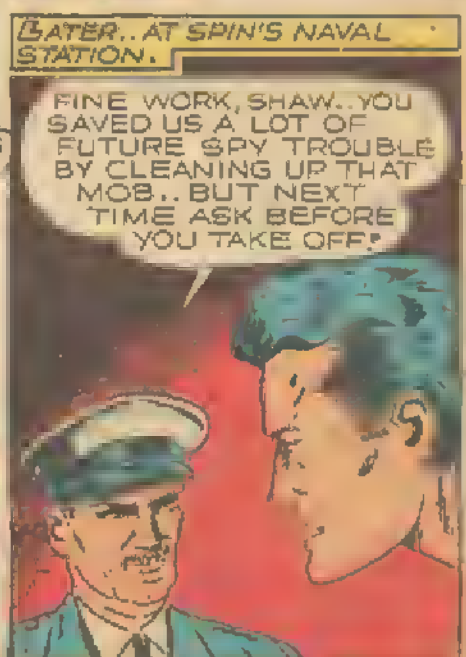
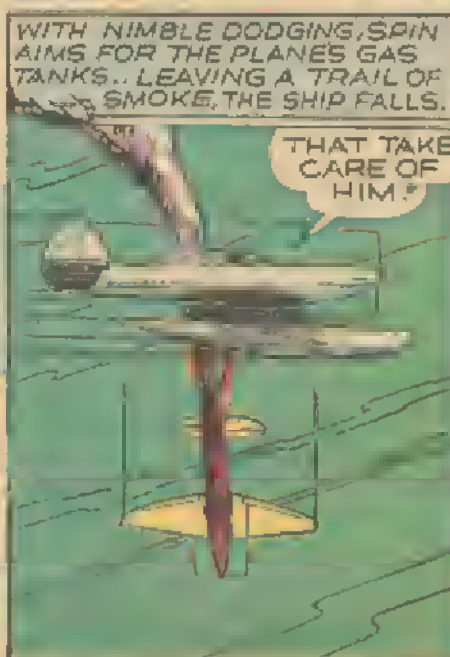
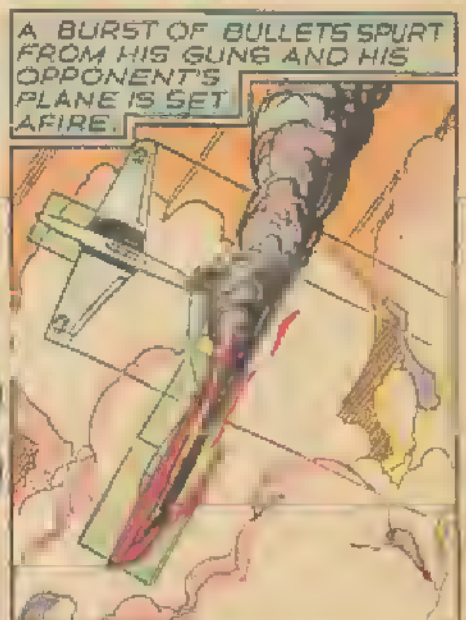
SPIN PULLS INTO A SHARP UPWARD BANK.



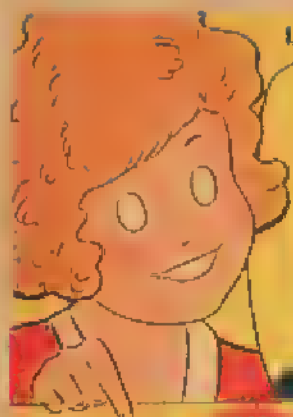
SUDDENLY A SECOND PLANE COMES TO ATTACK. VICIOUSLY, HE FIRES AT SPIN.



DESPERATELY, SPIN BANKS TO GET OUT OF THE TRAP.



Follow the daring adventures of Spin Shaw in the October issue of **FEATURING COMICS**.



LISTEN FOR ORPHAN ANNIE'S RADIO ADVENTURES EARLY NEXT FALL!

Orphan Annie says—"BOYS and GIRLS!— TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE SWELL GIFTS FREE

WITH SPARKIES
GUARANTEE SEALS™!

... BUT HURRY!
THIS OFFER IS GOOD FOR
A LIMITED TIME ONLY!

IT'S THE OFFICIAL
"WRIGHT PURSUIT"!

GIRLS! Get this NURSE OUTFIT!

FREE
With
5 Sparkies
Seals or 2 Seals
and 10c



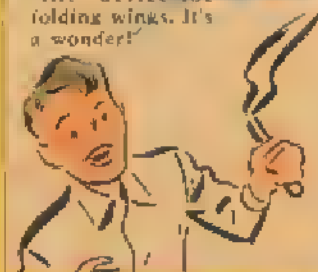
Here's your chance to get in on things when the fellows are playing "defense"—they'll ask you to play, when you get for your very own, this beautiful snow-white cloth Cap and Bib Apron that look like a real nurse's! The good-looking apron ties in back—the official shape Cap pins around your head. And right on the front of both, you'll see the brilliant red official Secret Guard Insignia! Don't miss out on this—send in now!

FREE
With
5 Sparkies
Seals or 2 Seals
and 10c

AMAZING FOLDING-WING CATAPULT PLANE

Like a Navy
Fighter Plane!

New-principle plane with automatic folding wings to give it extra height and speed going up! Works on catapult principle, like a battleship's fighter planes. At top of flight, wings snap open, plane banks, zooms, glides and comes to a perfect spot landing! Built of bubble-light special Balsa wood with "fill" device for folding wings. It's a wonder!



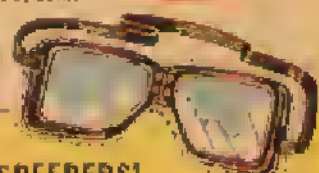
14 1/2-INCH
WING SPAN!

WINGS
FOLD BACK
HERE

FREE
With
5 Sparkies
Seals or 2 Seals
and 10c

FORM A SQUADRON

Let your friends in on this—because it's not for sale in stores! These special Catapult Planes are just for Annie's friends! Form a Squadron, play defense games, have fun with "endurance flight" contests!



AMAZING

"SILENT WHISTLE"

Like Used for Training Movie Dogs!

Mysterious, startling high-frequency whistle can be heard by dogs and cats, but not by human beings! Train your dog to respond to it—amaze your friends and family! Solid bronze whistle also adjusts to blow piercing G-Man Whistle and to play easy tunes!

FREE
With
7 Sparkies
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c

FREE

With
5 Sparkies
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c



GIANT NINE-INCH PERISCOPE

Three times as much fun as ordinary periscopes because it works three ways! Lets you see around corners without being seen—lets you see in back of you without turning around—lets you see the whole world upside down, crazy as anything. Don't miss this fun!

HI-SPEEDERS! YOU NEED AVIATOR GOGGLES

Every quick, active fellow and girl wants these swell official-shaped goggles to protect keen sight when bike riding, racing, etc! Unbreakable lenses, rimmed with soft plush for snug, comfortable fit. Adjusts to fit your head!

FREE
With
5 Sparkies
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c

EAT DELICIOUS SPARKIES* AND GET MARVELOUS FREE GIFTS AND HEALTHFUL "Vitamin Rain*" BESIDES!

ORPHAN ANNIE, BOX 1, DEPT. 55, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I've told my Mother how "Vitamin Rain" adds vitamins B₁, D and G to swell-tasting Sparkies, so when I eat Sparkies with fruit and a glass of milk I get almost all my minimum daily need of vitamins A, B₁, C, D and G to help me be a leader. Now my Mother lets me enjoy Sparkies every day, so I'm sending in the valuable Guarantee Seals for the gifts I have marked. I enclose..... Guarantee Seals (or..... Seals and..... c).

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> CATAPULT PLANE
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c) | <input type="checkbox"/> NURSE CAP
5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c) | <input type="checkbox"/> NURSE APRON
5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> AVIATOR GOGGLES
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c) | <input type="checkbox"/> "SILENT" DOG WHISTLE
7 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c) | <input type="checkbox"/> GIANT PERISCOPE
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c) |

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(This Offer Expires October 31, 1941)

* Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



Boy! The Bike Keds I am wearing
were built for fast starts



Bike Keds

Missed me by a mile!
Good footwork is a
cinch with Stride Keds



Stride Keds

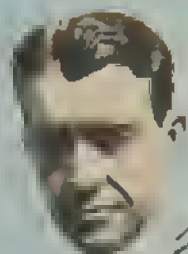
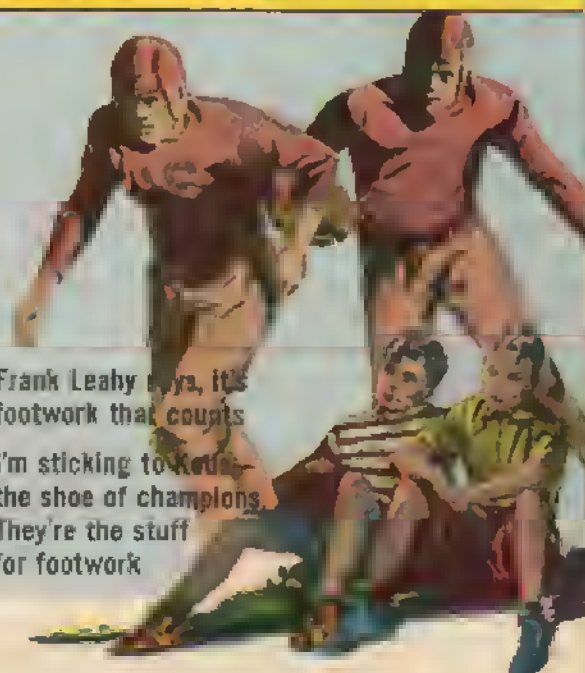


Keds Blue
Supreme Oxford

These Blue Supreme
Oxford Keds
make the tough ones
easy to get

BOB: Frank Leahy says, it's
footwork that counts

NED: I'm sticking to Keds—
the shoe of champions
They're the stuff
for footwork



*Footwork
makes the Athlete
Frank Leahy*

For Better Footwork

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Keds
The Shoe of Champions

● Frank Leahy's book on football is written especially for
future champions. To get your free copy send your name
and address to Keds, Department C, United States Rubber
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